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FRIENDS: A DUET.

VI.

"Friends, lovers that might have been."
BROWNING.

THE process of undermining the reef of Hell Gate had lasted seven years; a slow-match and five minutes tore its heart out.

In Madam Strong's gray old stately guest-chamber, Nordhall, one day, made aloud this mysterious and somewhat cheerless reflection.

Young Mrs. Strong had just entered and left the room. Her errand was corn-starch pudding.

Two weeks had gone since Mr. Janet, terrified and trembling, drove slowly up Mrs. Strong's avenue (he did not know where else to go) at midnight, with Nordhall's senseless body in Cranby's suave, anxious, and hospitable wagon.

No man is more urbane than the rum-seller who is so unfortunate as to have met with a fight upon his premises. Mr. Cranby had sent for a physician, — the most expensive one he could think of. He had himself accompanied the sad procession. He stood at Madam Strong's great, reputable door with his hat in his hand. When the lights flashed, and the locks leaped, and a woman, lithe and stern as an angel of rebuke, sprang, with loose hair, down the dim, wide staircase, he sadly bowed, and urged, —

"Madam, I do assure you, such accidents take place anywhere; it might have happened in a church!"

But her eyes turned upon him like swords of flame.

"Such things," she said, "happen only in hell!"

Nordhall was unconscious for thirty-six hours. In falling he had broken his left arm, but that was a slight matter. The blow upon the head was the source of anxiety. He recovered very slowly. The two ladies attended him with conscientious care. Naturally, the brunt of the labor fell upon the younger Mrs. Strong. She installed Mr. Griggs as assistant nurse. Nordhall's cousins came from Boston, and shook hands with him. All the proper things were done. Yet when was there ever an invalid man — a lovely woman being under the same roof-tree — who was not left largely to the ministrations of the lovely woman? To plan otherwise is plainly a defiance of Providence which forestalls its own defeat. Some women yearn over a sick man like a mother over a wounded child. Reliance was one of these women. Nordhall's life was in danger. It is probable that she saved it. Her consciousness that he had risked it while helping (however reluctantly) to protect her pet drunkard and to further her heart's work, of course gave a certain personal

intensity to the brooding maternal care which she would have expended upon anybody thrown in this way against her mercy. She felt a little as if she had killed him. She devoted herself to his need. She could not do enough.

Inevitably, their relation to one another slightly altered its character, under these conditions. Reliance felt that she had never half known Charley Nordhall. Nordhall felt that he had never known himself.

He used to watch her, as she moved about the room. He found this an absorbing occupation.

"She do move like a field of grain against the wind," said Mr. Griggs, one day. Nordhall did not rebuke this remark; it was reverently made; he felt differently about the "reformed man," now. "She is such a—lady!" said Mr. Griggs. "I never had a—lady—kind to me before."

"So that's what's the matter with you," said Nordhall, dreamily regarding the ex-drunkard.

"Sir?"

"It is the strangeness of it, is it, that helps you? The—refinement; the elevation; the inclination from such a height to such a"—He stopped.

"It is her being such a—lady," repeated Mr. Griggs perplexedly, but with a touch of doggedness, "and me being such a—raskill. Those are the two points in my mind, sir. And she *cares* whether I get drunk. She really does, Mr. Nordhall. It's give me an idea"—

"Go on," said Nordhall, with an invalid's idle interest in his nurse's chatter.

"It's give me an idea of the way God makes out to care,—being God, too, to the same time. I can't express what's in my mind, sir. I can *think*, but I don't know how to express. You're getting on fast, Mr. Nordhall. You won't need me after this week, I take it."

Thus they got quickly, as men are prone to do, away from the bare nerves.

Mr. Griggs went, and convalescence came. Nordhall crept about the room, or tottered to the balcony, or crawled to the head of the stairs and looked down. Reliance redoubled her gentle attentions, now that he was thrown entirely upon the mercy of her mother and herself.

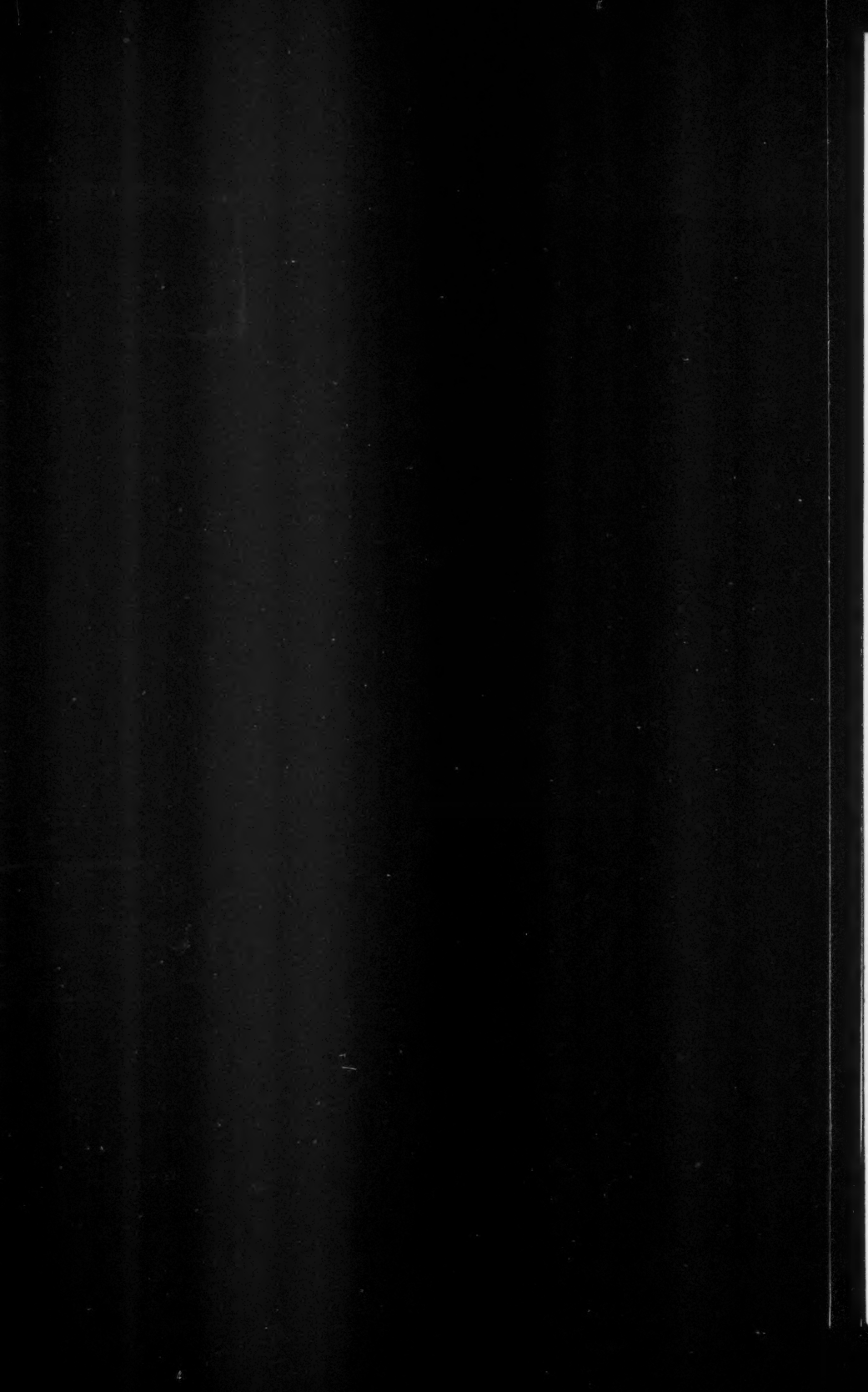
He watched her, as I say, passing in and out. She was apt to wear white shawls. She had a voice created for a sick-room: very low and sweet, but pulsating with a certain cheerfulness, like muffled silver bells. He knew her voice in every cadence of misery, and—long ago—some of her tones in joy. This was a new note, this sister of charity in her sweet breath.

Sometimes she read to him; sometimes they talked; sometimes they sat upon the balcony in the summer air. Kaiser came and sat beside her. Nordhall looked over the railing to watch the hollyhocks come gently to their blossoming,—the rose, the gold, the silver; it seemed to him that he could, by leaning over, touch the tall one with the heart of wine.

Naturally, Mrs. Strong's mission work suffered a slight eclipse at this time. He could see that this troubled her, but that she was too hospitable to desire him to remember it. Delicately regarding her wish, he seemed to forget that she had any other duties in life than to read him Paracelsus, or to bring him pudding. Once in a while it occurred to him that she seemed to forget, too. Then he would remember that she remembered.

He suffered vague phases of feeling; he drifted on the current of returning life.

Once they had passed an unusually pleasant day. Nordhall got down to lunch. She helped him. Kaiser cried with delight, and conducted him to his chair. Madam Strong was in uncommon spirits. Janet and Jacobs said, "Glad to see you down, sir!" Mr. Janet came over, and shook his hand as if it



had been a village pump recently frozen up. The day was superb. After lunch, Madam Strong finished Peveril of the Peak, and went to sleep. They stayed in the cool, shaded parlor. Nordhall lay on the sofa. Reliance played old songs with the soft pedal. He stayed downstairs till after tea. Twilight came on quietly. She glided in and out. Once she sat down, and they talked together a long time. He could not have told what they talked about, — little things; yet he felt as if she took almost as much comfort from it as himself. He turned presently, and looked at her through the growing dark.

She needed comfort. . . .

Her hand lay relaxed and empty, white against her black dress.

"I wish I were one of the people who know how to say Thank you," said Nordhall abruptly. He had never before alluded to what she had done for him. He laid his hand upon hers, as he spoke, moved to one of the slight liberties which the well allow to the sick or the sick receive from the well; yet gravely, as one does to emphasize an earnest word.

"Don't, please!" said Reliance.

He hesitated for an instant.

"Don't — what?"

"It hurts me to be thanked, almost always."

"Very well, then."

"I am so glad — to help — any one! What have I to live for, but to help people?"

"'People' must express an obligation now and then," rather bitterly.

"Mr. Nordhall, don't let us quarrel. It has been such a pleasant day!"

He removed his hand in silence. Plainly, she had not noticed the slight and reverent touch. He was glad she thought it had been a pleasant day. He lay for a little, quite silent: for he felt weak, just then, with comfort. She began to talk, gently still. He listened idly. Then she went across the half-lighted room, and groping for the keys

played a little more. Then she came back, and sat silent for a time, again.

By and by she said she must get the air, and would call her mother. As she stood in the bright door-way, she looked over her shoulder and said good-night. She did not return. Janet lighted the lamps. Madam Strong came in, and kindly volunteered to read the Transcript aloud. She dwelt upon the stock list as being of especial interest to a business man.

Kaiser went to sleep on the rug, and snored with unnecessary energy.

Nordhall heard the great front door open and shut, and felt rather than saw that Reliance drifted by the window, with the thick camel's-hair shawl over her head; he was glad she had thought to protect herself. He wondered what she was doing out alone there in the silent garden, among the moonlit flowers. He wondered, What was she thinking? His lips trembled with a senseless, groundless, blind, and battling happiness.

Reliance, in the garden, walked to and fro; quietly at first, like one who feels the eyes of others still upon her, and does what is expected of her. The moon was high. The heavens were bare. Shadows from the horse-chestnuts fell heavily across the graveled walks, and alternated sharply with jets of white light, like smoke and fire. The wind was warm but restless, rising from the south. The air was heavy with the scent of garden flowers. There were some tall yellow lilies that grew at that time of year. Her husband had a fancy for them, and had first pointed them out to her. They were of a pale flame color, pure and soft; they yielded perfume at night. These flowers stood in the moonlight, in rows, like lamps.

The street was still. The house, too, looked asleep. The garden stretched out like an unreal world. She herself seemed to herself a ghost in it. She glided up and down the defined, dry walks.

Beyond the marshes she could hear the throb to which, of all created sounds, her sense and soul were most responsive, — the regular pulse of unseen breakers upon unseen shores. She listened for a while to the sea.

She went presently and broke one of the yellow lilies from its stem, bent over it, and caressed the spotless, burning thing. The light of the lily and the light of the moon both struggled on her face. As she stood looking into the flower's heart, she said, to it — to herself — to who knew whom? —

"It would have been an insult — to have noticed — so slight" —

She lifted the hand with the lily in it to her eyes; suddenly she drew in her breath, and began to run. She swept across the white walks once or twice, then plunged into the grass, and ran up and down there, like a creature who had received a wound. The grass was long and wet; it clung to her damp dress and tangled her way; but still she ran, — aimlessly at first, then with a slower motion and more weakly. She came to a stop against an old fence at the bottom of the garden. Fire-flies were there, leaping from the meadows. Except for the now nearer call of the sea, it was cruelly still. She stretched her arms above her head, and cried out, — broken words, she did not know what. The fire-flies flashed about her, as she stood with the flame-colored lily held aloft. By their illusive light, suddenly turning, she looked for a moment at her own hand. She smote it with the other, as if she would have smitten it off.

She went back into the house, presently. Jacobs had been there and helped Nordhall up to bed. Her mother was locking the parlor windows. Only Kaiser came up and smelt of the crushed, yellow flower she held. No one spoke to her. She got up-stairs, — the hall was dark. But the light of the lily was on her.

Nordhall woke the next day with that stir at the heart which recalls a happiness whose nature is so evanescent that one does not know whether it is an experience or an expectation.

The dawn had been dewy, and the day was fresh. Wet branches swept in at his opened windows. There were robins on the balcony, twittering and stirring tamely about; one was singing. Jacobs was at work with an unseen scythe in an unseen shadow, and the breath of new-mown hay came up. The sick man felt strong, and would rise and surprise her. He sat at the window in the gray damask arm-chair, resting, after he was dressed. He looked out over the garden, where the flowers glowed, and drank the morning with his boyish eyes. All the fevers of life seemed laid. The world was real and young; no ghosts in it to-day; ghosts did not walk, thank Heaven, by the July sun. A man might have moments, in a long life (and a guarded one), when no one could blame him if he were too happy to think about dead people.

He crept down softly, clinging to the banister for the support his well soul could not yield his feeble body yet. He would go into the parlor and wait for her. She would come in and look. . . .

She was already there. She stood with her back towards him. She seemed to be searching for something; she ran her finger over the tufted sofa, and stooped, groping on the carpet with slender, sliding hand. Then she turned and looked out of the window. She did not see him, and he too stood still. She wore a white morning-gown; the high profile of her hair was towards him, and the upper curve of the cheek.

We all know that maddening turn of a woman's head. Ah, what a woman she was! — all woman, all woman; no ghost to-day.

Nordhall stirred, and stepped into the parlor. He only said good-morning, yet it seemed to him that he said half

that was in his heart. He only held out his hand, yet it seemed to him that he held out his life to her.

She would come half-way, perhaps; she too needed comradeship and comforting; she would turn and smile —

She turned, but she did not smile; or, if so, faintly as a disordered dream. She bade him good-morning quietly, said she was glad to see him down — she did not expect — she supposed — And then she faltered, and seemed to remember that he still stood, and that he was weak and trembled. Her manner changed. She led him quickly to the sofa, and softly said, —

"You have done too much. I will bring you a cup of coffee this moment. Do not stir till you get it."

This was all; yet it seemed to him that she said an inhuman thing. She was kind, — oh, as kind as love; yet it seemed to him that she had been cruel as the grave.

When she returned with the coffee, he saw that she had not slept, and that she had been weeping. He did not try to speak. His brain whirled, and he grew faint. He drank the coffee feverishly, and closed his eyes. All he felt now was that he did not understand her. He said he would take his breakfast there alone, if it were not too much trouble; and so she left him without a word. He lay and listened to the robin on the balcony, who sang on rapturously.

Madam Strong chiefly attended to Nordhall's wants that day. Reliance passed in and out, but wandered often into the garden, and sat for hours in her own room. Madam Strong did not comment on the circumstance. She read the Advertiser, and expatiated on Dr. Bishop's success with Mr. Nordhall's case. She had the utmost confidence in Dr. Bishop. She believed him to be the superior of many more celebrated men. He had always treated the best people in Salem. Nordhall listened confusedly.

Towards night she came into the parlor, and drawing her blue yarn from the old-fashioned black-silk bag that she wore at her side, began composedly to knit and say, —

"Reliance has been out of sorts to-day."

Nordhall pinned his eyes to the black-silk bag; it was run on clasps of black ivory that extended on either side, like gymnasium poles; the blue yarn seemed to be vaulting over these poles, as if competing for an athletic prize.

"She met with an affliction yesterday," pursued Madam Strong, in her finished, exasperating manner. "She lost her wedding-ring."

"Ah!"

"Yes, poor girl! She felt it very keenly. She has just found it. She dropped it in the garden last evening, while walking there to get the air before retiring. She has cried herself sick. She has been at the church-yard — where my son lies — half the day. Her hand has grown so thin, I have often urged her to get a guard. I am quite relieved that it was not lost."

The old black-silk bag shut with a soft snap, and the blue gymnast quivered, impaled upon the ivory pole, from which it seemed to have no longer courage or power to get away. Nordhall watched the senseless thing with interest, wondering how it was either going to get on and be knitted into anything, or climb back into the bag and be shut up.

VII.

"You may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend." — BACON.

Nordhall concluded that it was time for him to get well; and he proceeded to this end with great intentness. In less than a week from the day Reliance broke and bruised the golden lily, she had her flowers to herself. She walked

much in the garden in the evenings of that waning moon, alone and calm. She searched no longer for lost rings, but wisely did as her mother bade her, and bought a guard.

The day that Nordhall left the house, she put on her bonnet and went to a temperance society, a business women's reading room, and a mission prayer-meeting.

The next day, she called on five "reformed men" and three sick girls, and attended a conference of coöperative visitors.

Reliance Strong was in no sense a remarkable person. Unless to love loyally is to be distinguished, she had no claim to the unusual. She was like many other delicate and tender women whom you and I know, and her life was like so many other women's lives that I hesitated at the outset to tell her story, and I hesitate more and more as I go on. It is my reassurance that no one will read it through who does not love women, and follow with some degree of comprehension the whirl of the all but invisible hair-springs by which the pulsations of their lives are touched. I am not without comfort sometimes, too, that these hidden wheels stir so fast, given a certain momentum to their secret strength, that such a story as this cannot be very long. The jeweled machinery yields and wears. Then, perhaps, we buy us a new time-piece, or we patch up the old one, or, possibly, we go without any for the rest of our lives. But the struggle to keep golden hours by a weakened mainspring is over, and with it the tale.

Reliance, I say, was not remarkable; yet in one respect I may retract the words. She had acquired by nature or by grace a power far less common among women than with men,—she knew how to withdraw from an indefinite and unrestful relation. She did not parry and play with a position which she did not clearly relish, nor with a

feeling which she did not fully understand.

Something was the matter between her and Charley Nordhall. She would give him a chance to find out what. She plunged into her mission work with greatly increased energy. The slightly neglected shop-girls greeted her back. The somewhat overlooked invalids met her with outstretched hands. The patient but a little perplexed "reformed men" took heart, and welcomed her with watchful eyes.

"I know we can't expect you to be always just so," said Mr. Janet, philosophically, "but a man situated as I be is a great deal more so when you are!"

She did not answer this singularly lucid remark; her lip trembled in the fine profile cut against her veil. It was after the meeting, and she stood in the low door of the mission room, with the sunset struggling over her into the close, dusty, and now silent place. Her heart smote her once again; but not this time for Nordhall's sake. She turned and looked about the room. Little Janet, who was "organist," was just closing the asthmatic melodeon. The janitor was gathering up the battered hymn-books. Mr. Griggs stood, with his hat off, regarding her with his famishing eyes; he was pale with long abstinence and looked feeble. She could feel how every nerve in him cried for the indulgence between which and him her ideal stood. She stood,—*she!*

Her hand was ungloved. (It was the left one, on which her wedding-ring hung fettered by a fine gold chain.) She gave it to Mr. Janet, in one of the silent pledges whose power over the giver is doubled by the fact that the recipient cannot understand it. The miserable place seemed sacred to her as she turned away.

She saw little of Nordhall for several weeks. He called, of course; he expressed his gratitude. Madam Strong sat in the room, and the conversation took that

feebly unobjectionable and general tone which insures safety, if not entertainment. Reliance talked a good deal about her poor people; a perfectly objective direction of thought, in which his inclination seemed to follow her. Nordhall proposed going to one of the temperance prayer-meetings; but Reliance did not encourage this herculean effort at reformation. Nordhall's bright boy's eyes fell when he perceived this. He sincerely wanted to go; he said he should like to hear Griggs pray.

"Would you, *really*?" she asked, piercingly. He flushed, but made her no answer just then. Afterwards, Madam Strong having stepped out after her camphor bottle, he said very frankly that he was not a fellow to propose *that* sort of thing for the sake of her society. It was her turn to color. She felt that she had misrepresented herself, and stood in an undesirable attitude. They got on badly together that evening, and he went away at half past eight.

When he had gone she felt ashamed of herself, and as if John would be ashamed of her; and so went miserably up-stairs, took out her husband's picture, and cried over it for a while. It seemed to her that in all her life she had never needed him as she needed him now. *He* would know just what to do about Charley Nordhall.

Some time intervened between this and Nordhall's next appearance. He was very busy; he wrote a note of five lines to say so, and to ask, Had the ladies any commands upon his services in New York? He traveled a little, and attended to neglected duties. The real-estate business acquired a renewed importance in his mind, and its influence upon the interests of the country assumed a directness of which he was not always aware.

He set his teeth over it. He too could work, as well as she. They went their separate ways in that loud silence and with that pursuant consciousness of

each other which belong only to ill-adjusted and unsatisfied relations.

One day, Reliance and Kaiser went down to the shore, and walked, as their wont was when she could find time, alone together up and down the beach. Reliance was not happy that day. Her work had gone wrong. One of her men had broken his pledge. One of her girls was "keeping company" with a rascal. One of her sick people had died suddenly, — had sent for her; she was in Boston matching crape for her mother-in-law, and when she came home, tired and dusty, in the evening train, she was too late. Mr. Griggs was out of employment and the coöperative treasury out of funds. Philanthropy seemed to her of less value than life itself just then, and more than this she knew not how to say. She was not very well; had stayed at home with her mother and her poor people during the July fevers, instead of hunting up Myrtle Snowe or some other cool old friend, and going to the mountains, as Nordhall had wished her to do. She was tired. Her whole heart ached.

Then, too, it happened to be one of those frequently recurring, little, unimportant anniversaries, of whose existence none but the mourner knows. This is the day when the dear one brought us a rosebud, gave us a book, sang us a song, took us to drive; or we walked to see a sunset fold, or a foxberry bloom; or there was a poem read, a headache cured; or hands touched, or lips met. And this was the hour, and the years have not buried it; they cannot, nor can we.

Reliance, on the yellow beach, wandered to and fro. The sky was yellow, too, and hence the sea; it was the sunset of a gray day. Dull splendors had broken out of yielding cloud and mist; a glory was on the horizon which was fog an hour ago. Into this glory the slender, dark-robed outline of the solitary figure on the shore could not fuse, —

black cannot melt to gold,—but rebelled from her atmosphere, and appealed the more to the eye that watched her, for this reason.

He thought at first he would tell her so, coming upon her suddenly, almost brusquely, as he did. But he told her nothing. She was a little startled at seeing him, and he only strolled by her side a moment or so, in silence. Then he spoke to Kaiser, and then he said—what was perfectly true—that he did not expect to overtake her; he had come out for a hard walk alone on the hard sand.

“And I too,” she said smiling.

He hesitated. “Shall we pursue the objects which drew us here?”

“I don’t know,” said Reliance, with gentle vagueness.

“Shall I leave you to your own devices? I can go about my own.”

“Just as you like, Mr. Nordhall. I am glad to see you; you know that.” She spoke with a grave, sweet dignity. There was never any ingenious parrying of words between these two. No man could have drawn inconceivable conclusions from fantastic glimpses of feeling in her conversation. As for the thousand-and-one refined phases of that modern emotion which used to be called flirtation, but which we have now “evolved” into a form of psychological study, a man would as soon have made them the staple of a morning call on St. Catherine or Elizabeth Frye as to have offered them to this young and beautiful widow.

“Are you glad to see me always?” asked Charles Nordhall, with an honest flush.

“Why, certainly I am!” But this was without any flush at all.

“And glad to-day? I hope you are particularly so to-day! It is a good while since I have seen you; and there are not many such evenings as this in a summer.”

They walked on together, drawing

nearer to the water, and so nearer to the glory in the heavens, beyond the shifting sea and stable shore.

“Not many such in a life-time, I think,” murmured Reliance, after this pause. She was moved by the color, by the sound. The wave broke at her feet gently, but somewhere the breakers cried; the sun was ready to sink into the yielding tide. It seemed to her that they all alike—sun and shore, she and John, sky and molten mist—were part of the splendor, made the glory. And Nordhall, too,—Nordhall was a part of it; she could see that he was; she could not see her husband. . . .

She stirred, and they strolled, splashing their feet in the warm and glittering shallow wave that overtook them. They walked in perfect silence for what seemed a long time. The sun dropped.

“I’m tired!” she said abruptly.

He led her to the nearest rock, and wrapped her shawl around her. She submitted quietly,—so quietly that he marveled, till, looking at her, he saw that her lip was quivering.

“You are tired out!” he cried.

“I believe I am,” she said, trying to smile. “It has been coming on for a long time. Don’t mind it!”

He sat down beside her on the great brown boulder. He knew that she was afraid she should cry; he would not look at her, nor speak. She was one of the women from whom a tender word spoken at the wrong (or the right) moment will bring the scorching tears which a sharp or neglectful one would have frozen stiff. For a silence, he left her to struggle with herself.

When she spoke, which she did soon enough, she was quite under her own control; not at all, he keenly felt, under his, as she might have been had he made her cry. He half repented his delicate and honorable impulse. He did not know how grateful she was to him, nor that such are the little acts which a woman never forgets, and always re-

veres as if they were a species of heroism. The man capable of them seems to her, for the moment, less unlike herself; the sympathy is stronger to the fancy; he seems like a woman to her; the clay is finer to the touch.

She began to talk directly, when she had recovered herself, of the waning light; of the advancing fog; of a beach of Norton's this reminded her of; and whether Mr. Nordhall thought William Hunt could paint waves.

But Nordhall heard her with rebellious irresponsiveness. He could not so soon abandon that other mood; nay, more, he would not. It had not darkened, but it had deepened, before he turned, and without any preparation, looking down at her through the subdued but still live color of the evening, said, —

"I begin to think I was not honest, once, in a thing I said to you. I wish to confess."

"Oh, I will absolve!" she answered quickly.

He thought, She does not wish to hear me. She fears me; or she fears what I shall say. He answered, —

"I am very much in earnest. Will you permit me to go on?"

"It is plain I could not prevent you if I tried. Yes, go on."

"I said — once — that I valued your friendship for your husband's sake. That was true, so far as it went. It does not go far enough. I desire your friendship for my own sake — now." He paused, and added slowly, "Perhaps I always did. But I did not know it as well as I know it now. I desire — that we may be friends — you and I — because we are you and I; I wish it for my own sake and for yours. I wish to be quite clear. I know that I have made myself obnoxious to you lately; I hope it was partly that we did not understand one another. I want, above all things, that we should understand each other with perfect distinct-

ness, if we can. I ask your permission that we may be personal friends for the sake of no other than ourselves. Do I make myself plain?"

"I think so," said Reliance, in a low voice. She had sunk back against the boulder, which now had grown purple, like a royal figure. She wrapped her shawl about her, as if preparing for a conversation of some length. Nordhall took a gray stone at her feet, and leaned on his elbow, looking up. She noticed just then the color of his hair, and wondered if she had never observed it before. She had usually thought about his boyish eyes when she looked at him. Often, poor fellow, she had not thought about him at all.

"I wonder," she asked abruptly, "what you would think it meant, precisely. What is a friend?"

"Definitions are always dangerous," murmured Nordhall, inaudibly. Then, raising his voice to a gently argumentative tone, he seemed to put her question aside in that imperious, because easy, way which he had at times. "Now, look here. Here we are. I am a solitary fellow, not so young as I was, — I am thirty-seven. I find I mind it, living in a vacuum, more than I used to do. My mother is dead. I have no sisters. My housekeeper is sixty-one. You know I don't care for society women, and you know I never did. You and John used to make me so happy, in Boston. I remember the first time he asked me home to tea I said, 'Your wife won't want me.' I was afraid of intruding; you don't know how afraid of intruding I was! But you made me so easy, so happy! I remember just how you walked across the room. I remember how you looked when you asked if I ate olives, and if I would have cream. I had only seen you at dinner-parties and such places, before, — among the other women. I remember how you asked me to light the fire, after tea, as if I belonged there.

From the time when I saw you in your own house and you were so good to a homeless fellow, and John was so good,—he said, I remember, when I said you would n't want me, 'Trust my wife'—"

"Oh, don't!" she cried, putting up both hands. "Oh, don't, don't, *don't!* I can't bear it! I cannot bear it! Oh, *what shall I do?*"

She sank; she hid her face against the purple boulder,—soft as velvet to the eye, hard as iron to the touch,—and on its granite shoulder lay and sobbed as if she would sob her soul out.

He let her cry. He let her cry till she was worn out. All his life and strength struggled to comfort her. But she was John's wife. He left her to the arms of the rock. He only put out his hand in the twilight, and stroked the fringe of her shawl.

By and by, they perceived that it was growing dark; they seemed both to have a recognition of the fact at the same moment, and simultaneously stirred and rose. Neither spoke. She gave him her hand, and he helped her from the purple rock to the gray one,—both black now,—and so upon the lighter, yielding sand. His fingers, as they met hers, touched the chained wedding-ring.

They walked home without one word. She was perfectly quiet now, and leaned wearily towards him. When they had gone through the syringa arbor and up the long front yard, at the foot of the steps she paused, and said,—

"If we are to be better friends, to understand each other better,—and there is no reason why John should mind"—

"There is no such reason!" whispered Nordhall, impetuously. "I ask for nothing but friendship. I want nothing else! I only want that what I have shall be *mine*. John would not blame me for this,—nor you either."

"I *could* not do anything for which

my husband could blame me!" She drew herself to her full height, and dropped his arm.

Then she said, "I am too tired to talk about it to-night," and like a spirit she was gone.

VIII.

"There sometimes occurs in a strong soul a love firm enough to transform itself into impassioned friendship so as to become a duty, and appropriate the quality of virtue."—CHATEAUBRIAND.

That delightful consciousness of having left something of the first importance so far unexplained to a woman as to necessitate an immediate occasion for seeing her again followed Nordhall the next day, through the (for the time being) depreciated interests of the real-estate business, whose value to the country and to posterity seemed less marked than it had of late.

He took an earlier train than usual out from Boston, and sought her at the first pardonable hour. As he walked up the avenue, that night, he looked at the great horse-chestnut shadow meeting over his head, and across the garden where some snow-ball bushes stood white in the night, and towards the gray marshes, and up at the eloquent house, and thought within how small a compass the drama of his feeling for this woman had been played. How limited the scenery through which she and he had moved in these four widowed years! It made her dearer to him that this was so. He was a quiet fellow, liking quiet ways and near horizons. What should he have done if she had been one of the mourners who want to be taken to the theatre to "be got out of themselves," or who must keep running to Paris for a "change of scene"?

He thought, with a thrill of pride in her not unlike the haughtiness of possession, how sincere a life it had been, how *real* she was. He thought of her unselfishness, her modesty, the sweet outgoing of her nature to those more

needy than herself; how rare, how fine, this bruised but vital womanhood!

Nordhall exulted over her, as he walked up the lonely avenue.

He did not fully analyze the nature that so appealed to and commanded him. Yet he plied himself with queries, keen and inevitable as stabs of physical pain. Whence grew a genuineness real and rich as life? Whence sprang this tenderness, sad and sweet and mysterious as death? Whence came this deepening wealth and beauty of a character to which every year added new splendors, like a picture before which he stood, distant and awed, to watch the artist lay the wet, fresh colors on,—he who could not touch it?

Some works belong to their creator, like those of the great Belgian painter, who never parted with his own, but elaborated his pictures from year to happy year, until he died and left their glory to his country, perfected and unique.

. . . Whose picture was *this*? Whose work was *she*? To whom belonged the bewildering outline, the tender tint, the fine harmony?

He did not answer his own questions. He did not admit in words that no power on earth could make and keep a woman like this woman but the eternal fertility of constant love. He did not say to himself that the very ideal which he revered was the daily growth of causes which separated and must separate it from himself.

He only went up the steps and rang the bell, and asked for her.

Madam Strong was not well that night; she lay on the sofa in the drawing-room, and apologized to Mr. Nordhall, carefully covered with an afghan knit in mourning colors, gray and black. She found a bronchial difficulty in her throat, and talked about Dr. Bishop. Nordhall and Reliance sat by the table and chatted quietly. Reliance was drawing up a list of tableaux for the entertain-

ment in the coffee rooms. He helped her, and they discussed many little things. If she only said, "*Would* you have a temperance dialogue?" he felt as if she needed him. If he only ruled off her programme, it seemed to him as if he upheld her. She was gentle, cheerful, and calm. They had a pleasant time.

Her scrap-book, among other things that could be assessed as taxable for the temperance entertainment, lay upon the table. He took it up, with the delicately familiar glance which says: I know I may! She did not forbid. He turned the leaves slowly, pleased with her permission; yet, had she refused it, he would have been profoundly hurt.

"Ah!" he said suddenly.

"Ah what?"

"*You* have that thing, too! I never heard of anybody else who liked it. It came out in the Pacific, I think, anonymously. Apparently, it fell dead. *I* carried away the remains and buried them; but I thought myself the only mourner."

She held out her hand for the book, with a sparkle of pleased curiosity. She was at the time assiduously cutting gilt paper for a tableau (name and nature as yet indistinct) in which Janet was to figure. Janet had begged to be allowed to "act in something with stars." Mrs. Strong read and returned the poem, with the air of an astronomer disturbed at an eclipse.

These were the lines:—

Thrust backward on the border of the Land,
Defied, yet dauntless, we obey, and drop
Our level lids,—dazzled. None see so far
As the denied. To none, so radiant, lift
The foreheads of the reigning hills. To whom
So fair, the garments of the valley, when
She leans against their feet?

Not lost, O Land,
The mute, majestic forests where no man
Has set his foot; thy tropic balm and calm
Of tangles where the moon shines warm enough
To call the blush upon the rounding grape.
Not lost the unfamiliar, far, bright sands
Of hidden beaches waking with the wave
That calls the soul to sail a virgin sea.

Gold is the gleam that never fell on trodden shores,
Thy shadows purple splendors be, brave Land!
O perfumes faint, for which we have no name!
Strange blossoms none have ever culled, nor can,
And colors new-created! Glorious!
Ye are not lost, but living. Living, we.
Await us. Ye are ours. Each to his own
Shall come. The sure can wait. We set our seal
Of kingdom and discovery upon
Thy silences and solitudes, and wild
Surprises, and unfathomed rest.

O Friend,

Step hither; look with me. Draw near. Shrink
not.

Since we shall share the empire, are we not
So strong that we can share the exile, too?

"It has no title," said Nordhall, feeling that some one should speak. "I should call it — if I must call it at all — Discovered, — Unexplored. Who was that wise fellow who said poems ought to have no titles?"

"How many rays would exact science permit in a gilt-paper planet," replied Reliance, thoughtfully, "if it had to cut them with extremely dull embroidery scissors, from a pattern furnished — and adored — by Janet? Yes; I like the poem. I wish you would pick up a few of these nebulae scattered round the table." Nordhall felt a vague hurt, as if the continuity and intensity of his sentiment had jarred with the variety and delicacy of hers; while at the same time he respected his own impulse sturdily. What if he had quoted poetry at an unexpected moment? At least his mood was as worthy as her recoil from it. He shut the scrap-book, however, and became as devoutly astronomical as she could wish.

When Madam Strong went, by and by, to sleep, — Dr. Bishop having recommended naps, — and the gray and black afghan took on a less insistent character to their consciousness (there was a bereaved work-basket left with crape bows; but this was not so expressive), Nordhall and Reliance quickly fell into one of those silences which are so much more awkward and vocal than speech. She worked over her stars a few minutes, but was the first to speak, and she

said, without looking up, snipping burning bits of gold paper over her black dress, —

"I want to understand, exactly, what you meant by saying that it was for my sake."

"That what was for your sake?"

"That we should understand each other better, and be better friends, — for your sake, and mine too. Why mine too?"

"Because I think you need me."

He had never spoken like this to her. She lifted her protesting eyes. He had brought his lips together with a decision which alarmed, but a gentleness which disarmed her.

"You are lonely," he said, with suppressed breath. "You are as lonely as you can be, and live. I desire to help you. I desire to comfort you all I can."

"You always *have* tried to help me."

"Yes, but so imperfectly, so poorly; always with some doubt or misconception behind. I could help you more, far more, if you would let me."

"I have my husband!" She looked over her shoulder, as if he stood there.

"You can't see him!" cried Nordhall, cruelly.

"What does that matter? He is *there*."

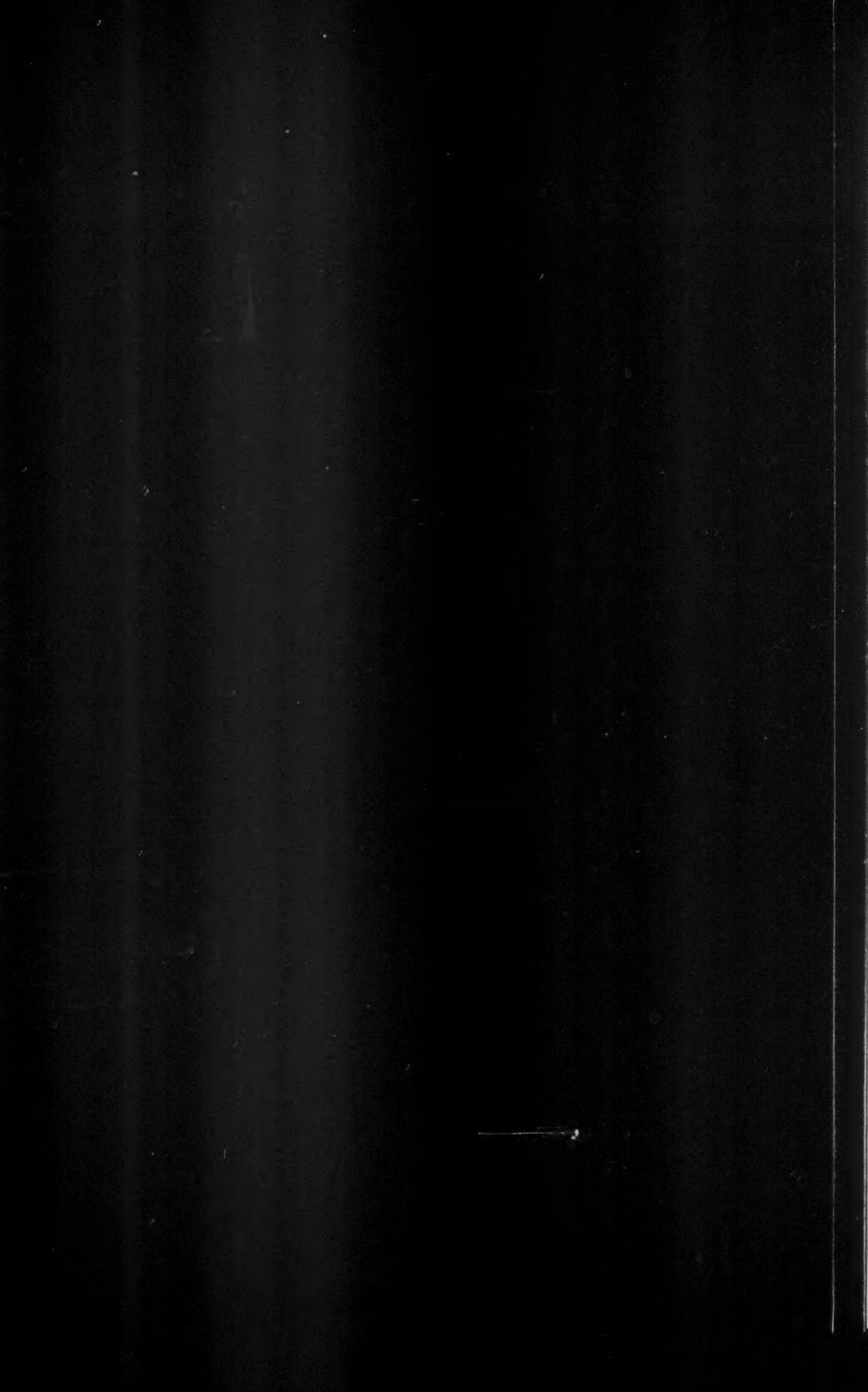
Instinctively, Nordhall looked over her shoulder, too, into the warm, lighted, empty air. His eye traversed the bright vacancy, the length of the drawing-room, and returned. His manner changed.

"Perhaps he is. I hope so, if that helps you any. I offer you nothing which I should not offer if he were, — though I can't see him, either. I am not here as your lover, Reliance Strong. I am here as your friend."

Her face crimsoned terribly, like crimson lightning, for that one instant, then she went deadly pale; and then her calm and natural look came back.

"Please don't think I misunderstand! I am not so vain, so conscious. I do not think about things in that way. I don't,

Through a failure to receive the author's proof in season for correction, Mr. Lloyd's article goes to our readers without the strong confirmatory facts and figures which his revision embodied. His paper was written several months ago, and as printed represents the condition of things at the time of writing. Some minor errors of statement, not affecting his positions generally, have necessarily remained uncorrected.



indeed ! I only want to do what is quite right. If it is right to take the kind of friendship you speak of, to need you, to depend on you, when I am perplexed or tired . . . Oh, I am so tired, lately, it seems to me as if I could not live another day ! ”

She dropped her paper, as if ashamed of her own impulsive words, and moved from him ; went across to the low window, opened it, stood by it, then stepped over and out upon the piazza. He followed her without a moment's hesitation, stopping only to draw the afflicted Afghan closer over Madam Strong, who had partially waked and spoken. He closed the window after he had passed through.

This little pause gave Reliance recovery of herself. She stood looking up at him. They seemed to be shut apart there, — they two alone together in the September night. She held up her hands in that appealing way no other woman had, and with her sweet self-possession said, —

“ Dear Mr. Nordhall, I am willing to let you be my friend, as well as John's. I think it must be right. I think my husband would feel it to be so. Let us help each other all we can. It is a hard world . . . to live in. . . . I need help.” . . .

Her voice dropped. He reverently took both her hands in his, for a solemn instant ; then put them down, as if they had been dead desires.

His ideal of himself stood there beside them on the dark veranda ; invisible but powerful as the dead man's spirit. It was as if four of them were there, — John and Reliance Strong, Charles Nordhall and Charles Nordhall's vision. At that moment he felt himself to be capable of something unexampled in the history of the feeling that man knows for woman. He felt himself capacious for the last sacrifice and the powerful protection that only he who is wrought of passionate self-control and controlled passion can render to her whom he might have loved.

Of all the forms and shades of fine relation possible between delicate men and women, none, perhaps, is of a subtler power over character, as none is of a sadder, than this which exists when the free soul and bound lips say, *You whom I might have loved*. None, perhaps, knows either happiness so secret, so unselfish, or fidelity so hopeless and so permanent.

“ But I will never love her ! ” cried the visible to the invisible Nordhall, in the September night. “ I will befriend her — for her sake.”

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

STORY OF A GREAT MONOPOLY.

WHEN Commodore Vanderbilt began the world he had nothing, and there were no steamboats or railroads. He was thirty-five years old when the first locomotive was put into use in America. When he died, railroads had become the greatest force in modern industry, and Vanderbilt was the richest man of Europe or America, and the largest owner of railroads in the world. He used

the finest business brain of his day and the franchise of the state to build up a kingdom within the republic, and like a king he bequeathed his wealth and power to his eldest son. Bancroft's History of the United States and our railroad system were begun at the same time. The history is not yet finished, but the railroads owe on stocks and bonds \$4,600,000,000, more than twice

our national debt of \$2,220,000,000, and tax the people annually \$490,000,000, one and a half times more than the government's revenue last year of \$274,000,000. More than any other class, our railroad men have developed the country, and tried its institutions. The evasion of almost all taxes by the New York Central Railroad has thrown upon the people of New York State more than a fair share of the cost of government, and illustrates some of the methods by which the rich are making the poor poorer. Violations of trust by Credit Mobiliers, Jay Gould's wealth and the poverty of Erie stockholders, such corruption of legislatures as gave the Pacific Mail its subsidies, and nicknamed New Jersey "The State of Camden and Amboy," are sins against public and private faith on a scale impossible in the early days of republics and corporations. A lawsuit still pending, though begun ten years ago by a citizen of Chicago, to recover the value of baggage destroyed by the Pennsylvania Railroad; Judge Barnard's midnight orders for the Erie ring; the surrender of its judicial integrity by the supreme court of Pennsylvania at the bidding of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as charged before Congress by President Gowen, of the Reading Railroad, the veto by the Standard Oil Company of the enactment of a law by the Pennsylvania legislature to carry out the provision of the constitution of the State that every one should have equal rights on the railroads, — these are a few of the many things that have happened to kill the confidence of our citizens in the laws and the administration of justice. No other system of taxation has borne as heavily on the people as those extortions and inequalities of railroad charges which caused the granger outburst in the West, and the recent uprising in New York. In the actual physical violence with which railroads have taken their rights of way through more than

one American city, and in the railroad strikes of 1876 and 1877 with the anarchy that came with them, there are social disorders we hoped never to see in America. These incidents in railroad history show most of the points where we fail, as between man and man, employer and employed, the public and the corporation, the state and the citizen, to maintain the equities of "government" — and employment — "of the people, by the people, for the people."

Our treatment of "the railroad problem" will show the quality and calibre of our political sense. It will go far in foreshadowing the future lines of our social and political growth. It may indicate whether the American democracy, like all the democratic experiments which have preceded it, is to become extinct because the people had not wit enough or virtue enough to make the common good supreme.

The remarkable series of eight railroad strikes, which began during the Centennial Exposition of the prosperity of our first century and the perfection of our institutions, culminated on July 16, 1877, in the strike on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Martinsburg, West Virginia. This spread into the greatest labor disturbance on record. For a fortnight there was an American Reign of Terror. We have forgotten it, — that is, it has taught us nothing; but if Freeman outlives us to finish his *History of Federal Government* from the Achaian League to the Disruption of the United States, he will give more than one chapter to the labor rising of 1877. The strike at Martinsburg was instantly felt at Chicago and Baltimore in the stoppage of shipments. In a few hours the Baltimore and Ohio, one of the chief commercial arteries of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, was shut up. The strike spread to the Pennsylvania, the Erie and the New York Central railroads, and to the Great Western lines, with their countless

branches, as far west as Omaha and Topeka, and as far south as the Ohio River and the Texas Pacific. The feeling of the railroad employés all over the country was expressed by the address of those of the Pennsylvania Railroad to its stockholders. The stockholders were reminded that "many of the railroad's men did not average wages of more than seventy-five cents a day;" that "the influence of the road had been used to destroy the business of its best customers, the oil producers, for the purpose of building up individual interests." "What is the result? The traffic has almost disappeared from the Pennsylvania Railroad, and in place of \$7,000,000 revenue this year, although shipments are in excess of last year, your road will receive scarcely half the amount. This alone would have enabled your company to pay us enough for a living." The address also refers pointedly to the abuses of fast freight lines, rolling-stock companies, and other railroad inventions for switching business into private pockets. Other workmen followed the example of the railroad employés. At Zanesville, Ohio, fifty manufactories stopped work. Baltimore ceased to export petroleum. The rolling mills, foundries, and refineries of Cleveland were closed. Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, all the cities large and small, had the same experience. At Indianapolis, next to Chicago the largest point for the eastward shipment of produce, all traffic was stopped except on the two roads that were in the hands of the national government. At Erie, Pa., the railroad struck, and notwithstanding the remonstrance of the employés refused to forward passengers or the United States mails. The grain and cattle of the farmer ceased to move to market, and the large centres of population began to calculate the chances of famine. New York's supply of Western cattle and grain was cut off. Meat rose three cents a pound in one day, while Cleve-

land telegraphed that hogs, sheep, beeves, and poultry billed for New York were dying on the side-tracks there. Merchants could not sell, manufacturers could not work, banks could not lend. The country went to the verge of panic, for the banks, in the absence of remittances, had resolved to close if the blockade lasted a few days longer. President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, wrote that his "great national highway could be restored to public use only by the interposition of the United States army." President Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, telegraphed the authorities at Washington, "I fear that unless the general government will assume the responsibility of order throughout the land, the anarchy which is now present will become more terrible than has ever been known in the history of the world." The governors of ten States — West Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, and Kentucky — issued dispersing proclamations which did not disperse. The governors of four of them — West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Illinois — appealed to the national government for help against domestic insurrection, which the State could not suppress. The president of the United States issued two national proclamations to the insurgents. The state troops were almost useless, as in nearly all cases they fraternized with the strikers. All the national troops that could be spared from the Indian frontier and the South were ordered back to the centres of civilization. The regulars were welcomed by the frightened people of Chicago with cheers which those who heard will never forget. Armed guards were placed at all the public buildings of Washington, and ironclads were ordered up for the protection of the national capital. Cabinet meetings were continuous. General Winfield S. Hancock was sent to Baltimore to take command, General Sher-

man was called back from the West, and General Schofield was ordered from West Point into active service. Barricades, in the French style, were thrown up by the voters of Baltimore. New York and Philadelphia were heavily garrisoned. In Philadelphia every avenue of approach to the Pennsylvania Railroad was patrolled, and the city was under a guard of six thousand armed men, with eight batteries of artillery. There were encounters between troops and voters, with loss of life, at Martinsburg, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Chicago, Reading, Buffalo, Scranton, and San Francisco. In the scene at Pittsburg, there was every horror of revolution. Citizens and soldiers were killed, the soldiers were put to flight, and the town left at the mercy of the mob. Railroad cars, depots, hotels, stores, elevators, private houses, were gutted and burned. The city has just compromised for \$1,810,000 claims for damages to the amount of \$2,938,460, and has still heavy claims to settle. The situation was described at this point by a leading newspaper as one of "civil war with the accompanying horrors of murder, conflagration, rapine, and pillage." These were days of greater bloodshed, more actual suffering, and wider alarm in the North than that part of the country experienced at any time during the civil war, except when Lee invaded Pennsylvania. As late as August 3d, the beautiful valley of the Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, was a military camp, traversed by trains loaded with Gatling guns and bayonets, and was guarded by Governor Hartranft in person with five thousand soldiers. These strikes, penetrating twelve States and causing insurrections in ten of them, paralyzed the operation of twenty thousand miles of railroad, and directly and indirectly threw one million men temporarily out of employment. While they lasted they caused greater losses than any blockade which has been made by sea or land in the history of war. Non-

sensational observers, like the Massachusetts Board of Railroad Commissioners, look to see the outburst repeated, possibly to secure a rise of wages. The movement of the railroad trains of this country is literally the circulation of its blood. Evidently, from the facts we have recited, the States cannot prevent its arrest by the struggle between these giant forces within society, outside the law.

Kerosene has become, by its cheapness, the people's light the world over. In the United States we used 220,000,000 gallons of petroleum last year. It has come into such demand abroad that our exports of it increased from 79,458,888 gallons in 1868, to 417,648,544 in 1879. It goes all over Europe, and to the far East. The Oriental demand for it is increasing faster than any other. We are assured by the eloquent petroleum editor of the New York Shipping List that "it blazes across the ruins of Babylon and waste Persepolis," and that "all over Polynesia, and Far Cathay, in Burmah, in Siam, in Java, the bronzed denizens toil and dream, smoke opium and swallow hasheesh, woo and win, love and hate, and sicken and die under the rays of this wonderful product of our fruitful caverns." However that may be, it is statistically true that China and the East Indies took over 10,000,000 gallons in 1877, and nearly 25,000,000 gallons in 1878. After articles of food, this country has but one export, cotton, more valuable than petroleum. It was worth \$61,789,438 in our foreign trade in 1877; \$46,574,974 in 1878; and \$18,546,642 in the five months ending November 30, 1879. In the United States, in the cities as well as the country, petroleum is the general illuminator. We use more kerosene lamps than Bibles. The raw material of this world's light is produced in a territory beginning with Cattaraugus County in New York, and extending southwesterly through eight or nine counties of Pennsylvania, making a belt

about one hundred and fifty miles long, and twelve or fifteen miles wide, and then, with an interval, running into West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, where the yield is unimportant. The bulk of the oil comes from two counties, Cattaraugus in New York, and McKean in Pennsylvania. There are a few places elsewhere that produce rock oil, such as the shales of England, Wales, and Scotland, but the oil is so poor that American kerosene, after being carried thousands of miles, can undersell it. Very few of the forty millions of people in the United States who burn kerosene know that its production, manufacture, and export, its price at home and abroad, have been controlled for years by a single corporation,—the Standard Oil Company. This company began in a partnership, in the early years of the civil war, between Samuel Andrews and John Rockefeller in Cleveland. Rockefeller had been a bookkeeper in some interior town in Ohio, and had afterwards made a few thousand dollars by keeping a flour store in Cleveland. Andrews had been a day laborer in refineries, and so poor that his wife took in sewing. He found a way of refining by which more kerosene could be got out of a barrel of petroleum than by any other method, and set up for himself a ten-barrel still in Cleveland, by which he cleared \$500 in six months. Andrews' still and Rockefeller's savings have grown into the Standard Oil Company. It has a capital, nominally \$3,500,000, but really much more, on which it divides among its stockholders every year millions of dollars of profits. It has refineries at Cleveland, Baltimore, and New York. Its own acid works, glue factories, hardware stores, and barrel shops supply it with all the accessories it needs in its business. It has bought land at Indianapolis on which to erect the largest barrel factory in the country. It has drawn its check for \$1,000,000 to suppress a rival. It buys 30,000 to 40,000

barrels of crude oil a day, at a price fixed by itself, and makes special contracts with the railroads for the transportation of 13,000,000 to 14,000,000 barrels of oil a year. The four quarters of the globe are partitioned among the members of the Standard combinations. One has the control of the China trade; another that of some country of Europe; another that of the United States. In New York, you cannot buy oil for East Indian export from the house that has been given the European trade; reciprocally, the East Indian house is not allowed to sell for export to Europe. The Standard produces only one fiftieth or sixtieth of our petroleum, but dictates the price of all, and refines nine tenths. Circulars are issued at intervals by which the price of oil is fixed for all the cities of the country, except New York, where a little competition survives. Such is the indifference of the Standard Oil Company to railroad charges that the price is made the same for points so far apart as Terre Haute, Chicago, and Keokuk. There is not to-day a merchant in Chicago, or in any other city in the New England, Western, or Southern States, dealing in kerosene, whose prices are not fixed for him by the Standard. In all cases these prices are graded so that a merchant in one city cannot export to another. Chicago, Cincinnati, or Cleveland is not allowed to supply the tributary towns. That is done by the Standard itself, which runs oil in its own tank cars to all the principal points of distribution. This corporation has driven into bankruptcy, or out of business, or into union with itself, all the petroleum refineries of the country except five in New York, and a few of little consequence in Western Pennsylvania. Nobody knows how many millions Rockefeller is worth. Current gossip among his business acquaintance in Cleveland puts his income last year at a figure second only, if second at all, to that of Vanderbilt. His partner, Samuel An-

drews, the poor English day laborer, retired years ago with millions. Just who the Standard Oil Company are, exactly what their capital is, and what are their relations to the railroads, nobody knows except in part. Their officers refused to testify before the supreme court of Pennsylvania, the late New York Railroad Investigating Committee, and a committee of Congress. The New York committee found there was nothing to be learned from them, and was compelled to confess its inability to ascertain as much as it desired to know "of this mysterious organization, whose business and transactions are of such a character that its members declined giving a history or description, lest their testimony be used to convict them of crime."

Their great business capacity would have insured the managers of the Standard success, but the means by which they achieved monopoly was by conspiracy with the railroads. Mr. Simon Sterne, counsel for the merchants of New York in the New York investigation, declared that the relations of the railroads to the Standard exhibited "the most shameless perversion of the duties of a common carrier to private ends that has taken place in the history of the world." The Standard killed its rivals, in brief, by getting the great trunk lines to refuse to give them transportation. Commodore Vanderbilt is reported to have said that there was but one man — Rockefeller — who could dictate to him. Whether or not Vanderbilt said it, Rockefeller did it. The Standard has done everything with the Pennsylvania legislature, except refine it. In 1876 its organization was brought before Congress, and referred to a committee. A prominent member of the Standard, not a member of Congress, conducted the farce of inquiry from behind the seat of the chairman. Another member of the company, who was a member of Congress, came with the

financial officer of the company before the committee, and sustained him in his refusal to testify about the organization, its members, or its relations with the railroads. The committee never reported. The facts they suppressed must be hunted out through newspaper articles, memorials from the oil producers and refiners, records of lawsuits, reports of chambers of commerce and of legislative investigating committees, and other miscellaneous sources of information.

The contract is in print by which the Pennsylvania Railroad agreed with the Standard, under the name of the South Improvement Company, to double the freights on oil to everybody, but to repay the Standard one dollar for every barrel of oil it shipped, and one dollar for every barrel any of its competitors shipped. This contract was produced in Congress, and was stigmatized by Representative Conger as "the most damnable and startling evidence yet produced of the possibility of railroad monopoly." Ostensibly this contract was given up, in deference to the whirlwind of indignation it excited. But Rockefeller, the manager of the Standard, was a man who could learn from defeat. He made no more tell-tale contracts that could be printed. He effected secret arrangements with the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Erie, and the Atlantic and Great Western. What influences he used to make the railroad managers pliable may probably be guessed from the fact that one quarter of the stock of the Acme Oil Company, a partner in the Standard combination, on which heavy monthly dividends are paid, is owned by persons whose names Rockefeller would never reveal, which Mr. Archbold, the president of the company, said under oath he had not been told, and which the supreme court of Pennsylvania has not yet been able to find out. The Standard succeeded in getting from Mr. Vanderbilt free transportation for its crude oil from the wells

in Pennsylvania, one hundred and fifty miles, to the refineries at Cleveland, and back. This stamped out competing refineries at Pittsburg, and created much of the raw material of the riots of July, 1877. Vanderbilt signed an agreement, March 25, 1872, that "all agreements for the transportation of oil after this date shall be upon a basis of perfect equality," and ever since has given the Standard special rates and privileges. He has paid it back in rebates millions of dollars, which have enabled it to crush out all competitors, although many of them, like the Octave Oil Company and the Titusville refiners, had done all their business over his road till they went into bankruptcy, broken by his contracts with the Standard. He united with the Erie in a war on the Pennsylvania Railroad, to force it to sell to the Standard all its refineries, and the great pipe lines by which the oil, like Croton water in the mains, was carried from the wells to the railroads. He then joined with the Erie and the Pennsylvania in a similar attack on the Baltimore and Ohio, which had to sell out to the Standard. So the Standard obtained the control of all the pipe lines and of the transportation, of everything, in fact, as a witness said before the New York Railroad Investigating Committee, except the bodies of the producers. Mr. Vanderbilt began, as did the Erie and Pennsylvania railroad kings, with paying back to the Standard, but to no other shipper, ten per cent. of its freight bills. He continued making one concession after another, till when he was doing the business for other shippers at \$1.40 and \$1.25 a barrel, he charged the Standard only eighty and eighty-one cents, and this was afterwards reduced to sixty cents a barrel. During the war against the Pennsylvania road to make it sell out to the Standard, the New York Central carried oil for less than nothing. Besides the other allowances, Mr. Vanderbilt paid the Standard through its alias, the American Transfer

Company, a rebate of thirty-five cents a barrel on all the crude oil shipped by it or its competitors. When the oil producers, whom the Standard had cut off from all access to the world except through it, sought an exit through an out-of-the-way railroad and the Erie Canal, or down the Ohio River hundreds of miles to Huntingdon, thence by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad to Richmond, and so to the sea, Mr. Vanderbilt lowered his rates to the Standard so that it could undersell any one who used these devious routes. When the producers, June, 1879, completed their own tidewater pipe line, 104 miles long, to a junction with the Reading Railroad, obtaining in this way a direct connection with the seaboard, Mr. Vanderbilt reduced his rate to the public from \$1.40 to \$1.25 a barrel to thirty-five and twenty-five cents, and charged the Standard twenty, fifteen, finally but ten cents. For ten cents Mr. Vanderbilt hauled for the Standard a barrel weighing 390 pounds over 400 miles, and hauled back the empty cars, at the same time that he charged forty-five cents for hauling a can of milk weighing ninety pounds for sixty miles. So closely had the Standard octopus gripped itself about Mr. Vanderbilt that even at the outside rates its competitors could not get transportation from him. He allowed the Standard to become the owner of all the oil cars run over his road, and of all his terminal facilities for oil. As the Standard owned all but 200 of the oil cars run on the Erie, and leased all that road's terminal facilities, it could charge its rivals anything it pleased for the privileges of New York harbor. When Mr. Vanderbilt was questioned by Mr. Simon Sterne, of the New York committee, about these and other things, his answers were, "I don't know," "I forget," "I don't remember," to 116 questions out of 249 by actual count. At a time when the Standard Oil Company through its other self, the American Transfer

Company, was receiving from the New York Central thirty-five cents a barrel on all oil shipped by itself or its competitors, and was getting other rebates which cost the New York Central over \$2,000,000 from October 17, 1877, to March 31, 1879. Mr. Vanderbilt testified positively before the New York Investigating Committee that he knew nothing whatever about the American Transfer Company, its officers, or the payments to it.

The Standard's control of the Erie was not less complete than its hold of the New York Central. The Erie shipped only ten cars for outsiders in a whole year, and those were given by mistake. Although a public corporation and a common carrier, the Erie let the Standard sink hundreds of wells on its road-bed, and steal the oil of the neighboring wells. After promising cars, of which it had hundreds idle, to independent shippers, the Erie withdrew them at the dictation of the Standard. One shipper had 10,000 barrels of oil brought down to the side of the track by pipe line to be put into cars promised him by the Erie. The agent of the Standard appeared and stopped the shipment. When this shipper told his story, months later, before the New York committee the oil had not been shipped, though meanwhile the market value of oil had gone down thirty per cent. In giving the Standard special rates, rebates, and the like, the Erie followed the same course as the New York Central and the Pennsylvania railroads.

When the Pennsylvania Railroad began its discriminations against the oil producers, they appealed to President Scott for equal rates with the Standard. At the interview they obtained after repeated solicitations, he answered their petition by recommending them to make a compromise with the Standard Oil Company! He did not want, he said, to get into any trouble with that concern. Representing the greatest com-

mon carrier under the constitution of Pennsylvania, which expressly provides that everybody shall have "equal rights" on the railroads of the State, President Scott actually offered to get from the Standard Oil Company for the shippers the privilege of transportation over his own road. He volunteered his personal services to mediate between the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Standard. More American than he, they refused the proposed service. One of them, a New York refiner, in describing the scene, says, "We gave him very distinctly to understand that we did n't propose to go into any 'fix up,' where we would lose our identity, or sell out, or be under anybody else's thumb." President Scott told these outsiders that they could not have the same rate as the Standard, not even if they shipped the same amount of oil, and refused to tell them what discriminations were being made. He refused to give them transportation or to let them put their own cars on the road, although they had been his heaviest customers in the years when the Standard was an ally of his competitors in one of the fiercest railroad wars ever waged between the trunk lines.

Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Jewett, and Mr. Scott contracted with the oil producers in writing, March 25, 1872, "not to give any party the slightest difference in rates or discrimination of any character whatever" and "to make no change in rates without ninety days' notice in writing to the producers." Among other features of the systematic and chronic violations of this compact, which began almost immediately, was a special allowance by the Pennsylvania road of twenty-two and a half cents a barrel to the Standard on all oil shipped by its competitors or itself. Vice-President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania, said under oath, in the Pennsylvania suit against his road, that he did not think this special allowance was any violation of the agreement. But by it, as Mr. E. G. Patterson,

of Titusville, said before the New York Investigating Committee, the Standard was able to sell refined oil at less than the cost of manufacture, and put its buyers of oil into the field, and crush out the business of any rival, by bidding this twenty-two and a half cents, or part of it, above the price any one not getting this rebate could pay. In the end the rebate came out of the unfortunate producer. After the Standard had used the rebate to crush out the other refiners, who were its competitors in the purchase of petroleum at the wells, it became the only buyer, and dictated the price. It began by paying more than cost for crude oil, and selling refined oil for less than cost. It has ended by making us pay what it pleases for kerosene, and compelling the owner of the well to take what he can get for his product. For the producer of petroleum, as for the producer of grain, the railroad fixes the price the producer receives.

Mr. Roger Sherman, of counsel for the complainants in the suit brought by the State of Pennsylvania, hunted through the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad to find some one who knew what rebates the Standard was getting. Most of the officers knew as little as Mr. Vanderbilt. Finally, Mr. Cassatt was put on the stand. He testified as to the rebate of twenty-two and a half cents, already referred to, and similar rebates of thirty-five cents a barrel from the New York Central, and twenty to thirty cents a barrel from the Erie. He showed that, while the open rate to the public was \$1.90 to New York for carrying a barrel of refined oil, the Standard had the work done for \$1.10 and \$1.20 a barrel less, and that out of the seventy and eighty cents the Pennsylvania received it paid ten cents for storage and six cents for lighterage for the Standard. The public rate for transporting crude oil was \$1.40 a barrel, but the Standard paid only eighty-eight and a half cents,

and finally but ten cents. While the Pennsylvania was giving all these special allowances, carrying oil at one time, according to Vice-President Cassatt's sworn declaration, for less than nothing, it charged shippers like George W. Cachaan, who were not in with the officers of the road, the extreme rate of \$2.00 a barrel. The effect of these discriminations was well expressed by Mr. B. B. Campbell, a witness for the State of Pennsylvania, who when asked what profit there was in refining replied, "To any one paying the open rate of freight there would be a heavy loss, but with a \$1.10 rebate on every barrel there would be a heavy profit." The New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and the Erie railroads and their connections lost between January and October, 1879, about \$13,000,000 of freight earnings they would have had but for their alliance with the Standard. The latest annual report of the Reading company gives a great deal of space to these heavy losses. The president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad called the attention of the other trunk line presidents to its statements. They could not, he said, fail to embarrass the railroads before Congress, and to do them "most serious damage" before the bar of public opinion. He appealed to the trunk line presidents at their meeting on January 21, 1880, to reform "the wasteful and absurd rates on oil," which virtually for the Standard amounted to free transportation. His appeal was without effect. The presidents decided at that meeting not to alter their rates. The rebates given the Standard extend to nearly every State in the Union. These rebates are about equal to the average value of the oil at the wells. The railroads of the United States virtually give the Standard its raw material free. The Western railroads favor the Standard in the same way that the Eastern ones do. They refused competing shippers, in the days before these had been killed

off, equal rates with the Standard, unless they did an equal business. The railroads create the monopoly, and then make the monopoly their excuse. When the Lake Shore charged nominally eighty cents a barrel and thirty cents a hundred pounds to carry oil from Cleveland to Chicago, it did the business for the Standard at seventy cents a barrel and twenty-five cents a hundred.

It seems incredible that Americans should have been willing to do what the Standard, by means of these special privileges from the railroads, did to its competitors. The refineries at New York had often to lie idle while the oil was running on the ground at the wells, because they could not get transportation. The monopoly of the pipe lines which the railroads gave it made the Standard the master of the exits of oil from the producing districts. Producing themselves but one fiftieth of the oil yield they stood between the producers of the other forty-nine fiftieths and the world. There was apparently no trick the Standard would not play. It delivered its competitors inferior oils when they had ordered the high-priced article, out of which alone they could manufacture the fancy brands their customers called for. The Standard received as a common carrier from E. W. Coddington oil for transportation through its United Pipe Line, but, when he sold it to a New York dealer outside the Standard combination, refused to deliver it, at the same time shipping oil to one of this dealer's competitors in New York. The Standard controlled the pipes by which alone Mr. Coddington and all other producers could get to market. When the flow from his wells had filled his tanks, and he had to have them emptied, his application to the Standard's United Pipe Line, a common carrier, was met by refusal to move his oil unless he sold it to the Standard. The following extract from the stenographic report tells the story plainly enough.

Ques. Upon what conditions would they run it?

Ans. Upon condition it was sold to certain parties, — J. A. Bostwick & Co., members of the Standard.

Ques. At what price compared with the market price?

Ans. Below the market price.

Ques. Always below the market price?

Ans. Always below it.

H. L. Taylor & Co., of Petrolia, had wells producing 1600 barrels of oil a day. Their tanks at the wells were full. They owned other tanks, to which they could get their oil only through the pipes which the Standard owned and operated as a common carrier. They applied to it for transportation, and were refused. The wells could not be shut down for fear of water, and so thousands of barrels of oil ran into the ground. The Standard carried its point, for after that the firm sold all their oil to it, always twenty-two to twenty-five cents a barrel below the market price. H. Caldwell was another producer who had flowing wells and empty tanks, which the Standard refused to connect, and who had to sell his oil to it at prices ranging from twelve and one fourth to eighteen and one half cents a barrel below the lowest market rate. Lewis Emery, Jr., a producer of oil, was an owner in six different companies, all of which were denied transportation by the Standard, and forced to sell to it at its price. He said, "We go down to the office, and stand in a line, sometimes half a day; people in a line, reaching out into the street, sixty and seventy of us. When our turn comes, we go in and ask them to buy, and they graciously will take it." This was known in the trade as the "immediate shipment swindle." Sometimes the Standard, after buying the oil this way, would take away a small part of it, and refuse to pay for the rest till it was shipped, months later. As an immediate result of these manip-

ulations, the price of oil began a steady decline from \$1.30 to eighty cents a barrel, in the face of an increased demand unequaled in the history of the trade. In 1878 oil went down to seventy-eight and three fourths cents a barrel at the very time the shipments from the wells were 56,000 barrels a day, the largest ever made till that time. All this, as one of the largest producers testified, was because "we take our commodity to one buyer and accept the price he chooses to give us, without redress, with no right of appeal."

Hundreds and thousands of men have been ruined by these acts of the Standard and the railroads; whole communities have been rendered desperate, and the peace of Pennsylvania imperiled more than once. The thousands of men thrown out of employment in Pittsburg between 1872 and 1877 were actors in the Pittsburg tragedy of July, 1877. The oil producers, in their memorial to Governor Hartranft, August 15, 1878, for help declared that "the Standard and the railroad companies leave to the people, whose creatures they are, but two remedies,—an appeal for protection first to the law of the land, and next to the higher law of nature!" The very intelligent and fair correspondent of the New York Sun, whom the Standard could not seduce, as it did the representative of another great New York daily, wrote from Titusville, Pa., November 4, 1878, "The fact is the State of Pennsylvania has had a narrow escape from an internal war, that would have required all its resources to control and check, and the danger is not over yet. . . . Had certain men given the word there would have been an outbreak that contemplated the seizure of the railroads and running them, the capture and control of the United Pipe Line's [the Standard's] property, and in all probability the burning of all the property of the Standard Oil Company in the region. The men who would have done

this, and may do it yet, are not laborers or tramps. They are men who believe in order and law, and have business to attend to." Mr. B. B. Campbell, who described himself as the unfortunate owner of nearly a hundred producing wells, told a story before the supreme court of Pennsylvania that ought not to be uninteresting to the million of consumers of kerosene. One day, returning to his home at Parker, near Pittsburg, the centre of a great oil district, he found the citizens in a state of terrible excitement. The Standard, through its pipe line, had refused to run oil, unless sold to them, and then declared it could not buy, because the railroads could furnish it no cars in which to move away the oil. Hundreds of wells were stopped, to their great damage. Thousands more, whose owners were afraid to close them for fear of injury by salt water, were pumping the oil on the ground. All the influence of a few leading men was hardly enough to prevent an outbreak and the destruction of railroad and pipe lines. Mr. Campbell telegraphed the railroad authorities, "The refusal of the Standard to run oil, unless sold upon immediate shipment, and of the railroads to furnish cars, has created such excitement here that the conservative citizens will not be able to control the peace, and I fear the scenes of last July will be repeated in an aggravated form." The interview that followed convinced the railroad men they had gone too far, and in a few hours afterwards hundreds of empty cars suddenly appeared at Parker, and for a week the railroad, which had said it could furnish no cars, took away from Parker fifty thousand barrels of oil a day!

If we turn to the experience of the refiners we find they fared as badly as the producers. The handful of New York refiners who survived the conspiracy against them testify that they had to keep their capacity limited and to do as little as they could. They did not

dare to build large refineries, because they would not be able to get oil enough carried to them to keep them going. Mr. Alexander, of Cleveland, tells how he was informed by Rockefeller, of the Standard, that if he would not sell out he should be crushed out. The Standard had a contract with the railroads which made them master. He had to take their terms, and sell for \$65,000 a refinery which cost him \$150,000, and was making money. Refiner after refiner in Pittsburg, buying his crude oil in the open market, manufacturing it at his works, shipping it to the seaboard, met with a continued succession of losses, and was forced into bankruptcy or a sale of his works to the Standard, who always had a buyer on the spot at the right time. The great majority of these refineries, when bought by the Standard, were dismantled and the "junk" was hauled to other refineries. The Vesta and Cosmos refineries, which cost about \$800,000, were sold at sheriff's sale to the Standard for \$80,000, and are now run vigorously by that company. The Germania, which was run to its full capacity as long as the Pennsylvania Railroad gave its proprietor transportation, is now leased to the Standard, but stands idle, as that concern can make more money by limiting the production and maintaining an artificial price than by giving the people cheap light. The Standard became practically the only refiner of oil in Western Pennsylvania, and its rule was bankruptcy to all attempting to lead an independent existence. D. P. Reichardt tells us how the agents of the Standard came to him with the threat that if he did not come into their combination they would drive him to the wall. The Standard called upon this free man to choose between financial ruin and joining them on these terms: he was to refine only half as much as he had been doing, and was to pay them a tribute of one cent a gallon, a tax of five to twelve per cent. The selling, storing, trans-

porting, and price of his oil he was to leave entirely to the Standard. This testimony with regard to the regulation of prices by the Standard is confirmed by the unwilling evidence of Mr. J. J. Vandergrift, president of the Standard's United Pipe Line, and a stockholder in the Standard, who said that the Standard fixes for the other refiners in the combination how much they shall produce each month, thus "keeping up the price." It is also proved to have manipulated the price of oil on the exchanges by the issue of fictitious pipeline certificates to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce reported April 3, 1876, that there were twenty-one oil refineries idle in that city, owing to freight discriminations and combinations. There were \$2,000,000 invested in these refineries, and if in operation they would have required the labor directly of 3060 men, besides the much larger number of carpenters, masons, bricklayers, boiler-makers, pump-makers, and other workmen, who would have employment if the oil refining business were prosperous. A minute prepared in 1879 by the Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., a member of the Pennsylvania legislature, shows that of the fifty-eight refineries in Pittsburg in 1867 twenty-eight have been crushed out and dismantled, and that of the remaining thirty twenty-nine have been bought up or leased by the great monopoly. A partial list prepared by Mr. Emery of "the petroleum refineries in Pennsylvania bankrupted, squeezed out, bought up, leased, or dismantled" by the Standard contains seventy-six refineries, of which thirty-one were dismantled, twenty-four leased or bought, some to be run, and some to be shut down, and twenty-one were driven out of business.

Its genius for monopoly has given the Standard control of more than the product of oil and its manufacture. Wholesale merchants in all the cities of the

country, except New York, have to buy and sell at the prices it makes. Merchants who buy oil of the Standard are not allowed to sell to dealers who buy of its few competitors. Some who have done so have been warned not to repeat the offense, and have been informed that, if they did so, the Standard, though under contract to supply them with oil, would cut them off, and would fight any suit they might bring through all the courts without regard to expense. At least one case is known where the deputy oil inspector, in a city to which oil had been shipped by an outside dealer, received from the state inspector peremptory orders by telegraph, before the oil had arrived, to condemn it. In the South, the Standard's control is absolute. It has now stretched out its hands to grasp the turpentine trade, and its peculiar tactics have already been disastrously felt in the turpentine market.

These oil producers and refiners whom the Standard was robbing with and without forms of law fought with every weapon they could command. The struggle has been going on continuously for nine years. All that men could do who were fighting for self-preservation was done. They caused to be introduced into Congress the first original bill to regulate railroads in interstate commerce. The outrages done by the roads and the Standard were proved before an investigating committee of Congress, but Congress did nothing. The legislature of Pennsylvania was besought to pass laws to enforce the constitutional provision for equal rights on the railroads of the State, but the money of the Standard was more powerful than the petition of business men who asked only for a fair chance. Numbers of suits were brought, by individuals and nominally by the State, but by the harmonious efforts of the governor, the attorney-general, the courts, and the defendants they were prevented from coming to any conclusion. Indictments for

criminal conspiracy were found by a grand jury, but when Governor Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, in due course of law, was called upon to issue requisitions for the extradition of the two Rockefeller and their accomplices, he refused to do so. Worst failure of all, the supreme court of Pennsylvania stayed the trial of the most important of the cases in progress in a lower court, and so brought the legal proceedings against the Standard and the railroads to an end, in striking agreement with the prediction of one of the defendants that "the case would never be tried." In short, the plundered found that the courts, the governor, and the legislature of their State, and the Congress of the United States were the tools of the plunderers, and were forced to compromise. This compromise, signed February 5, 1880, was a victory in forcing a pledge from the Standard and the railroads of the abandonment of the worst of their practices, but there lies in it, as in most compromises, a germ of disaster. It permits the Standard to receive any rebate the railroads have a right to grant, and allows the railroad to give rebates to large shippers, of whom there is but one,—the Standard. This is the relative position of the parties to-day. The Standard holds its vantage-ground, and America has the proud satisfaction of having furnished the world with the greatest, wisest, and meanest monopoly known to history.

To-day, in every part of the United States, people who burn kerosene are paying the Standard Oil Company a tax on every gallon amounting to several times its original cost to that concern. The average price of crude oil at the wells or at Cleveland, as the railroads carry the crude free to the Standard's refineries, was in December last about three cents a gallon. The price of refined at Cleveland was seventeen cents a gallon. Oil that the Standard sells in New York at a profit, at ten and one half

cents a gallon, they charge nineteen and three fourths cents for in Chicago. The average cost, last December, of the one and a third barrels of petroleum needed to make a barrel of kerosene was \$2.05 at Cleveland. The cost of refining, barreling, and all expenses, including a refiner's profit of half a dollar a barrel, is, according to the testimony of experts, \$2.75 a barrel. To bring it by rail to Chicago costs seventy cents, making the total cost \$5.50 for a barrel of fifty gallons, or eleven cents a gallon. The price the Standard charges in Chicago is nineteen and three fourths cents a gallon, in which, as the difference between eleven and nineteen and three fourths cents, there is a tax on the public of eight and three fourths cents. This tax is transmitted by the middle-men, jobbers, and retailers to the consumer. When at twenty-five cents a gallon the working-man buys kerosene because it is cheaper than gas, or the student because it is better, each pays the Standard this tax of eight and three fourths cents a gallon. A family that uses a gallon of kerosene a day pays a yearly tribute to the Standard of \$32, the income from \$800 in the four per cents. In Pennsylvania, the tax levied by the Standard above all expenses and legitimate profits is calculated by an expert at fourteen cents a gallon. This makes a yearly tax on the light in most general use in that State of \$2,555,000. The whole country consumed last year, at a low estimate, 220,000,000 gallons of kerosene. Putting the Standard tax, to avoid all possibility of exaggeration, down to five cents a gallon, we have a levy on the whole country of \$11,000,000, besides the millions taken from the railroads in rebates. These, according to the sworn evidence of the officers of the railroads and the known figures of shipments, amounted in 1878 to \$6,960,840, and in the period between October 17, 1877, and March 31, 1879, to \$10,151,218. These figures make reasonable the cur-

rent estimate that the Standard pays dividends of \$1,000,000 a month. It can do this, and have millions left to pay the suits of refineries it has leased and keeps idle, its backsheesh to railroad men, the bribes it has had to give judges, state legislatures, and state inspectors, and its salaries of hundreds of thousands of dollars a month to men whom it has turned out of the business, and who are acting as its paid agents. To-day the only visible hope of cheap light for the people of this country is the discovery, announced by the Atlantic cable on January 28th, that in the Hanover petroleum district in Germany a basin has been found, which is thought by experts to be, beyond doubt, as large and rich as the one in Pennsylvania. In Europe, such alliances between the railroads and the refiners as created the Standard monopoly are impossible. German oil wells, German refineries, and the Canadian canals may yet give the people of the interior of this continent what the American Standard and the American railroads have denied them, — cheap light.

It is the railroads that have bred the millionaires who are now buying newspapers, and getting up corners in wheat, corn, and cotton, and are making railroad consolidations that stretch across the continent. By the same tactics that the railroads have used to build up the Standard, they can give other combinations of capitalists the control of the wheat, lumber, cotton, or any other product of the United States. There is more than a suggestion of this in the action, last winter, of the railroads connecting the East and West, in raising rates at a stroke of the pen from fifteen and twenty cents a hundred pounds, between New York and Chicago, to forty and forty-five cents a hundred. The immediate result was a jam at Chicago of \$26,000,000 of the products of the farm. Chicago was filled up, and word had to be sent back along the rail-

roads to take no more grain for shipment. The roadside elevators filled up, and the farmers found their market gone. As it happened, on this occasion they had already sold the most of their crop, but the occurrence shows how the outlet for wheat could be cut off by a combination of railroad men and speculators, just as the outflow of oil was cut off by the Standard and the railroads. Some of the speculators most prominent in the recent wheat speculations are powerful railroad owners and directors. Given the power to raise and change the freight rate at will, these speculating directors can control the prices the West shall get for its grain and cattle, and those the East shall pay for its bread and meat. The New York Chamber of Commerce, on February 5, 1880, unanimously adopted a report, — signed by Charles S. Smith, Jackson S. Schultz, Benjamin B. Sherman, Francis B. Thurber, Benjamin G. Arnold, Jacob Wendell, and Charles C. Dodge, — in which these significant words occur: "What has happened in the case of the Standard Oil Company may happen in other lines of business. With the favor of the managers of the trunk lines, what is to prevent commerce in the rest of the great staples from being monopolized in a similar manner? Already it is taking this course. One or two firms in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, with their branch houses in the West, are, by the favor of the railroads, fast monopolizing the export trade in wheat, corn, cattle, and provisions, driving their competitors to the wall with absolute certainty, breaking down and crushing out the energy and enterprise of the many for the benefit of the favored few."

The case of the Standard Oil Company brings the three great trunk-lines and their magnates, Scott, Vanderbilt, and Jewett, a great national export and interstate commerce, into one condensed illustration of our subject, but otherwise

it is not peculiar. Mr. Vanderbilt assured the public over his own signature that the New York Central made no special rates. Mr. Sterne's examination of the officers and books of the road proved the existence of 6000 special contracts. The Northern Pacific, which has been built by grants of land from the people, and which is now an applicant before the people's Congress for the extension of its land grant, gives special rates to the Dalrymples, the Casses, the Grandins, with their 30,000 and 40,000 acre farms, and charges the poor farmers full rates. The St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad furnishes the large farmers along its route with rates one half those charged the small farmers. Who are the large farmers? President Drake, of the road; General Bishop, its manager; President George T. Siney, of the Metropolitan Bank of New York; Mr. Orr, a partner of the great house of David Dows & Co., of New York; Goldschmidt, the rich German banker, of Frankfort-on-the-Main; and every director on the road. The investments of these men average a return of twenty per cent. the first year, and fifty-five per cent. the second year.

One mind invented the locomotive, established the railroad, and discovered the law of this new force. All railroad history has been a vindication of George Stephenson's saying that where combination was possible competition was impossible. To-day, wherever in this country there is a group of railroads doing business at a common point, you will find a pool. These pools are nothing more mysterious than combinations to prevent competition. They are continually breaking up into railroad wars, but as constantly forming again with improvements gained from experience. The Saratoga agreement, the Colorado pool, the Evening system, the Omaha pool, the Southwestern Rate Association, the Southern Steamship and Railway Association, accounts of which are

continually appearing in the papers, to be always skipped by the general reader, are all experiments in this one direction, — combination to kill competition. For three years our ablest railroad men have been trying to invent a pool that should put all railroad traffic between the Mississippi River and the ports of Europe under one control. The New York Central, the Erie, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio roads, under the direction of Mr. Albert Fink, the greatest of our railroad experts, have formed a combination under the title of the Trunk Line Executive Committee, which besides themselves includes thirty-two Western roads and one great Southern road, — the Louisville and Nashville. These roads tax the people in their territory \$155,000,000 a year for transportation. This pool fixes for each of these roads the rates which it shall charge and the proportion of the entire business it shall do. Only two important Western roads east of the Mississippi do not belong to it, the Rock Island and the Northwestern, but they are both in the Gould-Vanderbilt system, and are operated in substantial harmony with the pool. Ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, in an interview at Utica with a special correspondent of the New York World, held that national regulation of the railroads ought to be opposed by New Yorkers, because it would take away from New York its advantage of position in the struggle with Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore for the business of the West. Governor Seymour is apparently not aware that the Fink pool have already done this. One of their main regulations is that rates from common Western points of shipment, like Chicago to Europe, shall be the same whether made through New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Baltimore. Of this latest pool Mr. Albert Fink is the executive, periodical meetings of the representatives of the roads form its legislature,

and a Board of Arbitration, composed of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., John A. Wright, and David A. Wells, is its judiciary. It has lasted a little over a year, and its members are bound to keep the peace till 1884. It is a stronger union than any the roads have yet made, and is the most powerful, the richest, and the ablest trades union that has yet confronted any government or people. Its managers claim to have abolished all special rates. All shippers, Commissioner Fink said at the meeting of the pool legislature at Chicago in December, are treated alike in the territory of the combination. There must have been a big mental reservation as to the Standard Oil Company and its competitors in Mr. Fink's statement. He also says, rates are now fixed on a reasonable basis and a permanent one. As to the reasonableness, it must be remembered that the increase in rates last winter excited a great deal of indignation in the West, and was everywhere claimed to be unreasonable in that part of the country. As to the permanence, it is too soon to speak. Mr. Fink dreams of taking into the pool all the railroads between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, and the Southern system, and so forming a great national federation of railroads. There must be one universal pool, or no pool. To make these pools binding, he plans to ask Congress to enforce contracts between railroads, so that if a road violates its agreement not to compete, it can be brought to terms in the courts. Whatever merits it may have, the Fink pool is secret, irresponsible, and voluntary only. Reporters — that is, the public — were excluded from the annual meeting at Chicago. The pool is not of the people, for the people. Its judiciary arbitrate between the roads, not between the roads and the people. These pools must be either dispersed, as the Reagan bill proposed, or controlled, as Charles Francis Adams, Jr., would do, by legal-

izing the federation. The cat must be killed or belled. In either case, it must be confronted by a power greater than itself. There is but one such power.

Our experience in the riots of 1877, in the countless cases of excessive and unfair railroad taxation fairly represented by the case of the Standard Oil Company, and in pools, which have culminated in the Great Trunk Line Executive Committee, makes it clear that an adequate power must be called in to secure these things :—

(1.) Railroad charges must be public. Publicity is the great moral disinfectant.

(2.) They must be stable. In transportation, as in currency, taxation, and the law, it is indispensable that the citizen know what to count on.

(3.) They must be reasonable. They must be based on the cost of the service, not on what people will stand. The community will not be taxed to pay dividends and interest on the \$53,507,000 of water in the New York Central, the \$63,963,881 in the Erie, the \$13,000,000 in the New York Elevated roads, and so on through the list, or to fatten corrupt railroad officials, like the secret stockholders in the Acme Oil Company.

(4.) They must be equal ; for similar services, similar rates. If the absolute equality of the post-office, which sells stamps at the same price by one or one million, is not practicable, and there must be wholesale and retail rates, let the additional charge—as in the case of the single harvester of the small farmer along the Northern Pacific—in no case exceed the actual additional cost of handling and hauling.

(5.) Railroads and railroad men must exercise their public functions. No road shall voluntarily stop running, as several roads did in July, 1877, and no railroad man or multiple of him shall desert his post or interfere with the operation of any road.

(6.) There must be a national board to hear the complaints of citizens and railroads, with power to take testimony, to investigate abuses, to publish the results, and to call upon the legal officers of the government to prosecute where prosecution is needed.

(7.) Under the constitutional right of Congress to pass laws and levy taxes, "to establish justice," there must be such amendment of the law and its processes that all violations of the duties of common carriers, "in commerce among the States," can be prosecuted by civil or criminal proceedings promptly and cheaply.

The costliness, the delays, and the technicalities of our law amount to a denial of justice that is eating deep into the hearts of the people. Only the rich can get justice ; only the poor cannot escape it.

In less than the ordinary span of a life-time, our railroads have brought upon us the worst labor disturbance, the greatest of monopolies, and the most formidable combination of money and brains that ever overshadowed a state. The time has come to face the fact that the forces of capital and industry have outgrown the forces of our government. The corporation and the trades-union have forgotten that they are the creatures of the state. Our strong men are engaged in a headlong fight for fortune, power, precedence, success. Americans as they are, they ride over the people like Juggernaut to gain their ends. The moralists have preached to them since the world began, and have failed. The common people, the nation, must take them in hand. The people can be successful only when they are right. When monopolies succeed, the people fail ; when a rich criminal escapes justice, the people are punished ; when a legislature is bribed, the people are cheated. There is nobody richer than Vanderbilt except the body of citizens ; no corporation more powerful than the transcon-

tinental railroad except the corporate sovereign at Washington. The nation is the engine of the people. They must use it for their industrial life, as they

used it in 1861 for their political life. The States have failed. The United States must succeed, or the people will perish.

H. D. Lloyd.

ARACHNE.

I WATCH her in the corner there,
As restless, bold, and unafraid,
She slips and floats along the air,
Till all her subtle house is made.

Her home, her bed, her nets for food,
All from that inward store she draws;
She fashions it and knows it good
By instinct's sure and sacred laws.

No silver threads to weave her nest
She seeks and gathers far or near,
But spins it from her fruitful breast,
Renewing still till leaves are sere.

Till, worn with toil and tired of life,
In vain her shining traps are set,
For frost hath stilled the insect strife,
And gilded flies her charm forget.

Then, swinging on the shroud she spun,
She sways to every wintry wind,
Her joy, her toil, her errand done,
Her corse the sport of storms unkind.

Poor sister of the spinster clan!
I too, from out my store within,
My daily life and living plan,
My home, my rest, my pleasure spin.

I know thy heart when heartless hands
Sweep all that hard-earned web away,
Destroy its pearly and glittering bands,
And leave thee homeless by the way.

I know thy peace when all is done, —
Each anchored thread, each tiny knot
Soft shining in the autumn sun,
A sheltered, silent, tranquil spot.

I know what thou hast never known,
Sad foresight to a soul allowed, —
That not for life I spin alone,
But day by day I spin my shroud.

Rose Terry Cooke.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XIX.

As Mrs. Touchett had foretold, Isabel and Madame Merle were thrown much together during the illness of their host, and if they had not become intimate it would have been almost a breach of good manners. Their manners were of the best; but in addition to this they happened to please each other. It is perhaps too much to say that they swore an eternal friendship; but tacitly, at least, they called the future to witness. Isabel did so with a perfectly good conscience, although she would have hesitated to admit that she was intimate with her new friend in the sense which she privately attached to this term. She often wondered, indeed, whether she ever had been, or ever could be, intimate with any one. She had an ideal of friendship, as well as of several other sentiments, and it did not seem to her in this case — it had not seemed to her in other cases — that the actual completely expressed it. But she often reminded herself that there were essential reasons why one's ideal could not become concrete. It was a thing to believe in, not to see, — a matter of faith, not of experience. Experience, however, might supply us with very creditable imitations of it, and the part of wisdom was to make the best of these. Certainly, on the whole, Isabel had never encountered a more agreeable and interesting woman than Madame Merle; she had never met a woman who had less of that fault which is the principal obstacle to friend-

ship, — the air of reproducing the more tiresome parts of one's own personality. The gates of the girl's confidence were opened wider than they had ever been; she said things to Madame Merle that she had not yet said to any one. Sometimes she took alarm at her candor; it was as if she had given to a comparative stranger the key to her cabinet of jewels. These spiritual gems were the only ones of any magnitude that Isabel possessed; but that was all the greater reason why they should be carefully guarded. Afterwards, however, the girl always said to herself that one should never regret a generous error, and that if Madame Merle had not the merits she attributed to her, so much the worse for Madame Merle. There was no doubt she had great merits, — she was a charming, sympathetic, intelligent, cultivated woman. More than this (for it had not been Isabel's ill-fortune to go through life without meeting several persons of her own sex, of whom no less could fairly be said), she was rare, she was superior, she was preëminent. There are a great many amiable people in the world, and Madame Merle was far from being vulgarly good-natured and restlessly witty. She knew how to think, an accomplishment rare in women; and she had thought to very good purpose. Of course, too, she knew how to feel; Isabel could not have spent a week with her without being sure of that. This was, indeed, Madame Merle's great talent, her most perfect gift. Life had told upon her; she had felt it strong-

ly, and it was part of the satisfaction that Isabel found in her society that when the girl talked of what she was pleased to call serious matters her companion understood her so easily and quickly. Emotion, it is true, had become with her rather historic; she made no secret of the fact that the fountain of sentiment, thanks to having been rather violently tapped at one period, did not flow quite so freely as of yore. Her pleasure was now to judge rather than to feel; she freely admitted that of old she had been rather foolish, and now she pretended to be wise.

"I judge more than I used to," she said to Isabel; "but it seems to me that I have earned the right. One can't judge till one is forty; before that we are too eager, too hard, too cruel, and in addition too ignorant. I am sorry for you; it will be a long time before you are forty. But every gain is a loss of some kind; I often think that after forty one can't really feel. The freshness, the quickness, have certainly gone. You will keep them longer than most people; it will be a great satisfaction to me to see you some years hence. I want to see what life makes of you. One thing is certain,—it can't spoil you. It may pull you about horribly; but I defy it to break you up."

Isabel received this assurance as a young soldier, still panting from a slight skirmish in which he has come off with honor, might receive a pat on the shoulder from his colonel. Like such a recognition of merit, it seemed to come with authority. How could the lightest word do less of a person who was prepared to say of almost everything Isabel told her, "Oh, I have been in that, my dear; it passes, like everything else." Upon many of her interlocutors, Madame Merle might have produced an irritating effect; it was so difficult to surprise her. But Isabel, though by no means incapable of desiring to be effective, had not at present this motive. She

was too sincere, too interested in her judicious companion. And then, moreover, Madame Merle never said such things in the tone of triumph or of boastfulness; they dropped from her like grave confessions.

A period of bad weather had settled down upon Gardencourt; the days grew shorter, and there was an end to the pretty tea-parties on the lawn. But Isabel had long in-door conversations with her fellow-visitor, and, in spite of the rain, the two ladies often sallied forth for a walk, equipped with the defensive apparatus which the English climate and the English genius have between them brought to such perfection. Madame Merle was very appreciative; she liked almost everything, including the English rain. "There is always a little of it, and never too much at once," she said; "and it never wets you, and it always smells good." She declared that in England the pleasures of smell were great,—that in this inimitable island there was a certain mixture of fog and beer and soot which, however odd it might sound, was the national aroma and was most agreeable to the nostril; and she used to lift the sleeve of her British overcoat and bury her nose in it, to inhale the clear, fine odor of the wool. Poor Ralph Touchett, as soon as the autumn had begun to define itself, became almost a prisoner; in bad weather he was unable to step out of the house, and he used sometimes to stand at one of the windows, with his hands in his pockets, and, with a countenance half rueful, half critical, watch Isabel and Madame Merle as they walked down the avenue under a pair of umbrellas. The roads about Gardencourt were so firm, even in the worst weather, that the two ladies always came back with a healthy glow in their cheeks, looking at the soles of their neat, stout boots, and declaring that this walk had done them inexpressible good. Before lunch, Madame Merle was always en-

gaged; Isabel admired the inveteracy with which she occupied herself. Our heroine had always passed for a person of resources, and had taken a certain pride in being one; but she envied the talents, the accomplishments, the aptitudes, of Madame Merle. She found herself desiring to emulate them, and in this and other ways Madame Merle presented herself as a model. "I should like to be like that!" Isabel secretly exclaimed, more than once, as one of her friend's numerous facets suddenly took the light, and before long she knew that she had taken a lesson from this exemplary woman. It took no very long time, indeed, for Isabel to feel that she was, as the phrase is, under an influence. "What is the harm," she asked herself, "so long as it is a good one? The more one is under a good influence, the better. The only thing is to see our steps as we take them, — to understand them as we go. That I think I shall always do. I need n't be afraid of becoming too pliable; it is my fault that I am not pliable enough." It is said that imitation is the sincerest flattery; and if Isabel was tempted to reproduce in her deportment some of the most graceful features of that of her friend, it was not so much because she desired to shine herself as because she wished to hold up the lamp for Madame Merle. She liked her extremely; but she admired her even more than she liked her. She sometimes wondered what Henrietta Stackpole would say to her thinking so much of this brilliant fugitive from a sterner social order, and had a conviction that Henrietta would not approve of it. Henrietta would not like Madame Merle; for reasons that she could not have defined, this truth came home to Isabel. On the other hand, she was equally sure that, should the occasion offer, her new friend would accommodate herself perfectly to her old; Madame Merle was too humorous, too observant, not to do justice to Henrietta, and on becoming acquainted

with her would probably give the measure of a tact which Miss Stackpole could not hope to emulate. She appeared to have, in her experience, a touch-stone for everything, and somewhere in the capacious pocket of her genial memory she would find the key to Henrietta's virtues. "That is the great thing," Isabel reflected; "that is the supreme good fortune, — to be in a better position for appreciating people than they are for appreciating you." And she added that this, when one considered it, was simply the essence of the aristocratic situation. In this light, if in none other, one should aim at the aristocratic situation.

I cannot enumerate all the links in the chain which led Isabel to think of Madame Merle's situation as aristocratic, — a view of it never expressed in any reference made to it by that lady herself. She had known great things and great people, but she had never played a great part. She was one of the small ones of the earth; she had not been born to honors; she knew the world too well to be guilty of any fatuous illusions on the subject of her own place in it. She had known a good many of the fortunate few, and was perfectly aware of those points at which their fortune differed from hers. But if by her own measure she was nothing of a personage, she had yet, to Isabel's imagination, a sort of greatness. To be so graceful, so gracious, so wise, so good, and to make so light of it all, — that was really to be a great lady; especially when one looked so much like one. If Madame Merle, however, made light of her advantages as regards the world, it was not because she had not, for her own entertainment, taken them, as I have intimated, as seriously as possible. Her natural talents, for instance; these she had zealously cultivated. After breakfast she wrote a succession of letters; her correspondence was a source of surprise to Isabel when they sometimes

walked together to the village post-office, to deposit Madame Merle's contribution to the mail. She knew a multitude of people, and, as she told Isabel, something was always turning up to be written about. Of painting she was devotedly fond, and made no more of taking a sketch than of pulling off her gloves. At Gardencourt she was perpetually taking advantage of an hour's sunshine to go out with a camp-stool and a box of water-colors. That she was a brilliant musician we have already perceived, and it was evidence of the fact that, when she seated herself at the piano, as she always did in the evening, her listeners resigned themselves without a murmur to losing the entertainment of her talk. Isabel, since she had known Madame Merle, felt ashamed of her own playing, which she now looked upon as meagre and artless; and indeed, though she had been thought to play very well, the loss to society when, in taking her place upon the music stool, she turned her back to the room was usually deemed greater than the gain. When Madame Merle was neither writing, nor painting, nor touching the piano, she was usually employed upon wonderful morsels of picturesque embroidery, cushions, curtains, decorations for the chimney-piece, — a sort of work in which her bold, free invention was as remarkable as the agility of her needle. She was never idle, for when she was engaged in none of the ways I have mentioned, she was either reading (she appeared to Isabel to read everything important), or walking out, or playing patience with the cards, or talking with her fellow inmates. And with all this she always had the social quality; she never was preoccupied, she never was pressed too hard. She laid down her pastimes as easily as she took them up; she worked and talked at the same time, and she appeared to attach no importance to anything she did. She gave away her sketches and tapestries; she rose from the piano, or

remained there, according to the convenience of her auditors, which she always unerringly divined. She was, in short, a most comfortable, profitable, agreeable person to live with. If for Isabel she had a fault, it was that she was not natural; by which the girl meant, not that she was affected or pretentious, for from these vulgar vices no woman could have been more exempt, but that her nature had been too much overlaid by custom and her angles too much smoothed. She had become too flexible, too supple; she was too finished, too civilized. She was, in a word, too perfectly the social animal that man and woman are supposed to have been intended to be; and she had rid herself of every remnant of that wildness and acridity which we may assume to have belonged even to the most amiable persons in ages when social friction had lasted less long among mankind than it has to-day.

Isabel found it difficult to think of Madame Merle as an isolated figure; she existed only in her relations with her fellow mortals. Isabel often wondered what her relations might be with her own soul. She always ended, however, by feeling that having a charming surface does not necessarily prove that one is superficial; this was an illusion in which, in her youth, she had only just sufficiently escaped being nourished. Madame Merle was not superficial, — not she. She was deep; and her nature spoke none the less in her behavior because it spoke a conventional language. "What is language at all but a convention?" said Isabel. "She has the good taste not to pretend, like some people I have met, to express herself by original signs."

"I am afraid you have suffered much," Isabel once found occasion to say to her, in response to some allusion that she had dropped.

"What makes you think that?" Madame Merle asked, with a picturesque

smile. "I hope I have not the pose of a martyr."

"No; but you sometimes say things that I think people who have always been happy would not have found out."

"I have not always been happy!" said Madame Merle, smiling still, but with a mock gravity, as if she were telling a child a secret. "What a wonderful thing!"

"A great many people give me the impression of never having felt anything very much," Isabel answered.

"It's very true; there are more iron pots, I think, than porcelain ones. But you may depend upon it that every one has something; even the hardest iron pots have a little bruise, a little hole somewhere. I flatter myself that I am rather stout porcelain; but if I must tell you the truth, I have been chipped and cracked! I do very well for service yet, because I have been cleverly mended; and I try to remain in the cupboard — the quiet, dusky cupboard, where there is an odor of stale spices — as much as I can. But when I have to come out, and into a strong light, then, my dear, I am a horror!"

I know not whether it was on this occasion or some other that, when the conversation had taken the turn I have just indicated, she said to Isabel that some day she would relate her history. Isabel assured her that she should delight to listen to it, and reminded her more than once of this engagement. Madame Merle, however, appeared to desire a postponement, and at last frankly told the young girl that she must wait till they knew each other better. This would certainly happen; a long friendship lay before them. Isabel assented, but at the same time asked Madame Merle if she could not trust her, — if she feared a betrayal of confidence.

"It is not that I am afraid of your repeating what I say," the elder lady answered. "I am afraid, on the con-

trary, of your taking it too much to yourself. You would judge me too harshly; you are of the cruel age."

She preferred for the present to talk to Isabel about Isabel, and exhibited the greatest interest in our heroine's history, her sentiments, opinions, prospects. She made her chatter, and listened to her chatter with inexhaustible sympathy and good nature. In all this there was something flattering to the girl, who knew that Madame Merle knew a great many distinguished people, and had lived, as Mrs. Touchett said, in the best company in Europe. Isabel thought the better of herself for enjoying the favor of a person who had so large a field of comparison; and it was perhaps partly to gratify this sense of profiting by comparison that she often begged her friend to tell her about the people she knew. Madame Merle had been a dweller in many lands, and had social ties in a dozen different countries. "I don't pretend to be learned," she would say, "but I think I know my Europe;" and she spoke one day of going to Sweden to stay with an old friend, and another of going to Wallachia to follow up a new acquaintance. With England, where she had often stayed, she was thoroughly familiar; and for Isabel's benefit threw a great deal of light upon the customs of the country and the character of the people, who "after all," as she was fond of saying, were the finest people in the world.

"You must not think it strange, her staying in the house at such a time as this, when Mr. Touchett is passing away," Mrs. Touchett remarked to Isabel. "She is incapable of doing anything indiscreet; she is the best bred woman I know. It's a favor to me that she stays; she is putting off a lot of visits at great houses," said Mrs. Touchett, who never forgot that when she herself was in England her social value sank two or three degrees in the

scale. "She has her pick of places; she is not in want of a shelter. But I have asked her to stay because I wish you to know her. I think it will be a good thing for you. Geraldine Merle has no faults."

"If I didn't already like her very much, that description might alarm me," Isabel said.

"She never does anything wrong. I have brought you out here, and I wish to do the best for you. Your sister Lily told me that she hoped I would give you plenty of opportunities. I give you one in securing Madame Merle. She is one of the most brilliant women in Europe."

"I like her better than I like your description of her," Isabel persisted in saying.

"Do you flatter yourself that you will find a fault in her? I hope you will let me know when you do."

"That will be cruel — to you," said Isabel.

"You need n't mind me. You never will find one."

"Perhaps not; but I think I shall not miss it."

"She is always up to the mark!" said Mrs. Touchett.

Isabel, after this, said to Madame Merle that she hoped she knew Mrs. Touchett believed she had not a fault.

"I am obliged to you, but I am afraid your aunt has no perception of spiritual things," Madame Merle answered.

"Do you mean by that that you have spiritual faults?"

"Ah, no; I mean nothing so flat! I mean that having no faults, for your aunt, means that one is never late for dinner, — that is, for *her* dinner. I was not late, by the way, the other day, when you came back from London; the clock was just at eight when I came into the drawing-room; it was the rest of you that were before the time. It means that one answers a letter the day

one gets it, and that when one comes to stay with her one does n't bring too much luggage, and is careful not to be taken ill. For Mrs. Touchett those things constitute virtue; it's a blessing to be able to reduce it to its elements."

Madame Merle's conversation, it will be perceived, was enriched with bold, free touches of criticism, which, even when they had a restrictive effect, never struck Isabel as ill-natured. It never occurred to the girl, for instance, that Mrs. Touchett's accomplished guest was abusing her; and this for very good reasons. In the first place, Isabel agreed with her; in the second, Madame Merle implied that there was a great deal more to say; and, in the third, to speak to one without ceremony of one's near relations was an agreeable sign of intimacy. These signs of intimacy multiplied as the days elapsed, and there was none of which Isabel was more sensible than of her companion's preference for making Miss Archer herself a topic. Though she alluded frequently to the incidents of her own life, she never lingered upon them; she was as little of an egotist as she was of a gossip.

"I am old, and stale, and faded," she said more than once: "I am of no more interest than last week's newspaper. You are young and fresh, and of to-day; you have the great thing, — you have actuality. I once had it, — we all have it for an hour. You, however, will have it for longer. Let us talk about you, then; you can say nothing that I shall not care to hear. It is a sign that I am growing old, that I like to talk with younger people. I think it's a very pretty compensation. If we can't have youth within us we can have it outside of us, and I really think we see it and feel it better that way. Of course we must be in sympathy with it, — that I shall always be. I don't know that I shall ever be ill-natured with old people, — I hope not; there are certainly some old people that I adore. But

I shall never be ill-natured with the young; they touch me too much. I give you *carte-blanche*, then; you can even be impertinent, if you like; I shall let it pass. I talk as if I were a hundred years old, you say? Well, I am, if you please; I was born before the French Revolution. Ah, my dear, *je viens de loin*; I belong to the Old World. But it is not of that I wish to talk; I wish to talk about the New. You must tell me more about America; you never tell me enough. Here I have been since I was brought here as a helpless child, and it is ridiculous, or rather it's scandalous, how little I know about the land of my birth. There are a great many of us like that, over here; and I must say I think we are a wretched set of people. You should live in your own country; whatever it may be, you have your natural place there. If we are not good Americans we are certainly poor Europeans; we have no natural place here. We are mere parasites, crawling over the surface; we have n't our feet in the soil. At least one can know it, and not have illusions. A woman, perhaps, can get on; a woman, it seems to me, has no natural place anywhere; wherever she finds herself she has to remain on the surface, and, more or less, to crawl. You protest, my dear? You are horrified? You declare you will never crawl? It is very true that I don't see you crawling; you stand more upright than a good many poor creatures. Very good; on the whole, I don't think you will crawl. But the men, the Americans, — *je vous demande un peu*, what do they make of it over here? I don't envy them, trying to arrange themselves. Look at poor Ralph Touchett; what sort of a figure do you call that? Fortunately, he has got a consumption; I say fortunately, because it gives him something to do. His consumption is his career; it's a kind of position. You can say, 'Oh, Mr. Touchett, he takes care of his

lungs; he knows a great deal about climates.' But without that who would he be, — what would he represent? 'Mr. Ralph Touchett, an American who lives in Europe.' That signifies absolutely nothing; it's impossible that anything should signify less. 'He is very cultivated, they say; he has got a very pretty collection of old snuff-boxes.' The collection is all that is wanted to make it pitiful. I am tired of the sound of the word; I think it's grotesque. With the poor old father it's different; he has his identity, and it is rather a massive one. He represents a great financial house, and that, in our day, is as good as anything else. For an American, at any rate, that will do very well. But I persist in thinking your cousin is very lucky to have a chronic malady, so long as he does n't die of it. It's much better than the snuff-boxes. If he were not ill, you say, he would do something? — he would take his father's place in the house? My poor child, I doubt it; I don't think he is at all fond of the house. However, you know him better than I, though I used to know him rather well, and he may have the benefit of the doubt. The worst case, I think, is a friend of mine, a countryman of ours, who lives in Italy, — where he also was brought before he knew better, — and who is one of the most delightful men I know. Some day you must know him. I will bring you together, and then you will see what I mean. He is Gilbert Osmond, — he lives in Italy; that is all one can say about him. He is exceedingly clever, a man made to be distinguished; but, as I say, you exhaust the description when you say that he is Mr. Osmond, who lives in Italy. No career, no name, no position, no fortune, no past, no future, no anything. Oh, yes, he paints, if you please, — paints in water-colors, like me, only better than I. His painting is pretty bad; on the whole, I am rather glad of that. Fortunately, he is very

indolent,—so indolent that it amounts to a sort of position. He can say, ‘Oh, I do nothing; I am too deadlly lazy. You can do nothing to-day unless you get up at five o’clock in the morning.’ In that way he becomes a sort of exception; you feel that he might do something if he would only rise early. He never speaks of his painting—to people at large; he is too clever for that. But he has a little girl,—a dear little girl; he does speak of her. He is devoted to her, and if it were a career to be an excellent father he would be very distinguished. But I am afraid that is no better than the snuff-boxes; perhaps not even so good. Tell me what they do in America,” pursued Madame Merle, who, it must be observed, parenthetically, did not deliver herself all at once of these reflections, which are presented in a cluster for the convenience of the reader. She talked of Florence, where Mr. Osmond lived, and where Mrs. Touchett occupied a mediaeval palace; she talked of Rome, where she herself had a little *pied-à-terre*, with some rather good old damask. She talked of places, of people, and even, as the phrase is, of “subjects;” and from time to time she talked of their kind old host and of the prospect of his recovery. From the first she had thought this prospect small, and Isabel had been struck with the positive, discriminating, competent way which she took of the measure of his remainder of life. One evening she announced definitely that he would not live.

“Sir Matthew Hope told me so, as plainly as was proper,” she said; “standing there, near the fire, before dinner. He makes himself very agreeable, the great doctor. I don’t mean that his saying that has anything to do with it. But he says such things with great tact. I had said to him that I felt ill at my ease, staying here at such a time; it seemed to me so indiscreet; it was not as if I could nurse. ‘You must remain,

you must remain,’ he answered; ‘your office will come later.’ Was not that a very delicate way both of saying that poor Mr. Touchett would go, and that I might be of some use as a consoler? In fact, however, I shall not be of the slightest use. Your aunt will console herself; she, and she alone, knows just how much consolation she will require. It would be a very delicate matter for another person to undertake to administer the dose. With your cousin it will be different; he will miss his father sadly. But I should never presume to condole with Mr. Ralph; we are not on those terms.”

Madame Merle had alluded more than once to some undefined incongruity in her relations with Ralph Touchett; so Isabel took this occasion of asking her if they were not good friends.

“Perfectly; but he does n’t like me.”

“What have you done to him?”

“Nothing whatever. But one has no need of a reason for that.”

“For not liking you? I think one has need of a very good reason!”

“You are very kind. Be sure you have one ready for the day when you begin.”

“Begin to dislike you? I shall never begin.”

“I hope not; because if you do, you will never end. That is the way with your cousin; he does n’t get over it. It’s an antipathy of nature, if I can call it that when it is all on his side. I have nothing whatever against him, and don’t bear him the least little grudge for not doing me justice. Justice is all I ask. However, one feels that he is a gentleman, and would never say anything underhand about one. *Cartes sur table*,” Madame Merle subjoined in a moment; “I am not afraid of him.”

“I hope not, indeed,” said Isabel, who added something about his being the kindest fellow living. She remembered, however, that on her first asking him about Madame Merle he had an-

swered her in a manner which this lady might have thought injurious without being explicit. There was something between them, Isabel said to herself, but she said nothing more than this. If it were something of importance, it should inspire respect; if it were not, it was not worth her curiosity. With all her love of knowledge, Isabel had a natural shrinking from raising curtains and looking into unlighted corners. The love of knowledge co-existed in her mind with a still tenderer love of ignorance.

But Madame Merle sometimes said things that startled her, made her raise her clear eyebrows at the time, and think of the words afterwards.

"I would give a great deal to be your age again," she broke out once, with a bitterness which, though diluted in her customary smile, was by no means disguised by it. "If I could only begin again, — if I could have my life before me!"

"Your life is before you yet," Isabel answered gently, for she was vaguely awe-struck.

"No; the best part is gone, and gone for nothing!"

"Surely not for nothing," said Isabel.

"Why not? What have I got? Neither husband, nor child, nor fortune, nor position, nor the traces of a beauty which I never had!"

"You have friends, dear lady."

"I am not so sure!" cried Madame Merle.

"Ah, you are wrong. You have memories, talents" —

Madame Merle interrupted her.

"What have my talents brought me? Nothing but the need of using them still, to get through the hours, the years, to cheat myself with some pretense of action! As for my memories, the less said about them the better. You will be my friend till you find a better use for your friendship."

"It will be for you to see that I don't, then," said Isabel.

"Yes; I would make an effort to keep you," Madame Merle rejoined, looking at her gravely. "When I say I should like to be your age," she continued, "I mean with your qualities, — frank, generous, sincere, like you. In that case I should have made something better of my life."

"What should you have liked to do that you have not done?"

Madame Merle took a sheet of music — she was seated at the piano, and had abruptly wheeled about on the stool when she first spoke — and mechanically turned the leaves. At last she said, —

"I am very ambitious!"

"And your ambitions have not been satisfied? They must have been great."

"They were great. I should make myself ridiculous by talking of them."

Isabel wondered what they could have been, — whether Madame Merle had aspired to wear a crown. "I don't know what your idea of success may be, but you seem to me to have been successful. To me, indeed, you are an image of success."

Madame Merle tossed away the music with a smile.

"What is *your* idea of success?"

"You evidently think it must be very tame," said Isabel. "It is to see some dream of one's youth come true."

"Ah," Madame Merle exclaimed, "that I have never seen! But my dreams were so great, — so preposterous. Heaven forgive me, I am dreaming now!" and she turned back to the piano, and began to play with energy.

On the morrow she said to Isabel that her definition of success had been very pretty, but frightfully sad. Measured in that way, who had succeeded? The dreams of one's youth, — why, they were enchanting, they were divine! Who had ever seen such things come to pass?

"I myself, — a few of them," Isabel ventured to answer.

"Already! They must have been dreams of yesterday."

"I began to dream very young," said Isabel, smiling.

"Ah, if you mean the aspirations of your childhood, — that of having a pink sash and a doll that could close her eyes."

"No, I don't mean that."

"Or a young man with a mustache going down on his knees to you."

"No, nor that either," Isabel declared, blushing.

Madame Merle gave a glance at her blush which caused it to deepen.

"I suspect that is what you do mean. We have all had the young man with the mustache. He is the inevitable young man; he does n't count."

Isabel was silent for a moment, and then, with extreme and characteristic inconsequence, —

"Why should n't he count?" she asked. "There are young men and young men."

"And yours was a paragon, — is that what you mean?" cried her friend, with a laugh. "If you have had the identical young man you dreamed of, then that was success, and I congratulate you. Only, in that case, why did n't you fly with him to his castle in the Apennines?"

"He has no castle in the Apennines."

"What has he? An ugly brick house in Fortieth Street? Don't tell me that; I refuse to recognize that as an ideal."

"I don't care anything about his house," said Isabel.

"That is very crude of you. When you have lived as long as I, you will see that every human being has his shell, and that you must take the shell into account. By the shell I mean the whole envelope of circumstances. There is no such thing as an isolated man or woman; we are each of us made up of a cluster of appurtenances. What do you call one's self? Where does it begin? Where does it end? It overflows into every-

thing that belongs to us, and then it flows back again. I know that a large part of myself is in the dresses I choose to wear. I have a great respect for *things*! One's self — for other people — is one's expression of one's self; and one's house, one's clothes, the books one reads, the company one keeps, — these things are all expressive."

This was very metaphysical; not more so, however, than several observations Madame Merle had already made. Isabel was fond of metaphysics, but she was unable to accompany her friend into this bold analysis of the human personality.

"I don't agree with you," she said. "I think just the other way. I don't know whether I succeed in expressing myself, but I know that nothing else expresses me. Nothing that belongs to me is any measure of me; on the contrary, it's a limit, a barrier, and a perfectly arbitrary one. Certainly, the clothes which, as you say, I choose to wear, don't express me; and Heaven forbid they should!"

"You dress very well," interposed Madame Merle, skillfully.

"Possibly; but I don't care to be judged by that. My clothes may express the dressmaker, but they don't express me. To begin with, it's not my own choice that I wear them; they are imposed upon me by society."

"Should you prefer to go without them?" Madame Merle inquired, in a tone which virtually terminated the discussion.

I am bound to confess, though it may cast some discredit upon the sketch I have given of the youthful loyalty which our heroine practiced towards this accomplished woman, that Isabel had said nothing whatever to her about Lord Warburton, and had been equally reticent on the subject of Caspar Goodwood. Isabel had not concealed from her, however, that she had had opportunities of marrying, and had even let her know

that they were of a highly advantageous kind. Lord Warburton had left Lockleigh, and was gone to Scotland, taking his sisters with him; and though he had written to Ralph more than once, to ask about Mr. Touchett's health, the girl was not liable to the embarrassment of such inquiries as, had he still been in the neighborhood, he would probably have felt bound to make in person. He had admirable self-control, but she felt sure that if he had come to Gardencourt, he would have seen Madame Merle, and that if he had seen her he would have liked her, and betrayed to her that he was in love with her young friend.

It so happened that during Madame Merle's previous visits to Gardencourt — each of them much shorter than the present one — he had either not been at Lockleigh, or had not called at Mr. Touchett's. Therefore, though she knew him by name, as the great man of that country, she had no cause to suspect him of being a suitor of Mrs. Touchett's freshly-imported niece.

"You have plenty of time," she had said to Isabel, in return for the mutilated confidences which Isabel made her, and which did not pretend to be perfect, though we have seen that at moments the girl had compunctions at having said so much. "I am glad you have done nothing yet, — that you have it still to do. It is a very good thing for a girl to have refused a few good offers, — so long, of course, as they are not the best she is likely to have. Excuse me if my tone seems horribly worldly; one must take that view sometimes. Only don't keep on refusing for the sake of refusing. It's a pleasant exercise of power; but accepting is after all an exercise of power as well. There is always the danger of refusing once too often. It was not the one I fell into, — I did n't refuse often enough. You are an exquisite creature, and I should like to see you married to a prime minister. But, speaking strictly, you know you are not

what is technically called a *parti*. You are extremely good-looking and extremely clever; in yourself you are quite exceptional. You appear to have the vaguest ideas about your earthly possessions; but from what I can make out, you are not embarrassed with an income. I wish you had a little money."

"I wish I had!" said Isabel, simply, apparently forgetting, for the moment, that her poverty had been a venial fault for two gallant gentlemen.

In spite of Sir Matthew Hope's benevolent recommendation, Madame Merle did not remain to the end, as the issue of poor Mr. Touchett's malady had now come frankly to be designated. She was under pledges to other people which had at last to be redeemed, and she left Gardencourt with the understanding that she should in any event see Mrs. Touchett there again, or in town, before quitting England. Her parting with Isabel was even more like the beginning of a friendship than their meeting had been.

"I am going to six places in succession," she said, "but I shall see no one I like so well as you. They will all be old friends, however; one does n't make new friends at my age. I have made a great exception for you. You must remember that, and you must think well of me. You must reward me by believing in me."

By way of answer, Isabel kissed her, and though some women kiss with facility there are kisses and kisses, and this embrace was satisfactory to Madame Merle.

Isabel, after this, was much alone; she saw her aunt and cousin only at meals, and discovered that of the hours that Mrs. Touchett was invisible only a minor portion was now devoted to nursing her husband. She spent the rest in her own apartments, to which access was not allowed even to her niece, in mysterious and inscrutable exercises. At table she was grave and silent; but

her solemnity was not an attitude, — Isabel could see that it was a conviction. She wondered whether her aunt repented of having taken her own way so much; but there was no visible evidence of this, — no tears, no sighs, no exaggeration of a zeal which had always deemed itself sufficient. Mrs. Touchett seemed simply to feel the need of thinking things over and summing them up; she had a little moral account-book, — with columns unerringly ruled, and a sharp steel clasp, — which she kept with exemplary neatness.

"If I had foreseen this I would not have proposed your coming abroad now," she said to Isabel, after Madame Merle had left the house. "I would have waited and sent for you next year."

Her remarks had usually a practical ring.

"So that perhaps I should never have known my uncle? It's a great happiness to me to have come now."

"That's very well. But it was not that you might know your uncle that I brought you to Europe." A perfectly veracious speech; but, as Isabel thought, not so perfectly timed.

She had leisure to think of this and other matters. She took a solitary walk every day, and spent much time in turning over the books in the library. Among the subjects that engaged her attention were the adventures of her friend, Miss Stackpole, with whom she was in regular correspondence. Isabel liked her friend's private epistolary style better than her public; that is, she thought her public letters would have been excellent if they had not been printed. Henrietta's career, however, was not so successful as might have been wished even in the interest of her private felicity; that view of the inner life of Great Britain which she was so eager to take appeared to dance before her like an *ignis fatuus*. The invitation from Lady Pensil, for mysterious reasons, had never arrived; and poor Mr.

Bantling himself, with all his friendly ingenuity, had been unable to explain so grave a dereliction on the part of a missive that had obviously been sent. Mr. Bantling, however, had evidently taken Henrietta's affairs much to heart, and believed that he owed her a set-off to this illusory visit to Bedfordshire. "He says he should think I would go to the Continent," Henrietta wrote; "and as he thinks of going there himself I suppose his advice is sincere. He wants to know why I don't take a view of French life; and it is a fact that I want very much to see the new republic. Mr. Bantling does n't care much about the republic, but he thinks of going over to Paris, any way. I must say he is quite as attentive as I could wish, and at any rate I shall have seen one polite Englishman. I keep telling Mr. Bantling that he ought to have been an American; and you ought to see how it pleases him. Whenever I say so, he always breaks out with the same exclamation: 'Ah, but really, come, now!'" A few days later she wrote that she had decided to go to Paris at the end of the week, and that Mr. Bantling had promised to see her off, — perhaps, even, he would go as far as Dover with her. She would wait in Paris till Isabel should arrive, Henrietta added; speaking quite as if Isabel were to start on her Continental journey alone, and making no allusion to Mrs. Touchett. Bearing in mind his interest in their late companion, our heroine communicated several passages from Miss Stackpole's letters to Ralph, who followed with an emotion akin to suspense the career of the correspondent of the Interviewer.

"It seems to me that she is doing very well," he said, "going over to Paris with an ex-guardsman! If she wants something to write about, she has only to describe that episode."

"It is not conventional, certainly," Isabel answered; "but if you mean that, as far as Henrietta is concerned, it

is not perfectly innocent, you are very much mistaken. You will never understand Henrietta."

"Excuse me; I understand her perfectly. I didn't at all at first; but now I have got the point of view. I am afraid, however, that Bantling has not; he may have some surprises. Oh, I understand Henrietta as well as if I had made her!"

Isabel was by no means sure of this; but she abstained from expressing further doubt, for she was disposed in these days to extend a great charity to her cousin. One afternoon, less than a week after Madame Merle's departure, Isabel was seated in the library with a volume to which her attention was not fastened. She had placed herself in a deep window-bench, from which she looked out into the dull, damp park; and as the library stood at right angles to the entrance-front of the house she could see the doctor's dog-cart, which had been waiting for the last two hours before the door. She was struck with the doctor's remaining so long; but at last she saw him appear in the portico, stand a moment, slowly drawing on his gloves and looking at the knees of his horse, and then get into the vehicle and drive away. Isabel kept her place for half an hour; there was a great stillness in the house. It was so great that when she at last heard a soft, slow step on the deep carpet of the room she was almost startled by the sound. She turned quickly away from the window, and saw Ralph Touchett standing there, with his hands still in his pockets, but with a face absolutely void of its usual latent smile.

She got up, and her movement and glance were a question.

"It's all over," said Ralph.

"Do you mean that my uncle"—And Isabel stopped.

"My father died an hour ago."

"Ah, my poor Ralph!" the girl murmured, putting out her hand to him.

XX.

Some fortnight after this incident Madame Merle drove up in a hansom cab to the house in Winchester Square. As she descended from her vehicle she observed, suspended between the dining-room windows, a large, neat wooden tablet, on whose fresh black ground were inscribed in white paint the words, "This noble freehold mansion to be sold," with the name of the agent to whom application should be made. "They certainly lose no time," said the visitor, as, after sounding the big brass knocker, she waited to be admitted; "it's a practical country!" And within the house, as she ascended to the drawing-room, she perceived numerous signs of abdication: pictures removed from the walls and placed in positions apparently less convenient, windows undraped and floors laid bare. Mrs. Touchett presently received her, and intimated in a few words that condolence might be taken for granted.

"I know what you are going to say, —he was a very good man. But I know it better than any one, because I gave him more chance to show it. In that I think I was a good wife." Mrs. Touchett added that at the end her husband apparently recognized this fact. "He has treated me liberally," she said; "I won't say more liberally than I expected, because I didn't expect. You know that as a general thing I don't expect. But he chose, I presume, to recognize the fact that though I lived much abroad, and mingled—you may say freely—in foreign life, I never exhibited the smallest preference for any one else."

"For any one but yourself," Madame Merle mentally observed; but the reflection was perfectly inaudible.

"I never sacrificed my husband to another," Mrs. Touchett continued, with her stout curtness.

"Oh, no," thought Madame Merle; "you never did anything for another!"

There was a certain cynicism in these mute comments which demands an explanation; the more so as they are not in accord either with the view — somewhat superficial, perhaps — that we have hitherto enjoyed of Madame Merle's character, or with the literal facts of Mrs. Touchett's history; the more so, too, as Madame Merle had a well-founded conviction that her friend's last remark was not in the least to be construed as a side-thrust at herself. The truth is that the moment she had crossed the threshold she received a subtle impression that Mr. Touchett's death had had consequences, and that these consequences had been profitable to a little circle of persons among whom she was not numbered. Of course it was an event which would naturally have consequences; her imagination had more than once rested upon this fact during her stay at Gardencourt. But it had been one thing to foresee it mentally, and it was another to behold it actually. The idea of a distribution of property — she would almost have said of spoils — just now pressed upon her senses and irritated her with a sense of exclusion. I am far from wishing to say that Madame Merle was one of the hungry ones of the world; but we have already perceived that she had desires which had never been satisfied. If she had been questioned, she would of course have admitted — with a most becoming smile — that she had not the faintest claim to a share in Mr. Touchett's relics. "There was never anything in the world between us," she would have said. "There was never *that*, poor man!" with a flip of her thumb and her third finger. I hasten to add, moreover, that if her private attitude at the present moment was somewhat incongruously invidious she was very careful not to betray herself. She had, after all, as much sympathy for Mrs. Touchett's gains as for her losses.

"He has left me this house," the newly-made widow said; "but of course I shall not live in it; I have a much better house in Florence. The will was opened only three days since, but I have already offered the house for sale. I have also a share in the bank; but I don't yet understand whether I am obliged to leave it there. If not, I shall certainly take it out. Ralph, of course, has Gardencourt; but I am not sure that he will have means to keep up the place. He is left very well off, but his father has given away an immense deal of money; there are bequests to a string of third cousins in Vermont. Ralph, however, is very fond of Gardencourt, and would be quite capable of living there — in summer — with a maid-of-all-work and a gardener's boy. There is one remarkable clause in my husband's will," Mrs. Touchett added. "He has left my niece a fortune."

"A fortune!" Madame Merle repeated, softly.

"Isabel steps into something like seventy thousand pounds."

Madame Merle's hands were clasped in her lap; at this she raised them, still clasped, and held them a moment against her bosom, while her eyes, a little dilated, fixed themselves on those of her friend. "Ah," she cried, "the clever creature!"

Mrs. Touchett gave her a quick look. "What do you mean by that?"

For an instant Madame Merle's color rose, and she dropped her eyes. "It certainly is clever to achieve such results — without an effort!"

"There certainly was no effort; don't call it an achievement."

Madame Merle was rarely guilty of the awkwardness of retracting what she had said; her wisdom was shown rather in maintaining it and placing it in a favorable light. "My dear friend, Isabel would certainly not have had seventy thousand pounds left her if she had not been the most charming girl in the

world. Her charm includes great cleverness."

"She never dreamed, I am sure, of my husband's doing anything for her; and I never dreamed of it, either, for he never spoke to me of his intention," Mrs. Touchett said. "She had no claim upon him whatever; it was no great recommendation to him that she was my niece. Whatever she achieved, she achieved unconsciously."

"Ah," rejoined Madame Merle, "those are the greatest strokes!"

Mrs. Touchett gave a shrug. "The girl is fortunate; I don't deny that. But for the present she is simply stupefied."

"Do you mean that she does n't know what to do with the money?"

"That, I think, she has hardly considered. She does n't know what to think about the matter at all. It has been as if a big gun were suddenly fired off behind her; she is feeling herself, to see if she be hurt. It is but three days since she received a visit from the principal executor, who came in person, very gallantly, to notify her. He told me afterwards that when he had made his little speech she suddenly burst into tears. The money is to remain in the bank, and she is to draw the interest."

Madame Merle shook her head, with a wise and now quite benignant smile. "After she has done that two or three times she will get used to it." Then, after a silence, "What does your son think of it?" she abruptly asked.

"He left England just before it came out,—used up by his fatigue and anxiety, and hurrying off to the south. He is on his way to the Riviera, and I have not heard from him. But it is not likely he will ever object to anything done by his father."

"Did n't you say his own share had been cut down?"

"Only at his wish. I know that he urged his father to do something for the people in America. He is not in the

least addicted to looking after number one."

"It depends upon whom he regards as number one!" said Madame Merle. And she remained thoughtful a moment, with her eyes bent upon the floor. "Am I not to see your happy niece?" she asked at last, looking up.

"You may see her; but you will not be struck with her being happy. She has looked as solemn, these three days, as a Cimabue Madonna!" And Mrs. Touchett rang for a servant.

Isabel came in shortly after the footman had been sent to call her; and Madame Merle thought, as she appeared, that Mrs. Touchett's comparison had its force. The girl was pale and grave,—an effect not mitigated by her deeper mourning; but the smile of her brightest moments came into her face as she saw Madame Merle, who went forward, laid her hand on our heroine's shoulder, and, after looking at her a moment, kissed her as if she were returning the kiss that she had received from Isabel at Gardencourt. This was the only allusion that Madame Merle, in her great good taste, made for the present to her young friend's inheritance.

Mrs. Touchett did not remain in London until she had sold her house. After selecting from among its furniture those objects which she wished to transport to her Florentine residence, she left the rest of its contents to be disposed of by the auctioneer, and took her departure for the Continent. She was of course accompanied on this journey by her niece, who now had plenty of leisure to contemplate the windfall on which Madame Merle had covertly congratulated her. Isabel thought of it very often, and looked at it in a dozen different lights; but we shall not attempt to enter into her meditations, or to explain why it was that some of them were of a rather pessimistic cast. The pessimism of this young lady was transient; she ultimately made up her mind that to be

rich was a virtue, because it was to be able to *do*, and to do was sweet. It was the contrary of weakness. To be weak was, for a young lady, rather graceful, but after all, as Isabel said to herself, there was a larger grace than that. Just now, it was true, there was not much to do, — once she had sent off a check to Lily and another to poor Edith; but she was thankful for the quiet months which her mourning robes and her aunt's fresh widowhood compelled the two ladies to spend. The acquisition of power made her serious; she scrutinized her power with a kind of tender ferocity, but she was not eager to exercise it. She began to do so, indeed, during a stay of some weeks which she presently made with her aunt in Paris, but in ways that will probably be thought rather vulgar. They were the ways that most naturally presented themselves in a city in which the shops are the admiration of the world, especially under the guidance of Mrs. Touchett, who took a rigidly practical view of the transformation of her niece from a poor girl to a rich one. "Now that you are a young woman of fortune, you must know how to play the part, — I mean to play it well," she said to Isabel, once for all; and she added that the girl's first duty was to have everything handsome. "You don't know how to take care of your things, but you must learn," she went on; this was Isabel's second duty. Isabel submitted, but for the present her imagination was not kindled; she longed for opportunities, but these were not the opportunities she meant.

Mrs. Touchett rarely changed her plans, and having intended before her husband's death to spend a part of the winter in Paris she saw no reason to deprive herself — still less to deprive her companion — of this advantage. Though they would live in great retirement, she might still present her niece, informally, to the little circle of

her fellow-countrymen dwelling upon the skirts of the Champs Elysées. With many of these amiable colonists Mrs. Touchett was intimate; she shared their expatriation, their convictions, their pastimes, their *ennui*. Isabel saw them come with a good deal of assiduity to her aunt's hotel, and judged them with a trenchancy which is doubtless to be accounted for by the temporary exaltation of her sense of human duty. She made up her mind that their manner of life was superficial, and incurred some disfavor by expressing this view on bright Sunday afternoons, when the American absentees were engaged in calling upon each other. Though her listeners were the most good-natured people in the world, two or three of them thought her cleverness, which was generally admitted, only a dangerous variation of impertinence.

"You all live here this way, but what does it all lead to?" she was pleased to ask. "It does n't seem to lead to anything, and I should think you would get very tired of it."

Mrs. Touchett thought the question worthy of Henrietta Stackpole. The two ladies had found Henrietta in Paris, and Isabel constantly saw her; so that Mrs. Touchett had some reason for saying to herself that if her niece were not clever enough to originate almost anything she might be suspected of having borrowed that style of remark from her journalistic friend. The first occasion on which Isabel had spoken was that of a visit paid by the two ladies to Mrs. Luce, an old friend of Mrs. Touchett's, and the only person in Paris she now went to see. Mrs. Luce had been living in Paris since the days of Louis Philippe; she used to say jocosely that she was one of the generation of 1830, — a joke of which the point was not always taken. When it failed, Mrs. Luce used always to explain: "Oh, yes, I am one of the romantics;" her French had never become very perfect.

She was always at home on Sunday afternoons, and surrounded by sympathetic compatriots, usually the same. In fact, she was at home at all times, and led, in her well-cushioned little corner of the brilliant city, as quiet and domestic a life as she might have led in her native Baltimore. The existence of Mr. Luce, her worthy husband, was somewhat more inscrutable. Superficially, indeed, there was no mystery about it; the mystery lay deeper, and resided in the wonder of his supporting existence at all. He was the most unoccupied man in Europe, for he not only had no duties, but he had no pleasures. Habits certainly he had, but they were few in number, and had been worn threadbare by forty years of use. Mr. Luce was a tall, lean, grizzled, well-brushed gentleman, who wore a gold eye-glass and carried his hat a little too much on the back of his head. He went every day to the American banker's, where there was a post-office, which was almost as sociable and colloquial an institution as that of an American country town. He passed an hour (in fine weather) in a chair in the Champs Elysées, and he dined uncommonly well at his own table, seated above a waxed floor which it was Mrs. Luce's happiness to believe had a finer polish than any other in Paris. Occasionally he dined with a friend or two at the *Café Anglais*, where his talent for ordering a dinner was a source of felicity to his companions and an object of admiration even to the head-waiter of the establishment. These were his only known avocations, but they had beguiled his hours for upwards of half a century, and they doubtless justified his frequent declaration that there was no place like Paris. In no other place, on these terms, could Mr. Luce flatter himself that he was enjoying life. There was nothing like Paris, but it must be confessed that Mr. Luce thought less highly of the French capital than in earlier days. In the

list of his occupations his political reveries should not be omitted, for they were doubtless the animating principle of many hours that superficially seemed vacant. Like many of his fellow colonists, Mr. Luce was a high — or rather a deep — conservative, and gave no countenance to the government recently established in France. He had no faith in its duration, and would assure you from year to year that its end was close at hand. "They want to be kept down, sir, — to be kept down; nothing but the strong hand, the iron heel, will do for them," he would frequently say about the French people; and his ideal of a fine government was that of the lately-abolished Empire. "Paris is much less attractive than in the days of the Emperor; he knew how to make a city pleasant," Mr. Luce had often remarked to Mrs. Touchett, who was quite of his own way of thinking, and wished to know what one had crossed that odious Atlantic for but to get away from republics.

"Why, madam, sitting in the Champs Elysées, opposite to the Palace of Industry, I have seen the court carriages from the Tuileries pass up and down as many as seven times a day. I remember one occasion when they went as high as nine times. What do you see now? It's no use talking, the style's all gone. Napoleon knew what the French people want, and there'll be a cloud over Paris till they get the Empire back again."

Among Mrs. Luce's visitors on Sunday afternoons was a young man with whom Isabel had had a good deal of conversation, and whom she found full of valuable knowledge. Mr. Edward Rosier — Ned Rosier, as he was called — was a native of New York, and had been brought up in Paris, living there under the eye of his father, who, as it happened, had been an old and intimate friend of the late Mr. Archer. Edward Rosier remembered Isabel as a little

girl; it had been his father who came to the rescue of the little Archers at the inn at Neufchatel (he was traveling that way with the boy, and stopped at the hotel by chance), after their *bonne* had gone off with the Russian prince, and when Mr. Archer's whereabouts remained for some days a mystery. Isabel remembered perfectly the neat little male child, whose hair smelt of a delicious cosmetic, and who had a *bonne* of his own warranted to lose sight of him under no provocation. Isabel took a walk with the pair beside the lake, and thought little Edward as pretty as an angel, — a comparison by no means conventional in her mind, for she had a very definite conception of a type of features which she supposed to be angelic, and which her new friend perfectly illustrated. A small pink face, surmounted by a blue velvet bonnet, and set off by a stiff embroidered collar, became the countenance of her childish dreams; and she firmly believed for some time afterwards that the heavenly hosts conversed among themselves in a queer little dialect of French-English, expressing the properest sentiments, as when Edward told her that he was "defended" by his *bonne* to go near the edge of the lake, and that one must always obey to one's *bonne*. Ned Rosier's English had improved; at least, it exhibited in a less degree the French variation. His father was dead and his *bonne* was dismissed, but the young man still conformed to the spirit of their teaching, — he never went to the edge of the lake. There was still something agreeable to the nostril about him, and something not offensive to nobler organs. He was a very gentle and gracious youth, with what are called cultivated tastes, — an acquaintance with old china, with good wine, with the bindings of books, with the *Almanach de Gotha*, with the best shops, the best hotels, the hours of railway trains. He could order a dinner almost as well as Mr. Luce,

and it was probable that as his experience accumulated he would be a worthy successor to that gentleman, whose rather grim politics he also advocated in a soft and innocent voice. He had some charming rooms in Paris, decorated with old Spanish altar-lace, the envy of his female friends, who declared that his chimney-piece was better draped than many a duchess. He usually, however, spent a part of every winter at Pau, and had once passed a couple of months in the United States.

He took a great interest in Isabel, and remembered perfectly the walk at Neufchatel, when she would persist in going so near the edge. He seemed to recognize this same tendency in the subversive inquiry that I quoted a moment ago, and set himself to answer our heroine's question with greater urbanity than it perhaps deserved. "What does it lead to, Miss Archer? Why, Paris leads everywhere. You can't go anywhere unless you come here first. Every one that comes to Europe has got to pass through. You don't mean it in that sense so much? You mean what good it does you? Well, how can you penetrate futurity? How can you tell what lies ahead? If it's a pleasant road I don't care where it leads! I like the road, Miss Archer; I like the dear old asphalt. You can't get tired of it, — you can't if you try. You think you would, but you would n't; there's always something new and fresh. Take the Hôtel Drouot, now; they sometimes have three or four sales a week. Where can you get such things as you can here? In spite of all they say, I maintain they are cheaper, too, if you know the right places. I know plenty of places, but I keep them to myself. I'll tell you, if you like, as a particular favor; only you must not tell any one else. Don't you go anywhere without asking me first; I want you to promise me that. As a general thing avoid the Boulevards; there is very little to be done

on the Boulevards. Speaking conscientiously, — *sans blague*, — I don't believe any one knows Paris better than I. You and Mrs. Touchett must come and breakfast with me some day, and I'll show you my things; *je ne vous dis que ça!* There has been a great deal of talk about London of late; it's the fashion to cry up London. But there is nothing in it, — you can't do anything in London. No Louis Quinze, — nothing of the First Empire; nothing but their eternal Queen Anne. It's good for one's bed-room, Queen Anne, — for one's washing-room; but it is n't proper for a *saloon*. Do I spend my life at the auctioneer's?" Mr. Rosier pursued, in answer to another question of Isabel's. "Oh, no; I have n't the means. I wish I had. You think I'm a mere trifler; I can tell by the expression of your face, — you have got a wonderfully expressive face. I hope you don't mind my saying that; I mean it as a kind of warning. You think I ought to do something, and so do I, so long as you leave it vague. But when you come to the point, you see you have to stop. I can't go home and be a shopkeeper. You think I am very well fitted? Ah, Miss Archer, you overrate me. I can buy very well, but I can't sell; you should see when I sometimes try to get rid of my things. It takes much more ability to make other people buy than to buy yourself. When I think how clever they must be, the people who make *me* buy! Ah, no; I could n't be a shopkeeper. I can't be a doctor; it's a repulsive business. I can't be a clergyman; I have n't got convictions. And then I can't pronounce the names right in the Bible. They are very difficult, in the Old Testament particularly. I can't be a lawyer; I don't understand — how do you call it? — the American *procédure*. Is there anything else? There is nothing for a gentleman to do in America. I should like to be a diplomatist; but American diplomacy, —

that is not for gentlemen, either. I am sure if you had seen the last min—"

Henrietta Stackpole, who was often with her friend when Mr. Rosier, coming to pay his compliments, late in the afternoon, expressed himself after the fashion I have sketched, usually interrupted the young man at this point, and read him a lecture on the duties of the American citizen. She thought him most unnatural; he was worse than Mr. Ralph Touchett. Henrietta, however, was at this time more than ever prolific of superior criticism, for her conscience had been freshly alarmed as regards Isabel. She had not congratulated this young lady on her accession of fortune, and begged to be excused from doing so.

"If Mr. Touchett had consulted me about leaving you the money," she frankly said, "I would have said to him, 'Never!'"

"I see," Isabel had answered. "You think it will prove a curse in disguise. Perhaps it will."

"Leave it to some one you care less for, — that's what I should have said."

"To yourself, for instance?" Isabel suggested, jocosely. And then, "Do you really believe it will ruin me?" she asked, in quite another tone.

"I hope it won't ruin you; but it will certainly confirm your dangerous tendencies."

"Do you mean the love of luxury, — of extravagance?"

"No, no," said Henrietta; "I mean your moral tendencies. I approve of luxury; I think we ought to be as elegant as possible. Look at the luxury of our Western cities; I have seen nothing over here to compare with it. I hope you will never become sensual; but I am not afraid of that. The peril for you is that you live too much in the world of your own dreams; you are not enough in contact with reality, — with the toiling, striving, suffering, I may even say sinning, world that surrounds you. You are too fastidious;

you have too many graceful illusions. Your newly acquired thousands will shut you up more and more to the society of a few selfish and heartless people, who will be interested in keeping up those illusions."

Isabel's eyes expanded as she gazed upon this vivid but dusky picture of her future. "What are my illusions?" she asked. "I try so hard not to have any."

"Well," said Henrietta, "you think that you can lead a romantic life; that you can live by pleasing yourself and pleasing others. You will find you are mistaken. Whatever life you lead, you must put your soul into it, to make any sort of success of it; and from the moment you do that it ceases to be romance, I assure you; it becomes reality! And you can't always please yourself; you must sometimes please other people. That, I admit, you are very ready to do; but there is another thing that is still more important, — you must often displease others. You must always be ready for that, — you must never shrink from it. That does n't suit you at all; you are too fond of admiration, — you like to be thought well of. You think we can escape disagreeable duties by taking romantic views, — that is your great illusion, my dear. But we can't. You must be prepared, on many occasions in life, to please no one at all, — not even yourself!"

Isabel shook her head sadly; she looked troubled and frightened. "This, for you, Henrietta," she said, "must be one of those occasions!"

It was certainly true that Miss Stackpole, during her visit to Paris, which had been professionally more remunerative than her English sojourn, had not been living in the world of dreams. Mr. Bantling, who had now returned to England, was her companion for the first four weeks of her stay; and about Mr. Bantling there was nothing dreamy. Isabel learned from her friend that the two had led a life of great intimacy, and that

this had been a peculiar advantage to Henrietta, owing to the gentleman's remarkable knowledge of Paris. He had explained everything, shown her everything, been her constant guide and interpreter. They had breakfasted together, dined together, gone to the theatre together, supped together, really in a manner quite lived together. He was a true friend, Henrietta more than once assured our heroine; and she had never supposed that she could like any Englishman so well. Isabel could not have told you why, but she found something that ministered to mirth in the alliance the correspondent of the Interviewer had struck with Lady Pensil's brother; and her amusement subsisted in the face of the fact that she thought it a credit to each of them. Isabel could not rid herself of a suspicion that they were playing, somehow, at cross-purposes, that the simplicity of each of them had been entrapped. But this simplicity was none the less honorable on either side; it was as graceful on Henrietta's part to believe that Mr. Bantling took an interest in the diffusion of lively journalism and in consolidating the position of lady correspondents as it was on the part of her companion to suppose that the cause of the Interviewer — a periodical of which he never formed a very definite conception — was, if subtly analyzed (a task to which Mr. Bantling felt himself quite equal), but the cause of Miss Stackpole's coquetry. Each of these frank allies supplied, at any rate, a want of which the other was somewhat eagerly conscious. Mr. Bantling, who was of a rather slow and discursive habit, relished a prompt, keen, positive woman, who charmed him with the spectacle of a brilliant eye and a kind of bandbox neatness, and who kindled a perception of raciness in a mind to which the usual fare of life seemed unsalted. Henrietta, on the other hand, enjoyed the society of a fresh-looking, professionless gentleman, whose leisured state, though generally indefensible, was

a decided advantage to Miss Stackpole, and who was furnished with an easy, traditional, though by no means exhaustive, answer to almost any social or practical question that could come up. She often found Mr. Bantling's answers very convenient, and in the press of catching the American mail would make use of them in her correspondence. It was to be feared that she was indeed drifting toward those mysterious shallows as to which Isabel, wishing for a good-humored retort, had warned her. There might be danger in store for Isabel; but it was scarcely to be hoped that Miss Stackpole, on her side, would find permanent safety in the adoption of second-hand views. Isabel continued to warn her, good-humoredly; Lady Pensil's obliging brother was sometimes, on our heroine's lips, an object of irreverent and facetious allusion: Nothing, however, could exceed Henrietta's amiability on this point; she used to abound in the sense of Isabel's irony, and to enumerate with elation the hours she had spent with the good Mr. Bantling. Then, a few moments later, she would forget that they had been talking jocosely, and would mention with impulsive earnestness some expedition she had made in the company of the gallant ex-guardsman. She would say, "Oh, I know all about Versailles; I went there with Mr. Bantling. I was bound to see it thoroughly, — I warned him when we went out there that I was thorough; so we spent three days at the hotel, and wandered all over the place. It was lovely weather, — a kind of Indian summer, only not so good. We just lived in that park. Oh, yes; you can't tell me anything about Versailles." Henrietta appeared to have made arrangements to meet Mr. Bantling in the spring, in Italy.

Mrs. Touchett, before arriving in Paris, had fixed a day for her departure; and by the middle of February she had begun to travel southward. She

did not go directly to Florence, but interrupted her journey to pay a visit to her son, who at San Remo, on the Italian shore of the Mediterranean, had been spending a dull, bright winter, under a white umbrella. Isabel went with her aunt, as a matter of course, though Mrs. Touchett, with her usual homely logic, had laid before her a pair of alternatives.

"Now, of course, you are completely your own mistress," she said. "Excuse me; I don't mean that you were not so before. But you are on a different footing; property erects a kind of barrier. You can do a great many things if you are rich, which would be severely criticised if you were poor. You can go and come, you can travel alone, you can have your own establishment; I mean, of course, if you will take a companion, — some decayed gentlewoman with dyed hair, who paints on velvet. You don't think you would like that? Of course you can do as you please; I only want you to understand that you are at liberty. You might take Miss Stackpole as your *dame de compagnie*; she would keep people off very well. I think, however, that it is a great deal better you should remain with me, in spite of there being no obligation. It's better for several reasons, quite apart from your liking it. I should n't think you would like it, but I recommend you to make the sacrifice. Of course, whatever novelty there may have been at first in my society has quite passed away, and you see me as I am, — a dull, obstinate, narrow-minded old woman."

"I don't think you are at all dull," Isabel had replied to this.

"But you do think I am obstinate and narrow-minded? I told you so!" said Mrs. Touchett, with much elation at being justified.

Isabel remained for the present with her aunt, because, in spite of eccentric impulses, she had a great regard for what was usually deemed decent, and

a young gentlewoman without visible relations had always struck her as a flower without foliage. It was true that Mrs. Touchett's conversation had never again appeared so brilliant as that first afternoon in Albany, when she sat in her damp waterproof and sketched the opportunities that Europe would offer to a young person of taste. This, however, was in a great measure the girl's own fault; she had got a glimpse of her aunt's experience, and her imagination constantly anticipated the judgments and emotions of a woman who had very little of the same faculty. Apart from this, Mrs. Touchett had a great merit: she was as honest as a pair of compasses. There was a comfort in her stiffness and firmness; you knew exactly where to find her, and were never liable to chance encounters with her. On her own ground she was always to be found; but she was never over-inquisitive as regards the territory of her neighbor. Isabel came at last to have a kind of undemonstrable pity for her; there seemed something so dreary in the condition of a person whose nature had, as it were, so little surface, — offered so limited a face to the accretions of human contact. Nothing tender, nothing sympathetic, had ever had a chance to fasten upon it, — no wind-sown blossom, no familiar moss. Her passive extent, in other words, was about that of a knife-edge. Isabel had reason to believe, however, that as she advanced in life she grew more disposed to confer those sentimental favors which she was still unable to accept, — to sacrifice consistency to considerations of that inferior order for which the excuse must be found in the particular case. It was not to the credit of her absolute rectitude that she should have gone the longest way round to Florence, in order to spend a few weeks with her invalid son; for in former years it had been one of her most definite convictions that when Ralph wished to see her he was at liberty to remember that the Palazzo

Crescentini contained a spacious apartment which was known as the room of the signorino.

"I want to ask you something," Isabel said to this young man, the day after her arrival at San Remo, — "something that I have thought more than once of asking you by letter, but that I have hesitated, on the whole, to write about. Face to face, nevertheless, my question seems easy enough. Did you know that your father intended to leave me so much money?"

Ralph stretched his legs a little further than usual, and gazed a little more fixedly at the Mediterranean. "What does it matter, my dear Isabel, whether I knew? My father was very obstinate."

"So," said the girl, "you did know."

"Yes; he told me. We even talked it over a little."

"What did he do it for?" asked Isabel, abruptly.

"Why, as a kind of souvenir."

"He liked me too much," said Isabel.

"That's a way we all have."

"If I believed that I should be very unhappy. Fortunately, I don't believe it. I want to be treated with justice; I want nothing but that."

"Very good. But you must remember that justice to a lovely being is after all a florid sort of sentiment."

"I am not a lovely being. How can you say that at the very moment when I am asking such odious questions? I must seem to you delicate!"

"You seem to me troubled," said Ralph.

"I am troubled."

"About what?"

For a moment she answered nothing; then she broke out, —

"Do you think it good for me suddenly to be made so rich? Henrietta does n't."

"Oh, hang Henrietta!" said Ralph, coarsely. "If you ask me, I am delighted at it."

"Is that why your father did it, — for your amusement?"

"I differ with Miss Stackpole," Ralph said, more gravely. "I think it's very good for you to have means."

Isabel looked at him a moment with serious eyes. "I wonder whether you know what is good for me, — or whether you care."

"If I know, depend upon it I care. Shall I tell you what it is? Not to torment yourself."

"Not to torment you, I suppose you mean."

"You can't do that; I am proof. Take things more easily. Don't ask yourself so much whether this or that is good for you. Don't question your conscience so much; it will get out of tune, like a strummed piano. Keep it for great occasions. Don't try so much to form your character; it's like trying to pull open a rosebud. Live as you like best, and your character will form itself. Most things are good for you; the exceptions are very rare, and a comfortable income is not one of them." Ralph paused, smiling. Isabel had listened eagerly. "You have too much conscience," Ralph added. "It's out of all reason, the number of things you think wrong. Spread your wings; rise above the ground. It's never wrong to do that."

She had listened eagerly, as I say; and it was her nature to understand quickly.

"I wonder if you appreciate what you say. If you do, you take a great responsibility."

"You frighten me a little, but I think I am right," said Ralph, continuing to smile.

"All the same, what you say is very true," Isabel went on. "You could say nothing more true. I am absorbed in myself, — I look at life too much as a doctor's prescription. Why, indeed, should we perpetually be thinking whether things are good for us, as if we were patients lying in a hospital?"

Why should I be so afraid of not doing right? As if it mattered to the world whether I do right or wrong!"

"You are a capital person to advise," said Ralph; "you take the wind out of my sails!"

She looked at him as if she had not heard him, though she was following out the train of reflection which he himself had kindled: "I try to care more about the world than about myself, but I always come back to myself. It's because I am afraid." She stopped; her voice had trembled a little. "Yes, I am afraid; I can't tell you. A large fortune means freedom, and I am afraid of that. It's such a fine thing, and one should make such a good use of it. If one should n't, one would be ashamed. And one must always be thinking, — it's a constant effort. I am not sure that it's not a greater happiness to be powerless."

"For weak people I have no doubt it's a greater happiness. For weak people the effort not to be contemptible must be great."

"And how do you know I am not weak?" Isabel asked.

"Ah," Ralph answered, with a blush the girl noticed, "if you are, I am awfully sold!"

The charm of the Mediterranean coast only deepened for our heroine on acquaintance; for it was the threshold of Italy, the gate of admirations. Italy, as yet imperfectly seen and felt, stretched before her as a land of promise, — a land in which a love of the beautiful might be comforted by endless knowledge. Whenever she strolled upon the shore with her cousin — and she was the companion of his daily walk — she looked a while across the sea, with longing eyes, to where she knew that Genoa lay. She was glad to pause, however, on the edge of this larger knowledge; the stillness of these soft weeks seemed good to her. They were a peaceful interlude in a career which she had little warrant as

yet for regarding as agitated, but which nevertheless she was constantly picturing to herself by the light of her hopes, her fears, her fancies, her ambitions, her predilections, and which reflected these subjective accidents in a manner sufficiently dramatic. Madame Merle had predicted to Mrs. Touchett that after Isabel had put her hand into her pocket half a dozen times she would be reconciled to the idea that it had been filled by a munificent uncle; and the event justified — as it had so often justified before — Madame Merle's perspicacity. Ralph Touchett had praised his cousin for being morally inflammable; that is, for being quick to take a hint that was meant as good advice. His advice had perhaps helped the matter; at any rate, before she left San Remo she had grown used to feeling rich. The consciousness found a place in rather a dense little group of ideas that she had about her herself, and often it was by no means the least agreeable. It was a perpetual implication of good intentions. She lost herself in a maze of visions; the fine things a rich, independent, generous girl, who took a large, human view of her opportunities and obligations, might do were really innumerable. Her fortune therefore became to her mind a part of her better self; it gave her importance, — gave her even, to her own imagination, a certain ideal beauty. What it did for her in the imagination of others is another affair, and on this point we must also touch in time. The visions I have just spoken of were intermingled with other reveries. Isabel liked better to think of the future than of the past; but at times, as she listened to the murmur of the Mediterranean waves, her glance took a backward flight. It rested upon two figures which, in spite of increasing distance, were still sufficiently salient: they were recognizable without difficulty as those of Caspar Goodwood and Lord Warburton. It was strange how quickly these gentlemen had fallen into the

background of our young lady's life. It was in her disposition at all times to lose faith in the reality of absent things; she could summon back her faith, in case of need, with an effort, but the effort was often painful, even when the reality had been pleasant. The past was apt to look dead, and its revival to wear the supernatural aspect of a resurrection. Isabel, moreover, was not prone to take for granted that she herself lived in the mind of others; she had not the fatuity to believe that she left indelible traces. She was capable of being wounded by the discovery that she had been forgotten; and yet, of all liberties, the one she herself found sweetest was the liberty to forget. She had not given her last shilling, sentimentally speaking, either to Caspar Goodwood or to Lord Warburton, and yet she did not regard them as appreciably in her debt. She had, of course, reminded herself that she was to hear from Mr. Goodwood again; but this was not to be for another year and a half, and in that time a great many things might happen. Isabel did not say to herself that her American suitor might find some other girl more comfortable to woo; because, though it was certain that many other girls would prove so, she had not the smallest belief that this merit would attract him. But she reflected that she herself might change her humor, — might weary of those things that were not Caspar (and there were so many things that were not Caspar!), and might find satisfaction in the very qualities which struck her to-day as his limitations. It was conceivable that his limitations should some day prove a sort of blessing in disguise, — a clear and quiet harbor, inclosed by a fine granite breakwater. But that day could only come in its order, and she could not wait for it with folded hands. That Lord Warburton should continue to cherish her image seemed to her more than modesty should not only expect, but even desire. She had so definitely

undertaken to forget him, as a lover, that a corresponding effort on his own part would be eminently proper. This was not, as it may seem, merely a theory tinged with sarcasm. Isabel really believed that his lordship would, in the usual phrase, get over his feeling. It had evidently been strong, — this she believed, and she was still capable of deriving pleasure from the belief; but it was absurd that a man so completely absolved from fidelity should stiffen himself in an attitude it would be more graceful to discontinue. Englishmen

liked to be comfortable, said Isabel, and there could be little comfort for Lord Warburton, in the long run, in thinking of a self-sufficient American girl, who had been but a casual acquaintance. Isabel flattered herself that should she hear, from one day to another, that he had married some young lady of his own country, who had done more to deserve him, she should receive the news without an impulse of jealousy. It would have proved that he believed she was firm, which was what she wished to seem to him; and this was grateful to her pride.

Henry James, Jr.

THE SEVEN DAYS.

MONDAY.

(Day of the Moon.)

DIANA, sister of the Sun! thy ray
 Governs these opening hours. The world is wide;
 We know not what new evil may betide
 This six days' journey; by what unknown way
 We come at last unto the royal day
 Of prophecy and promise. O preside
 Propitious, and our doubting footsteps guide
 Onward and sunward. Long in shadows gray
 We have but slumbered, — hidden from our view
 Knowledge and wisdom in unfruitful night.
 But if upon the dawn's unfolding blue
 Thy hand this day our destiny must write,
 Once more our outer, inner life renew
 With Heaven's first utterance, — *Let there be light!*

TUESDAY.

(Day of the War-God.)

Fear not, O soul, to-day! Imperial Mars
 Leads on the hours, a brave and warlike train,
 Fire in his glance and splendor in his reign,
 From the first glitter through the sunrise bars
 Till his red banner flames among the stars!
 Thou, too, go forth, and fully armed maintain
 Duty and right. The hero is not slain,
 Though pierced and wounded in a hundred wars.

The daring are the deathless. He alone
 Is victor who stays not for any doom
 Foreshadowed; utters neither sigh nor moan
 Death-stricken, but right onward, his fair plume
 Scorched in the battle flame, through smoke and gloom,
 Strikes for the right, nor counts his life his own.

WEDNESDAY.

(Day of Odin.)

The mighty Odin rides abroad, and earth
 Trembles and echoes back his ghostly sigh,
 More deep than thought, more sad than memory.
 The very birds rejoice in timid mirth,
 For in the forest sudden gusts have birth,
 And harsh against the pale, appealing sky
 Ascends his ravens' melancholy cry.
 Peace be with Odin. Of his ancient worth
 Many and proud the tales we will repeat,
 For sacred memories to these hours belong.
 But yesterday with reckless speed our feet
 Dared the bold height. With spirit no less strong
 To-day step softly. After battle's heat
 Warriors and wars are only themes for song.

THURSDAY.

(Day of the Mighty.)

White-robed, white-crowned, and borne by steeds snow-white
 The Thunderer rolls across the echoing skies!
 No hour is this to dream of past surprise
 Or with old runes the memory to delight.
 The mountain tops with prophet beams are bright!
 The eagle soars aloft with jubilant cries!
 Thou too unto the hills lift up thine eyes;
 To some new throne these sacred signs invite.
 Learn thy own strength; and if some secret sense
 Of power untried pervades thy low estate,
 Bend thy soul's purest, best intelligence
 To seek the mastery of time and fate.
 Courage and deathless hope and toil intense
 Are the crown jewels of the truly great.

FRIDAY.

(Day of the Beautiful.)

In the world-garden walled with living green,
 The foam-born goddess of delight to-day
 Plucks glowing garlands for her own array.
 Poppy and myrtle in her wreath are seen,

And roses bending o'er her brow serene
 Blush to perceive she is more fair than they.
 Sweet grasses at her feet their odors lay,
 While doves, low warbling, hover round their queen.
 In this brief life shall ever toil and care
 Hold fast our wishes? Earth's bewildering bowers,
 Her streams melodious and her woodlands fair,
 Are palaces for gods. The world is ours!
 Beauty and love our birthright; we will share
 The sunshine and the singing and the flowers!

SATURDAY.

(Day of Saturn.)

Though bright with jewels and with garlands dressed,
 The bloom decays, the world is growing old!
 Lost are the days when peaceful Saturn told
 The arts to men, and shared their toil or rest
 With eloquence divine. The Olympian guest
 Took with him in his flight the age of gold!
 Westward through myriad centuries has rolled
 The ceaseless pilgrimage, the hopeless quest
 For the true Fatherland. Through weary years
 What if some rainbow glory spans the gloom?
 Some strong, sweet utterance the wayside cheers?
 Or gladness opens like a rose in bloom?
 Step after step the fatal moment nears,
 Earth for new graves is ever making room.

SUNDAY.

(Day of the Sun.)

Thou glorious Sun! illumining the blue
 Highway of heaven! to thy triumphant rays
 The earth her shadow yields, the hill tops blaze,
 Up lifts the mist, up floats the midnight dew.
 Old things are past away, the world is new!
 Labor is changed to rest and rest to praise!
 Past are the toilsome heights, the stormy days,
 The eternal Future breaks upon our view!
 Last eve we lingered uttering our farewells,—
 But lo! One met us in the early light
 Of this divinest morn. The tale He tells
 Transfigures life and opens heaven to sight.
 Bring altar flowers! Lilies and asphodels!
 Sing Jubilates! *There is no more night!*

Frances L. Mace.

NEW YORK THEATRES.

THE season this winter was opened at Wallack's with an attempt at Shakespearian comedy, in the production of *As You Like It*, with Miss Rose Coghlan as Rosalind, Mr. John Gilbert as Adam, Mr. Osmond Tearle as Jaques, and Miss Germon as Audrey. There is a fatal fascination about this comedy which leads at frequent intervals to its production on the metropolitan and provincial stage, although we believe, as a matter of fact, it rarely succeeds in doing more than depleting the treasury of the theatre. *As You Like It* is probably the most beautiful and the most difficult of all Shakespearian comedies. It is pervaded by an atmosphere of poetry, which renders it alike attractive to young and old playgoers. The dialogue abounds in wit and pleasantry; the characters are all entertaining, and that of Rosalind is one well calculated to excite the ambition of any young and pretty actress. Besides all this there is a good deal of pleasing incidental music. The reason why it always fails is probably because it is impossible, with any ordinary human company, to strike the exact line between the real and the ideal suggested by the text. Adam is a tolerably easy character to act, as old men's parts are apt to be, and Mr. John Gilbert is the most accomplished actor of old men's parts on the American stage. Jaques, on the other hand, is a part which must have been difficult to conceive, and is far more difficult to represent, dramatically. To play-goers he is known as the "melancholy Jaques," an epithet to which he is entitled quite as much by the melancholy produced by seeing him played as by that of his character. As we generally see him on the stage there is in much of what he does and says neither rhyme nor rea-

son. His soliloquy is generally spoken as if it originally had appeared in some school speaker, and had then been copied into the play. His account of the emotions aroused in him by the pursuit of the deer is generally given in such a way as to make the least bloodthirsty of the audience long to participate in the cruelest sports. We have seen many Jaqueses and have read many analyses of the character, but have never met with one that was intelligent or seen one that was good. To say, therefore, that Mr. Osmond Tearle makes a poor Jaques is to say very little. We cannot be sure that he even makes a Jaques at all. The part as played by him is bodily injected into the play, has no connection with anything else in it, and is a mere vehicle for the delivery of stage speeches. The speeches are good, for they are Shakespeare's, and the delivery is tolerable; but the play with the part altogether left out would as usual have been more coherent and successful. Miss Effie Germon long since made herself mistress of the part of Audrey, and in it she holds the stage wherever she has an opportunity of doing so. She is one of the best actresses of English low comedy in the United States, thoroughly trained, and with that natural *vis comica* which so many comic actresses lack. Miss Rose Coghlan made in Rosalind what would be called in France a *succès d'estime*. There is no more reason that Miss Coghlan should undertake to act Rosalind than that she should undertake to act Hamlet. She is nearly as well fitted for one as for the other. The last great Rosalind seen on our stage was Adelaide Neilson, who in the lighter Shakespearian female parts was without a rival. In Imogen, in Viola, in Rosalind, she looked the part to perfection; her voice was deliciously musical, her gayety irre-

sistible, her delivery excellent. Her conception of these parts was not perhaps the profoundest, but as far as it went it was perfect. To compare Miss Coghlan, who has hardly ever attempted Shakespeare, with an actress who devoted her life to it would be unfair. A more reasonable standard of comparison is afforded by Miss Davenport, who has tried this and all other parts known to the modern stage. Miss Davenport's Rosalind has always struck us as being one of her best parts, and Miss Coghlan might have studied it to advantage. One inherent difficulty in the character is the natural assumption of a man's part by a woman distinguished by every attractive feminine trait. It is far easier to do this on paper; it was far easier for Shakespeare to imagine it than it is for any actress, however clever, to play it. On either side she runs the danger of going to an extreme. We must always remember and feel that she is a woman, while she must pass on the stage for a man. We must be charmed by the contrast, but the contrast must not be made so apparent as to strike us as violent. Miss Davenport very nearly succeeds in accomplishing this extremely difficult feat. If she errs at all, it is in making the character too masculine. The difficulty with Miss Coghlan is that she makes it too feminine. She does not appear to be able to imagine the situation. Her Rosalind is from first to last a woman masquerading very badly as a poor imitation of a man. In Miss Davenport's performance one of the most delightful things was always the sudden revulsion of feminine feeling on hearing of Orlando's wound. This sudden access of emotion and the contrast between it and her previous frivolity and lightness is one of the great touches of nature in the play. Miss Davenport thoroughly understands this, and understands also that the contrast could not be presented effectively unless the character were down to that point made

manly. Miss Coghlan, being a woman throughout the play, hardly succeeds in it at all.

Mr. Alfred Cellier's *Sultan of Mocha* was brought out early in the season as English opera bouffe of the higher order, with the usual result. It is now a long time since English musicians and dramatists began to imitate the French opera bouffe, and they have not as yet succeeded in producing much that is above the level of mediocrity. Early last spring a somewhat more successful effort than usual was made at the Bijou Opera House, where several little musical plays were given in a manner which appeared to please a fastidious audience. In one at least of these cases, the libretto was by Mr. Gilbert. A good deal of the music was by Mr. Cellier, who has something of the French lightness of touch and ease of composition in melody. If there was a fault to be found with the performances at the Bijou Opera House it was that they were too moral. The nations of Southern Europe who invented and perfected buffoonery on the stage never attempted to make their buffoonery pay tribute to virtue, but this on the English stage is an absolute necessity of the experiment. Mr. Gilbert is very nearly the only Anglo-Saxon of modern times who has succeeded in being ridiculous without offense, and in such operas as *Pinafore* and *The Pirates of Penzance* he and Mr. Sullivan have almost created a school of English burlesque opera. The operettas introduced at the Bijou Opera House and the *Sultan of Mocha* bear about the same relation to *Pinafore* that flat soda-water does to the same liquid immediately after it is opened. As the attempt will hardly be made again for a long time, it is probably not worth while to go into the reasons for this failure at great length. They were sufficiently obvious. The music of Mr. Cellier is light and imitative, but the fundamental fault with the whole school of production to which the

Sultan of Mocha belongs is that whatever else they may be they are not amusing. The school of English burlesque, properly so called, which probably originated in the Christmas pantomime, and which had a great vogue until within a few years, was a better and healthier dramatic product, notwithstanding all its vulgarity and absurdity. But the fact is that Anglo-Saxon genius is not adapted to this sort of work. It may be through its virtues, or it may be through some defect. It has not the requisite levity, and whether in drama or in music it refuses to descend to the level at which real opera bouffe becomes possible. It may descend much lower, but in that way it only makes the matter worse. Even Mr. Sullivan's music has not the true bouffe character; it is serious music of a poetic order, and really better fitted to be preserved as intrinsically good melody than to serve as the lyrical accompaniment of dramatic absurdity. So, too, of Mr. Gilbert's librettos. It must be said that, amusing as they are, there is a depth of seriousness behind the humor and continually suggested by it which forces that sort of reflection upon us that true bouffe never does. That comical inversion of the moral position of things which in the Offenbachian opera continually makes us laugh is not introduced for the purpose of satire, or in fact for any purpose at all. When a king suddenly rewards the conspirators against his throne by making them all cabinet ministers; when cowardice is encouraged by rapid promotion and fraud by continued extension and increase of confidence as soon as it is detected, this is done in French opera bouffe for exactly the same reason that a council of war is broken up by the leading general's dancing off the stage on one leg, — simply because it is laughable. When the lavish and profligate secretary in *Les Brigands* comes forward and explains his riotous living and peculations by attributing the whole to

his congenital peculiarities of character, there is no deep moral purpose in his song any more than there is in the previous scene, in which he unsuccessfully attempts to bribe the chief brigand with a thousand-franc note by placing it on the table and then looking underneath it. But the Anglo-Saxon is fundamentally serious; he has no flippancy, no levity; and though he has a great fund of humor, it is of a serious character. Absurd as Mr. Gilbert's librettos are, there is just enough suggestion of seriousness in his humor to prevent us from feeling that we have escaped the bonds of the real world and are luxuriating in an atmosphere of pure nonsense. Mr. Gilbert, as we have said, has come nearer the mark than any other Englishman. The author of the Sultan of Mocha was apparently in doubt as to what the mark was.

The business of writing American plays has not made much progress during the past year, but Mr. Edgar Fawcett has succeeded in producing one at least, — *Our First Families*, — which had a very good run at Daly's Theatre. Mr. Fawcett proved himself last year to be an ingenious playwright by his drama, *A False Friend*, which ran for a considerable time at the Union Square. *A False Friend* was founded on the Tichborne case. The scene was laid in England and Australia, and the atmosphere of the play was intended to be thoroughly English. In *Our First Families* Mr. Fawcett returns to his native land. There are three or four easily recognizable American types in the play. There is, for instance, the old Knickerbocker type, representing that exclusive and interior society which is believed by many people to exist somewhere in New York, to which there is no introduction save through birth and breeding. Then there is the *nouveau riche* type, — that of the people who are continually coming up through their money, and who are always endeavoring to mingle in the ex-

clusive society which they know to be the best, and to marry their daughters to Englishmen. Mr. Fawcett has made a great deal of the prevailing Anglomania, and his Mrs. Pomeroy Stanhope is a very good character. The difficulty of writing a comedy of this sort is, as we have pointed out before, the want of fixity and permanence of the type. The belief in the existence of the Knickerbocker type is a sort of tradition and legend of New York life which has a strong hold upon the imagination, but which has very little basis at present in fact. If there really ever was any society in New York composed of old families distinguished by strikingly characteristic qualities, it would of course be possible for any one to put a representative of the society upon the stage in such a way as to strike anybody familiar with it as either false or true to nature; but thoroughly well as Mrs. Gilbert plays Mrs. Manhattan, what is there in the character to identify her in any way, except that she refers to the old days when the Battery was a favorite resort, and that she continually dwells on the importance of keeping new people at a distance? If this is all there is in the Knickerbocker type, there is no wonder that little is known about it, for a society made up of such people could not possibly possess any interest. It might exclude new people, but there could be no reason why new people having any intelligence should ever desire to be admitted to it. The fact is that the belief in the existence of a Knickerbocker society belongs to an earlier period than the present, and that society in New York is quite as little under what is supposed to be Knickerbocker influence as that of Boston is under the influence of the Puritans. People who believe themselves to be Knickerbockers in the sense that Mr. Fawcett represents the type must be very stupid people, and it is the stupidity of the type which should be dwelt upon rather than

its social importance. It would perhaps be possible to invent a person believing himself to be such a Knickerbocker as Mr. Fawcett imagines the type of a certain society, but it would be his social self-deception, stupidity, ignorance, and vanity which would make the principal capital of the part. With regard to Anglomania, Mr. Fawcett has hit upon a new view which might with patience and industry be made to yield a good deal. Anglomania is a recent product of American life, and a very amusing one. It is undoubtedly true that there is a large number of women in New York whose principal idea or aim in life is to marry their daughters to Englishmen, although it is a well-established fact that in the majority of cases the English marriage market is by no means a good one, and that the daughter is fortunate if the mother secures for her anything better than a broken-down rake and gambler. In the same way there is a large number of men in New York whose sole object in life appears to be to imitate and import English fashions which are not adapted to the conditions of life in this country; who delight in riding across country over imaginary fences, and in pursuing the sport of coaching in heavy vehicles built for English use over American turnpikes and "dirt-roads." For purposes of comedy, however, there is more in this Anglomania than Mr. Fawcett has yet made it yield.

When Sara Bernhardt arrived in this country she went almost immediately to witness one of the performances of Miss Clara Morris, and she is reported to have been so moved by the spectacle that she embraced Miss Morris and expressed her cordial approval of the latter's acting. The significance of this approval was supposed to lie in the fact that Miss Morris acts the same "emotional" parts which have made the reputation of Mademoiselle Bernhardt. She is, we believe, the only American actress who

has ever achieved a great success with such plays as *Article Forty-Seven*, *The Sphinx*, and *Alixé*. Precisely what the emotional drama is nobody has ever very accurately defined. There is certainly no non-emotional drama, and the peculiarity of many of the plays of the so-called emotional school seems to be not so much the prominence given to sentiment as that given to physical suffering, disease, and death. It would be a curious and interesting thing to trace, in the modern development of the drama, the continually rising importance of scenes in which the physical sympathy with physical pain is the feeling sought to be excited in the audience. In the plays of the old classical school there is plenty of death, even plenty of poisoning; but it would never have occurred to Racine and Corneille to exhibit a hero or heroine actually writhing upon the stage in physical torture from the effect of poison, even after the fatal dose had been taken, nor would such pathological spectacles have ever been endured upon the English stage in its palmy days. Shakespeare allows his characters to die before the foot-lights in a great variety of ways, and in the eyes of the classical school it was a reproach to him that he did so; but with all his liberality it never would have occurred to Shakespeare that physical dissolution was a proper subject for dramatic representation. It is not until we reach the period of Adrienne Lecouvreur, in some respects a very modern play, that we have a large part of an act devoted to physical suffering. In *La Dame aux Camélias* we have consumption put to good use; and in *The Sphinx* an intelligent actress, some years ago, made a great hit by foaming at the mouth in the death scene. All this is of course realism. The plays of the so-called emotional school are all realistic. Miss Clara Morris is a realistic actress, and a very good realistic actress. Now realism on the stage is the general name for a very

important tendency which has shown itself in all sorts of different ways, some bad and some good. So far as regards the external part of the art, the scenery and properties, realism has had the effect of introducing great exactness and attention to accuracy of detail. On the modern stage the old wings have disappeared, and the scene is as close a copy of the actual place to be suggested as can be produced. The exterior of the house, the row of buildings in a street, the interior of a room, is put before the audience in fac-simile. In *Henry the Fifth*, in the charming invitation to the play given by Rumor, there is a delightful passage in which she begs the audience to summon their fancy to their aid and to imagine as much as possible, so as to eke out the scanty material set before them. If Rumor had been a realist she would have known that the imagination of an audience cannot be relied upon for this purpose; that nothing must be suggested, but everything given in full. It is in fact one of the main differences between the old-fashioned and the modern stage that the chief effort seems to be to appeal as little as possible to either the imagination or the fancy, and to rely almost solely upon the critical faculty of the spectator. This has been carried to a point which is at times absurd. It is really founded upon a theory which is in itself a mistake. A theatrical illusion, whenever it is created at all, is unquestionably created by the acting. The theory on which stage realism proceeds is that it is created by the scenery. With any one who disputes this, there is no room for argument; there is no common ground of comparison. At the same time, if the proposition is true a tendency to stage realism is in itself unimportant, because, provided the dramatic art itself be pursued with intelligence and appreciation of its real character, the misdirected zeal for accuracy in the external representation of ob-

jects, though it may do very little good, can hardly do harm. But realism has another side which is not so harmless. One of its objects is to portray on the stage, not great passions and emotions, not great or exceptional characters, but life as it is seen every day in the streets, in houses, at parties and balls, in church, — every-day, commonplace, accidental, dull, monotonous life. It is one of the first dogmas of realism, considered in this aspect, that you must put life as it actually is on the stage, and not make selections. Zola has carried this idea to the point at which it becomes disgust. In fact, it seems to be Zola's mission to prove that there is no difference between the beautiful and the disgusting. But long before Zola appeared on the scene the tendency was in existence, and the tendency is one which threatens to convert the drama into an engine of simple mimicry. The drama of course springs from the mimetic faculty, but it involves something far higher and more intellectual. The best way of proving this is not by absurd considerations, but by examining what the world has long agreed upon as the best dramas that have ever been produced, and asking ourselves how near or how far from the level of actual life these are.

Ordinary life, as we have suggested, is dull, and it was necessary for the realistic drama, in order to escape being dull, to become sensational. That sensationalism is unlike life never seems to have occurred to any one. Hence the modern drama, both in England and in France, has allowed itself the widest latitude in this respect. In England it has made use of the sensation of situation. In France it has generally made use of emotional sensation. In England we have trains rushing towards open drawbridges, the victims of designing villains tied to rails, houses rapidly consumed by flames, murders in the snow, sudden arrests in ball-rooms, and, in fact, every sort of thrilling situation that ingenuity

can suggest. In France, on the other hand, we have women becoming insane on the stage, dying slowly of poison in violent agonies, dying slowly and pathetically of consumption; ladies of easy virtue becoming suddenly patterns of the highest morality under the influence of love. All this is realism, and the best actress is she who can do it in the most real way. This brings us to the last and best thing in the movement, which is the tendency towards sincerity in the art itself. To be real in the representation of emotion in any school, to be sincere, not to distort and exaggerate, but to represent the feeling through a knowledge of it from experience, — this is true art; and, if we mistake not, Miss Clara Morris has a great deal of it. She has many defects, principally those which arise from a lack of training, but her one great virtue is her sincerity of emotion.

The condition of Miss Morris's health will evidently not long permit her to remain upon the stage, and her loss will be an irreparable one. In the emotional drama, although there have been many actresses who have displayed in single parts talents equal to hers, there has been no one who has made herself mistress of the whole range so completely as Clara Morris. There have been many Camilles and many Frou Frous, but no one except Miss Morris has been able to go through the whole catalogue from Alix on the one hand to Cora in Article Forty-Seven and The Sphinx on the other. When we come to details, there is, it is true, hardly a point in her acting which is not open to severe criticism. She has never succeeded in making her voice or intonation agreeable, and she always betrays that want of training which is the great defect of the best English and American actors. If Miss Morris had been born in France and in early life had been through the severe drill which prepares a French actress for serious acting, had always been

obliged to look forward to running the gauntlet of the trained criticism of the French dramatic press, and had been able to make a successful appearance upon a stage such as that of the *Comédie Française* the goal of her ambition, Miss Morris would probably by this time have become one of the greatest living actresses. As it is, she merely has a local reputation, made by her striking natural gifts and in spite of her lack of training. After all, it is this great want which is at the bottom of most of the crudeness of the American stage, and it is hard to see how the difficulty can ever be remedied as long as the drama is carried on as a purely commercial undertaking. For two hundred years, throughout the Anglo-Saxon world, the theatre has stood on precisely the same footing as any other business governed by the law of supply and demand, and it is a business in which the general public demand is never very likely to be of a high order. The public, it is true, must in the long run be the judge of success in any art, but the public is not at all a good judge of the means which it is necessary to take to produce this success. The same audience that is thrilled with emotion by the acting of a Rachel or a Salvini is absolutely ignorant of the steps in the process by which their emotions are aroused. They may recognize thoroughly when an actor fails in striking the key required by the situation, yet at the same time they would be totally unable to explain to the actor in what his mistake or fault lay. Besides this, with the theatre carried on as with us, there is no machinery for training possible. The preparation of pupils for the stage, or the drilling of actors after admission to the stage, requires time and money, and there is no fund of either upon which to draw. In most countries in which the drama has long flourished the government has supplied the means by which the art has been maintained at the level of the stand-

ard recognized by tradition. In France to-day the theatre is upon a government foundation, just as with us the higher education is upon a foundation established by private beneficence. It seems out of the question to dream of government support of the drama in this country. When we reflect what our government is, what is the class of people through which such support would be obtained, and what are the influences which would be brought to bear upon them in obtaining it, the idea must be dismissed as preposterous. The support of the drama by private beneficence is not, however, either absurd or impossible. Private donations have supported multitudes of colleges and institutions of charity, and done much for the fine arts and music. Why should the drama alone be an exception? Of one thing we may be certain: that as long as the theatre is carried on entirely upon its present commercial basis, managers supplying simply what the public will pay to see, and the public demanding simply what the managers find it commercially possible to produce, there will be no higher trained actors upon our stage; or where such actors are to be found, they will be, as at present, stars without any permanent support, and wandering through the theatrical firmament in a meteoric and very unsatisfactory manner.

Mr. John McCullough is a proof of the truth of what we have been saying. He and Mr. Edwin Booth are the last of the thoroughly trained Shakespearean actors of our time. We say the last, because the traditions of the Shakespearean stage are rapidly dying out, and it will not be long before they have completely disappeared, and every new actor will, if he acts Shakespeare at all, be allowed to have his own conception and method of rendering any parts that he may select for representation. But these two actors are both possessed of high training, experience, and skill. Mr. Booth some

years ago undertook to carry on a theatre upon an artistic basis, attempting to create the demand for the artistic product which he knew he was capable of supplying. The failure of the attempt is a matter of common notoriety, and Mr. Booth is now playing, to large houses in London, the very parts which brought his theatre into financial ruin here. Mr. John McCullough is simply a star actor, and has very wisely never had dreams, or, at any rate, never had more than dreams, with regard to the reform of the stage. He has been playing a successful engagement this winter at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, but this too is a star engagement. There is no steady demand for acting of this kind.

Mr. McCullough is an intellectualized Forrest. He has inherited the traditions of that actor, and at the same time in many respects improved upon them. To our mind he has more natural genius and intelligence than Booth, and also more original theatrical force, although in delivery, in elocution, and in strict stage business he is undoubtedly the inferior of Booth. He has two manners, and there is a wide gulf between them. To see him in such a part as Spartacus one would almost believe that Forrest had again come to life. The rant, the muscular rage and fury, the vocal bel-low, are reproduced, but it is Forrest without Forrest's genius. It is merely the mimicry of the peculiarities of Forrest's acting. In such a part as Hamlet we again hear the echo of Forrest's voice, but only an echo. We are now no longer impressed with the physical but with the mental energy of the actor. It is indeed an original and powerful conception of the part. Hamlet is the greatest favorite of all Shakespeare's plays, and yet it is remarkable how very little light even the best actors throw upon the character, how very much at the end of the play remains obscure and meaningless. Even so good an actor as Booth is open to the criticism that his Hamlet

is in great measure an elaborate piece of recitation. With McCullough the case is different. There is not a line of the play which he utters, whether in the scenes with Hamlet's mother, with Polonius, or with Ophelia, which he does not make instinct with meaning, — not a line which he does not manage to accompany with some action that throws a light upon the situation. The result is that he produces almost a new play.

The Union Square Theatre still continues to maintain the best stock company acting in the United States. The company remains substantially the same from year to year, and an extraordinary skill in the selection of plays still distinguishes the management. In fact, if it were possible for every theatre to be managed as this one is, the difficulty of obtaining a high degree of training by relying purely on the law of demand and supply might disappear; but the exception proves the rule, and the excellence of the acting at the Union Square shows nothing more than the extraordinary skill of the management of this particular theatre. The play of this winter has thus far been Daniel Rochat, Sardou's last hit in Paris. The plot of the play is not one to suggest to any ordinary manager that it would be likely to succeed in this country. Daniel Rochat, described on the bills as "statesman and philosopher," is a young French radical in politics and religion, who has a large following, and a character as statesman, philosopher, and atheist to support. Miss Leah Henderson, a young American heiress, is traveling through France with her sister, Miss Esther Henderson, her aunt, Mrs. Powers, and a couple of frivolous cousins. Leah accidentally meets Daniel, and falls in love with him, as he does with her. In this there is nothing very remarkable, but what is curious is that, although Leah falls in love with Rochat partly out of admiration for his intellect and with a full knowledge that he has a public station and position of

some sort, she does not appear to know, or at any rate to be at all impressed by, the character of that position. It is consequently a great surprise to her when she discovers, after they have gone through the civil ceremony of marriage, that her lover is opposed to any religious consecration of the contract. He is a consistent infidel, and nothing will persuade him to take his bride to church. With regard to the possibility of this situation, we have nothing to say. M. Sardou understands French atheists better than we do, and it may perhaps be very likely that a leading Voltairean would refuse to be married to a woman by a minister of the gospel. However this may be, the end of the third act finds Leah and Daniel in this uncomfortable predicament: that they have been married civilly by a magistrate; that Rochat considers this to be a valid and complete marriage, while Leah does not consider herself married at all. Leah, it should be observed, is represented not simply as an ordinary American heiress (M. Sardou takes the audience into his confidence at several stages of the play with regard to American customs, and lets them understand that he knows perfectly well that in fact a great majority of marriages in the United States are simply solemnized by mayors and justices of the peace), but she is an exceptional character, and the fourth act consists of a powerful scene in her boudoir, in which Rochat endeavors to persuade her that he is entitled to consider himself her husband, while she resists his importunities, and displays the nobility of her character by insisting on making everything yield to her sense of duty. The play having reached this point, it would be difficult for most dramatists to know how to end it. Any termination of a happy character would seem utterly tame, yet any termination in the nature of a tragic rupture of the half-completed marriage would seem to be impossible. M. Sardou, however, is

equal to any emergency. He first makes the husband yield to the entreaties of the beautiful Leah, and consent, after much difficulty and agony, to accompany her to church. Meanwhile, however, Leah has obtained a glimpse of her husband's character which is by no means satisfactory to her. She had idealized him, yet he had turned out to be very much like other men, — selfish, determined to have his own way, and giving to duty a very different place from that allotted to it in her pure mind. He had even tried to persuade her to violate her own sense of duty. She has, in consequence of this, begun to lose her affection for Daniel Rochat or, as it is prettily put in plays and novels, she has found that the real Daniel Rochat is a different person from the Daniel Rochat she has loved. She therefore, while professing willingness to abide by the terms of her bargain, intimates very distinctly that she is no longer satisfied with it, and Rochat, always a man of honor, withdraws from the marriage at the very moment when his happiness seemed to be assured. The existence of a legal marriage is neatly got over by the discovery of a local law to the effect that marriages brought about by misunderstandings are null and void, or can be made so. Leah, not having known the peculiarities of Rochat's position, or his views, brings herself within the provisions of this convenient statute, and is in consequence released. Besides all this there is a comic plot, but, as is the case with so many of Sardou's plays, the comedy is merely interwoven with tragedy for the sake of the contrast, and forms no essential part of the main plot. It is difficult to see why such a play as this should be popular in the United States. The situation is of course a possible one, but it is grossly improbable. The spectator is convinced from the first that in real life the difficulty would have been ended by some concession on the part of one of the contracting parties, and the tragedy

produced by Leah's discovery that the real character of Rochat is inferior to her idealized conception of it is altogether too refined and metaphysical to be in itself interesting. Besides all this, he seems to have been throughout in the right, and she in the wrong. There is absolutely no action in the play, no incident, no event. The interest is entirely emotional, yet this play has had a remarkable run in New York, chiefly, no doubt, owing to the excellence with which it is acted. This excellence does not lie in any one part, for great fault in detail might be found with the leading actors. Miss Jewett acts the part of Leah with delicacy, tact, and refinement, but without any tragic force. Mr. Thorne plays the part of Rochat with plenty of tragic emotion of the physical variety, but without much delicacy, tact, or refinement. Yet taken as a whole, as we have said, the acting is better than that of any other theatre in New York. All the smallest parts are well taken. Mr. John Parselle, one of the most competent actors, plays the small rôle of William Fargis. The part of M. Turler is thoroughly well taken by Mr. Owen Fawcett. Miss Esther Henderson and Mrs. Powers, both subordinate

parts, are competently played by Maud Harrison and Mrs. Phillips.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of *The Guv'nor* at Wallack's. The theatres are this year devoted to tragedy, and the reaction from the surfeit of farce, hitherto provided, is a healthy one. But there is such a thing as too much tragedy, and to any one fatigued with emotion such a play as *The Guv'nor* may be strongly recommended. It would be a waste of time to go into the plot. The great hit of the play is the acting of Mr. William Elton in the part of Macclesfield, the deaf boat-builder. In the way of farce acting it is impossible to imagine anything better. His deafness is not a mere difficulty of hearing, but that long-continued, incurable deafness which affects the whole behavior and changes the voice. Even this change of voice Mr. Elton has acquired to perfection, as he has also that fixed manner of attending to what is said that usually characterizes deafness of this sort. The play is too long. Farces ought not to be written in three acts; but if they are to be, there could hardly be a better excuse for it than the opportunity afforded to such an actor as Mr. Elton.

THE GENESIS OF GENIUS.

IN *The Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1880, Dr. William James set forth a brilliant and interesting paper upon the subject of Great Men, Great Thoughts, and the Environment, in which he traversed sundry theories of Mr. Herbert Spencer and other evolutionists. Among them, he devoted several pages to a friendly demolition of my humble self, and more particularly of diverse thoughts of mine on the evolution of national character which I had ventured to pro-

pound in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, some three years since. I am so little accustomed to the dignity of being publicly controverted that I come forward with much diffidence to meet his kindly censure; but as the editor has courteously placed a few pages at my disposal, I shall so far trespass upon his space as briefly to enter into the principal questions in Dr. James's essay which specially affect my own statements. As to the general issues which he raises

against Mr. Spencer and others, they may be safely left in the able hands of Professor Fiske, who, I learn, will already have answered Dr. James in this review before the present article appears. Accordingly, I shall make no apology for confining my attention strictly to those parts of my assailant's argument which are immediately directed against my own positions. And, first of all, I must start by thanking Dr. James for the uniform kindness and courtesy with which he has always treated my writings, — a courtesy which I shall endeavor to imitate in the present paper.

Dr. James begins by asserting as mine an opinion which I was not previously aware of maintaining, — "that individuals have no initiative in determining social change." Such an opinion is of course, on the very face of it, absurd; and one may reasonably doubt if it was ever held by anybody, even in the worst wards of Colney Hatch Asylum. To say that Wickliffe, Luther, and Calvin had nothing to do with initiating the Protestant Reformation, that Jefferson, Washington, and Franklin had nothing to do with initiating the American Revolution, is clearly nonsense. But to say that "the differences between one nation and another, whether in intellect, commerce, art, morals, or general temperament, *ultimately* depend, not upon any mysterious properties of race, nationality, or any other unknown and unintelligible abstractions, but simply and solely upon the physical circumstances to which they are exposed," is quite another thing. The power which a nation possesses of producing a Phidias, a Pericles, and an Æschylus, of begetting Washingtons, Lincolns, and Grants, who may in turn initiate such changes at the ripe moment, is the real problem for which we have to account. That the whole social history of a race depends in part upon the interaction of its units, and especially of those excep-

tional units whom we call great men, any child can see, and none but a fool could deny. But the causes which produce these great men are the things which we want to find out. That Hellas was Hellas in virtue of her individual poets and statesmen and philosophers; that Rome was Rome in virtue of her Scipios, her Cæsars, and her Ciceros; that England is England in virtue of her Shakespeares, her Newtons, and her Hampdens, and, I grieve to say, in virtue also of her Pitts, her Clives, and her Beaconsfields, — all this is as clear as the sun in the heavens. But *why* Hellas rather than India or China should produce a Socrates and an Aristotle, a Parthenon and a Prometheus; *why* Rome rather than Cære or Tusculum should produce a race of ruthless conquerors and marvelous administrators; *why* England rather than Central Africa should produce a Novum Organon and a Paradise Lost, or rather than France and Germany should colonize America and enslave India, — these are the questions which really call for philosophical explanation. To put a simple parallel case, I have ventured to assert that all the heat which drives the steam-engine comes from the coal in the furnace: Dr. James accuses me of neglecting the hot water in the boiler, and declares it to be my opinion that the engine would go equally well if the water were as cold as ice. I answer that the water must certainly be boiling, but that no water boils itself, and that the heat which makes it work the piston and turn the crank all comes ultimately from the coal in the furnace. Or, to translate the metaphor into terms of the present discussion, individual men are the units whose movements make up social changes; but the individual characters themselves, in their totality, are wholly created by the external circumstances.

First of all, we must remember that we have to deal, not with the great men

only, but with the average men of each race. Shakespeare and Newton, and Clive and Hampden, and even Henry VIII., have done much to make England just what she is for good and for evil; but the ordinary law-loving, stubborn, hard-headed, stolid, energetic Englishman has done a great deal more. What we English now are we owe a little to William the Norman and Henry the Angevin, to Cromwell and to Wellington, to Wickliffe and to Wesley, to Darwin and to Spencer; but we owe it a great deal more to the nameless pirates who peopled Kent and East Anglia, to the hunted Celts who hung on to life and liberty in Wales and Cornwall, to the unknown yeomen and artisans of the Middle Ages, to the forgotten Puritans, the buried merchants, the manufacturers and inventors and toilers of later times. What you Americans now are you owe in part to those noble men who gave you your constitution, and to those great workers and soldiers who preserved the Union; but you owe a thousand times more — you above every nation upon earth — to the average American citizen, and to his predecessors, the average colonists of the older days, and the average European settlers of the present time. After Mr. Galton, there is little need to demonstrate that great men themselves are but slight deviations from a general level of intelligence or taste, just as fools are slight deviations on the other side. Except in a generally mechanical race, you will not find a Watt or an Edison; except in a generally literary race, you will not find a Shakespeare or a Goethe; except in a generally æsthetic race, you will not find a Lionardo or a Beethoven. We never see an inborn Raphael at Memphis discovering all the laws of perspective off-hand; we never see an original Channing or Howard springing at once into existence amongst the head-hunting Dyaks; we never see an incongruous New-

ton hitting suddenly upon the law of gravitation in some Zulu village. The great problem for our solution is this: How did Athens, or Rome, or mediæval Italy, attain its general character? and then we can easily answer the further questions. How did they turn out from time to time a Plato, a Pompeius, or a Michelangelo?

Every race possesses a certain mean of character, intellectual, emotional, moral, and æsthetic. From this mean variations arise in every particular on either side; and how they arise we shall inquire further on. But for the present it is sufficient to point out that the variations always bear a certain general proportion to the mean: they seldom very largely defect from it in either direction, and never very largely in the direction of higher or increased powers. The average Englishman has a certain fairly fixed moral, intellectual, and æsthetic nature. Even our deviations are not extreme. A bad Englishman is not usually a cannibal, like the Fijians: a stupid Englishman is not, as a rule, unable to count five, like the Bushmen; a Philistine Englishman does not habitually beat a tom-tom, or smear himself with putrid fat, like the Hottentots. On the other hand, our upward variations are likewise in a certain proportion to our mean. Even a Darwin or a Spencer stands at a comparatively measurable distance from the average run of our naturalists and our philosophical thinkers; even Mr. Morris and Sir Frederick Leighton are in the same category with our average water-color painters and decorative artists. We shall, I hope, see reason hereafter to think that these exceptional individuals are traceable to the convergence of certain special lines of descent; and as such convergences must, on an average, occur, in a settled number of births, a settled number of times, it may fairly be said that the exceptions are necessary products of the mean. And as

such exceptions vary only within modest limits — as the exceptional Hottentots and Digger Indians are at bottom Hottentots and Digger Indians still, while the Platos and Cæsars and Schillers are at bottom Hellenes, or Romans, or Germans still — it may be fairly said to follow that whatever accounts for the mean accounts for the variations as well. For this reason it seems to me that the geographical Hellas — to take a concrete example — not only produced the average Athenians and Syracusans, but also equally produced the Aristotles and Euclids and Archimedes whom the prior existence of the average Athenian and Syracusan alone made possible.

Nor must we overrate the value of the particular great men, individually, as initiators of social change, when viewed in opposition to that general tendency to produce great men which results from the convergence of certain special stocks, and which makes each particular type of great man to some extent a drug in the market of countries like Hellas, England, and America. Dr. James asks, for example, whether England would have to-day an "imperial" ideal, "if a certain boy named Bob Clive had shot himself, as he tried to [do], at Madras." It is much to be feared that she would. Experience of the greedy predatory class produced in England by survival of feudal families, by our still aristocratic government, and by our complication with European politics leads one to fear that if that particular Bob Clive had duly shot himself another and equally unscrupulous Bob Clive would have stolen Bengal all the same. Our circumstances have, unhappily, created amongst us a class of Bob Clive beggeters; and whenever there is a Zululand or an Afghanistan to annex, some Sir Bartle Frere is forthcoming at once to annex it. So, in America, the moment a need arises, you find Washingtons and Franklins, Grants and Seward, ready to hand by the dozen.

If the fabulous Indian had shot the original Washington at his first aim, if whooping-cough had carried off Abraham Lincoln in a Western shanty, the Union would doubtless now be just as intact as ever, and none the less be filled with cheap lithographs of some Jenkins or Smithson who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. And can Dr. James be serious in supposing that nineteenth-century America would have been almost destitute of naturalists but for the one "magnetic personality" of Agassiz? Why, naturalists grow "spontaneously" in such an environment as that of New England.

Briefly put, it is the English nation, the American nation, and the Hellenic nation which need explanation, and whose explanation is to be found in two things, — the stock from which they each descend, and the circumstances in which they are respectively placed. Given these things, the Clives and Washingtons and Alcibiades all follow as a matter of course. Differences of detail there may be in the history, which it is impossible for us, in our general ignorance of detail, to follow out. But that the deviations are products of the mean is a fact which we have only to look about us in order to see.

"A national mind," says Dr. James, "differentiates 'itself' whenever a genius is born in its midst, by reason of causes acting in the invisible and molecular cycle." But this invisible and molecular cycle I emphatically deny. Dr. James tries to show that geniuses belong to the same class of phenomena as what Darwin calls "spontaneous variations." The phrase is a most unfortunate and misleading one, and it is much to be regretted that the father of rational biology should ever have permitted himself to use it, even with his careful explanation of its meaning. Many variations are known to be directly produced by the action of external circumstances;

and even where we cannot prove such a direct action we have good reason for believing in its existence. For example, Mr. Wallace has pointed out that certain insular habitats seem to produce certain special colors in birds and butterflies. Let us see whether something of the same sort is the case with the human mind. Are the variations really "spontaneous," even in Mr. Darwin's guarded sense of the word, or have they not always, on the contrary, an obvious external cause? First, we will hear Dr. James's view of the question, and then we will try to examine its validity.

"So of the Greek mind," says Dr. James, discoursing concerning eggs and omelets. "To get such versatile intelligence it may be that such commercial dealings with the world as the geographical Hellas afforded are a necessary condition. But if they are a sufficient condition, why did not the Phœnicians outstrip the Greeks in intelligence? *No geographical environment can produce a given type of mind. It can only foster and further certain types fortuitously produced, and thwart and frustrate others. Once again, its function is simply selective, and determines what shall actually be only by destroying what is positively incompatible.*"

Before I proceed to examine the passages which I have taken the liberty to italicize, let me pause a moment to point out the strange confusion about the Phœnicians. Surely it is clear enough that the Phœnicians resembled the Hellenes in neither of the two points which I have laid down as determining causes of national character, — original race and geographical conditions. They were Semites, not Aryans; and they lived in Phœnicia, not in Hellas. To

recur to Dr. James's own egg illustration: I have asserted that if you put a fresh hen's egg under a hen the result will be a chicken; and Dr. James objects that somebody put an addled duck's egg into hot water, and did n't get even a duckling. It seems to me that *if* the Phœnicians had been Aryans, and *if* they had lived in Hellas, then they would have been Hellenes: *voilà tout*. But as they were Semites, with a very different character already built up by their previous circumstances, and as they lived in Phœnicia, a very different country from Hellas, they were, on the whole, a very different people. Their commerce *did* make them intelligent, — how intelligent we really hardly know, for we have no Phœnician literature to speak of; but if we may judge from their neighbors and kinsmen, the Jews, in ancient and modern times, their intelligence was probably of a very high order; and their geographical position generally, affording a connection as it did with Egypt, Assyria, and Hellas, while leaving them open to attack from Persia, produced just the results upon their character that one would have expected it to produce. Here, it appears to me, Dr. James's objection simply helps to enforce my thesis.¹

Similarly, on the very next page, Dr. James uses an analogy of animal life, borrowed from Mr. Wallace, which really tells against his own argument. He points out that Borneo closely resembles New Guinea in climate and aspect, while it is totally unlike it in fauna. But if he had read Mr. Wallace a little more carefully he would have noticed that this difference is itself due to geographical causes and original diversity of race; for New Guinea long formed part of the

¹ I do not care to press this Phœnician side issue; but I think, if we consider sundry facts, we shall come to the conclusion that the Phœnicians really were very clever people. They invented the alphabet; they made exquisite *repoussé* metal work; and they excelled all surrounding nations in art. Homer speaks of them with the unfeigned admiration of a barbarian for civilized men; and

Herodotus mentions that they alone of all Xerxes' subjects equalled the Hellenes in engineering skill. The energy of the Carthaginians, the organizing power of Hamilcar in Spain, the genius of Hannibal, the terror with which the Romans, ages afterward, regarded Punic faith and the *Dirus Afer*, the colonizing tendency, the explorations of Hanno, — all point in the same direction.

Australian continent, while Borneo was continuous with Asia; and hence the original species peopling the two were different, and the difference has been increased by the competition of higher forms in Borneo which are absent in New Guinea.

And now let us come to Dr. James's main point, the mode in which mental varieties are first evolved. Are they, as Dr. James asserts, "fortuitously produced," or are they, as Mr. Herbert Spencer thinks, functionally produced?

It seems to me that the nervous system stands in this respect on quite a different footing from any other portion of the animal organism. We can imagine a series of comparatively fortuitous circumstances which might make an animal, usually black, be born with white hair; and we can easily believe that this idiosyncrasy, due at first to some mere special molecular collocation, might prove so useful to the creature in question as to give it an extra chance in the struggle for existence, and enable it to hand down its peculiarities to its descendants, who would thus form a permanent variety. But can we imagine a part of the nervous system, answering as it does so directly to some part of the external environment, to be thus produced? Supposing, by any fortuitous chance, any mere molecular combination,—due to special peculiarities of the environment of an ovum or to its "gemmules," if you will,—that a single new cell or ganglion or fibre were added to some portion of an animal's brain: why on earth should that new organ answer in any way to any fact of the environment? If it added a factor to consciousness at all, ought not that factor, in all human probability, to be a purely wild or insane one? If any brain, human or animal, had in it any such extraordinary or supernumerary elements, added as mere sports, would we not expect them to be quite meaningless? And if any brain were largely made up of such elements,

would we not rightly expect it to produce an incoherent madman rather than a genius?

On the other hand, the only probable genesis yet proposed for the nervous system represents it as essentially functional in origin. Evolutionism has been lucky in the fact that, while it had Mr. Darwin to build up the genesis of external form by means of "fortuitous" variations, it had Mr. Spencer to build up the genesis of nerves by functional adaptation. The Physical Synthesis does this as the Origin of Species did the other. Great as he is, Mr. Darwin is no psychologist. His theory fails him when he touches mind. There direct adaptation has done everything, and indirect adaptation nothing. Each new accretion to the nervous system seems to have been acquired in the course of practical action. And how a nervous system or a brain could ever have grown up in any other way is to me, I confess, inconceivable. Why should a new bulb of nerve matter, growing up just by molecular accidents, have any sort of relation to the color blue, or to the number fifty-four, or to the act of catching a fish, or to the instability of the homogeneous, or to any one of them more than another? If all brain elements had been functionally developed in the course of human or animal activities, their orderly relation to the environment would be natural and comprehensible; but if they have been fortuitously produced, their orderliness and their relation to external facts are simple miracles. Just let us try to figure to ourselves a heavenly genius born into the world with half a dozen totally new brain elements, and then let us try to fancy reasons why these elements should have one particular function rather than another. Are the new organs to make him into a general, or a painter, or the discoverer of an unknown science; or are they to give him a fresh talent for card-sharping, or a hitherto unequalled power of walking

a tight-rope? To my humble intelligence the notion of accidental brains seems simply monstrous and incredible.

But if, on the other hand, we suppose nervous systems to be functionally developed, all the facts which we know are adequately explained. We know that those nations whose circumstances have placed them in the best position for exercising their intellects have the highest intellects, and that those whose circumstances have least called forth their powers have the lowest. We know that in each class and each family and each individual, exercise sharpens the intelligence and disuse blunts it. We know that where families have for ages carried on certain pursuits, they are exceptionally fitted for those pursuits; and we know, on the other hand, that where there has been ancestrally no habit of carrying on any particular activity, the power of carrying it on at all is usually weak or wanting. If fortuitous genius were to spring up independent of function, we might find an occasional philosopher among the naked Australians, or a stray Cimabue among the half-human Veddahs. But as we see nothing of the sort, our faith in the functional origin of brain and nerve tissue generally is greatly strengthened.

How, then, are we to account for the occasional appearance of the individual genius? Is he not, by his very name, the man who does what nobody else ever has done or can do? Is he not an originator of fresh paths, a being endowed with faculties which are peculiar to himself? I think, not quite. Viewed in a sober light, and apart from the ecstatic exaggeration which we usually consider it necessary to throw into our estimate of greatness, the genius is only a step or two above the other men of his race and time. His peculiarity is that he possesses in some one department a few

more elements of mind than most other people his contemporaries; that he combines in himself a certain large number of mind factors, all or nearly all of which are to be severally found in other people, but which are not to be found in any other one person in the same combination. He is merely a special complex of the ordinary race qualities. What makes him individually so rather than any other person?

Every individual is what he is in virtue of his heredity, though the same heredity may come out very differently even in twin brothers. Nevertheless, each personage represents an aggregate of peculiarities derived from some one or many among his ancestors, and recombined in him in a new form. That he should at birth possess any totally new brain elements appears to me simply incredible; though he may perhaps to some slight extent functionally increase the total of his brain elements during his own life,—perhaps, as Dr. Bastian suggests, by the development of neuroglia cells into nerve cells, and the formation of new connecting fibres out of the neuroglia threads. Every individual, amongst human beings, is the direct product of two prior organisms; and he combines elements found in both of them, and sometimes also elements latent in them, but existing in still earlier organisms of the same series. In the main, I suppose we are all agreed that what each man is he is already potentially at birth: whatever little can be added by himself is at best but an infinitesimal fraction, compared with what he derived directly from his parents or indirectly from his earlier ancestry.¹

Now, in very homogeneous societies, like that of the Veddahs or the Australians, or even to some extent the North American Indians, every man's life closely resembles every other man's. The James, including a father and two sons, whose marked and subtle individuality has attracted the attention of many on both sides the Atlantic?

¹ Shall I be violating the courtesy of controversy if I add that one of the most interesting studies in heredity which I have ever met is that afforded by a gifted Boston family of the name of

functions they each have to perform are almost exactly the same. Hence every child is born of a father and mother whose whole previous ancestry has been quite homogeneous; and the child inherits from them a brain and nervous system of the relatively fixed ancestral type. Idiosyncrasies of temper and other minor points there will be, no doubt; but wide divergences there can hardly be. Deficiencies, of course, may occur anywhere; and so there may be idiots and fools among the Veddahs and the Australian black-fellows as well as among ourselves. But large constructive additions to the brain there cannot be. We cannot fancy one of these people being born with a capricious, miraculous, wholly accidental set of organs, adapted for writing the *Principia* or even Euclid's *Elements*. The ideas of number and size and shape and ratio must be slowly evolved, and corresponding elements superadded to the brain (as Mr. Spencer has shown in one of the most masterly parts of his *Psychology*) before such complex ideas can become matters of thought at all. In the homogeneous skulking life of the Bushman, or the homogeneous hunting and fighting life of the Red Indian, there is no occasion for the functional activities which might conceivably beget such a structure in the course of long generations.

With a heterogeneous society, however, such as that of the Hellenes, the English, or the Americans, infinitely differentiated by its geographical circumstances into classes, mercantile, political, military, manufacturing, artistic, agricultural, — with its sailors, its artisans, its handicraftsmen, and its idle aristocracy, — each individual is perpetually giving full play to all sorts of special activities, differing from those of the remainder. Thus there arise numberless varieties of functionally-acquired brain elements, directly transmitted from each to each. And as every individual is the son of two parents, the grandson

of four grandparents, the great-grandson of eight earlier ancestors, and so on *ad infinitum*, he may combine in himself the various brain elements derived from a large number of separate progenitors. Whenever an Athenian citizen married an Athenian girl, by whom he had offspring, he caused a conveyance of certain special ancestral lines, each of which itself summed up a vast number of others, every one of them more or less distinct. In such circumstances, there may result almost any combination of the various functionally-acquired powers and faculties. The child born may be below the average, or just up to the average, or a great deal above the average. The play of those unseen but none the less purely physical causes of which Dr. James makes so much will produce different results in different cases. But, in the average of cases, there must follow a certain percentage of more highly endowed individuals, — individuals, that is to say, who combine in themselves an unusually large number of potential faculties; and natural selection, acting upon the whole mass, will as a rule favor these better endowed individuals, who will then hand on their peculiarities, to be again crossed and re-crossed with those of other stocks which have equally survived in the sharper competition of such a differentiated community. Those slightly above the average will be called clever people; those a great deal above it will be called able people; and those immensely above it will be called geniuses.

Moreover, the combinations may be of very special kinds. There may be the union in one man of moderately high faculties in many directions, which is versatility. Or there may be the convergence of specially high faculties in a single line, which is talent. Or there may be high powers of combination between groups of faculties, which is philosophical intellect. Here it may be the aesthetic side of a man's nature which is

richly endowed from his ancestry; there it may be the imaginative side; and yonder, again, the practical, political, or money-making side. But whatever be the original endowments, high or low, they must be an inheritance from one or more ancestors, though they may be slightly increased by functional activity during each man's life-time, and handed down again in fuller forms to those who come after.

"Sporadic great men," observes Dr. James, "come everywhere." True, among the Veddahs, there are doubtless sporadically great Veddahs, with exceptional talents for climbing trees and beating tom-toms. But the great point is not to account for these men, who must arise, as *exceptions*, everywhere: it is to account for the general level of Hellas, or Judea, or England, which makes an Aristotle, an Isaiah, or a Locke possible. If you can account for the average, you have accounted for the exceptions, which must, as a mathematical necessity, arise from the constant blending of variously constituted stocks. And when we ask, What accounts for the average? there is only one answer possible: The geographical environment. To suppose, as Dr. James does, that we can owe all the wealth of intellect and æsthetic fancy which characterized Periclean Athens to the mere accidental play of molecules and gemmules is really to suppose it

uncaused. I look at the physical conditions of Hellas, and I find a country which naturally called forth the varied activity of its sons, and which could not fail to produce functionally-acquired increments of brain. I see that these new functionally-acquired structures must have been handed down from father to son, in infinite varieties of intercrossing and combination. I can see no way in which this could fail to beget a high average of intelligence, together with occasional deviations of exceptional intelligence. When there is this real and known cause adequate to produce all the results, why should we go out of our way to suppose they must be produced by the occasional miraculous birth of somebody, with some totally new brain-elements in his head, miraculously adapted *à priori* to certain external facts, such as writing *The Birds* or carving the *Athene Promachus*? Is not this really the doctrine of special creations intervening in the very midst of the historical series?

Dr. James does not think so. "No geographical environment," he says dogmatically, "can produce a given type of mind. It can only foster and further certain types fortuitously produced." I might oppose his dogmatism by an equally dogmatic contradiction; but I prefer to ask, How does he know this? Will not geographical environment mould¹

¹ May I beg, as a special favor, that this word may be printed *mould*, not *mold*? Had I been brought up in America I do not question that I should have willingly spelt it in the latter manner; but my geographical environment has so prejudiced me on this matter that it caused me genuine dismay to see it attributed to me under that form in the excerpts quoted from my article by Dr. James. "But," says somebody, "surely the difference is due to the personal influence of Dr. Noah Webster." Believe me, no; a skin-deep criticism. In old England, our historical feeling keeps us true to the ancient spelling; in new America, a man is found to make alterations, and all the world follows him at once. We are more conservative; you are more rational. Outside old Puritan and literary Boston, how many Americans would object, like Dr. Holmes, on historical and philological grounds, to spelling his name "Homes"?

[We are very glad to oblige our amiable transatlantic contributor by putting a superfluous letter into his mold. "You kin spall an' punctooate as you please," says Mr. Hosea Biglow. "I allus do. . . . Ef I squeeze the cents out of 'em it's the main thing, an' wut they wuz made fur; wut's left's jest pummis." While freely admitting, however, that we are more rational, we must question whether we are less conservative than our English cousins in the spelling of our common tongue. Dr. Webster gives much earlier authorities than himself for spelling mold without the u; and old books will doubtless show both spellings and three or four others, according to the printer's exigency in spacing out his line. Our cousins are probably clinging to one misspelling, while we are clinging to another. Of course, nobody *really* knows how to spell mold.]

and alter an individual character to a certain slight extent? Does not the American continent produce certain modifications of character in most settlers? May not these modifications be transmitted to descendants, and be gradually accumulated so as to bring about a new type? In short, is there any such thing as functional alteration of character, and is there any reason why such alteration should have any necessary limit? It is just like the Darwinian question about origin of species: How do you know that species are fixed, and that infinitesimal variations will not in time produce immense results?

Moreover, as Dr. James himself acknowledges, your genius is nothing without his environment. There could have been no Shakespeare if the Elizabethan audience of the Globe had not been prepared to appreciate the delicate fancy of *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the vulgar badinage of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. There would have been no Giotto if the Italian monks and bishops had not possessed a sufficient æsthetic sense to admire the Madonna of Assisi, and to give fresh orders for the churches of Florence. Your genius is directed by his *milieu*, and reacts again upon his *milieu*. But both genius and *milieu* are products of the geographical conditions. Athens had a Parthenon, not because there was a Phidias there ready to build one, but because there was a large body of citizens who wanted a Parthenon built. The geographical conditions had set most Athenians on the artistic groove, and thus many among them took to art as their most natural career. The same thing that made the many into art critics made the few into artists. Had Phidias died in his cradle there would have been a Parthenon all the same.

But the figures on the frieze would have been a little different, Dr. James will perhaps object. Ah, yes; *if* Phidias had died of measles. But Phidias

did n't, and that is just the whole root of the question. A great many clever children are born in towns like Athens and Boston: some of them die young, and some of them don't. But their dying or surviving is itself a product of the physical conditions, just as much as anything else. If we knew *all* the circumstances, we could explain *everything*, down to the very twist of Theseus' leg, or the exact phrases that Hawthorne puts into the mouth of his elf-child. But we don't know all, so we can only explain approximately. We take refuge in the approximate theory of averages. We may allow that a certain number of the clever children will die; but there will be enough left to carve the Niobe and the Discobolus, to pour forth the Agamemnon and the Ajax, to write the *Scarlet Letter* and *Evangeline* and *Daisy Miller*. What we have really to explain is the force which produces the average man of each race; and the extraordinary men must come in their turn. They may each produce relatively slight effects which will give to the total a twist slightly different from that which it would otherwise have taken. These minor points we cannot adequately explain, for want of grasp of detail. But the petty differences impressed upon individual Greek minds by Plato, or Aristotle, or Zeno are nothing at all compared with the vast differences between every Greek mind and every Egyptian or Chinese mind. We may neglect them in a philosophy of history, just as in calculating the impetus of a locomotive we neglect the extra impulse given it by a single piece of better coal.

Dr. James accuses me of "shrieking about the law of universal causation being undone, the moment we refuse to invest in the kind of causation which is being peddled round by a particular school." Now, barring that word "shrieking," which I do not think can be justly applied to anything in the two papers Dr. James undertakes to criticise, I plead

guilty to the impeachment. Causation is either causation or nothing. Dr. James's "fortuitous" and "spontaneous" variations, however carefully he may veil them, are merely long names for miracles. They are not Mr. Darwin's variations: they are simply uncaused facts. The theory of functionally produced increments of the nervous system is a theory of causation: the theory of spontaneous variations accidentally producing genius is, like Mr. Bagehot's crude notions in Physics and Politics, nothing more than a deification of Caprice, conceived as an entity capable of initiating changes outside the order of physical causation.

And, talking of shrieks, what are we to say of Dr. James's peroration? — "I think that all who have had the patience to follow me thus far will agree that the Spencerian 'philosophy' of social and intellectual progress is an obsolete anachronism, reverting to a pre-Darwinian type of thought, just as the Spencerian philosophy of 'force,' effacing all the previous phenomenal distinctions between *vis viva*, potential energy, momentum, work, force, mass,

etc., which physicists have with so much agony achieved, carries us back to a pre-Galilean age." Now, if these be facts, how is it that Mr. Spencer should still receive so much countenance from our greatest physicist, Professor Tyndall, and from our greatest biologists, Professor Huxley and Sir Joseph Hooker? How is it that his Biology and Psychology have been adopted as a ground-work by all our rising physiologists, such as Romanes, Bastian, and Lankester? How is it that they attach special importance to that theory of nerve genesis which Dr. James finds so old-fashioned? How is it that every prominent Darwinian has accepted this pre-Darwinian creed, and that Dr. James stands alone amongst all the younger physiologists, ranged by the side of a purely obstructive and clerical opposition? How is it that almost every scientific man regards the "obsolete anachronism" as Mr. Spencer's justest title to philosophic respect? Dr. James ought to be more measured in his statements. He is a brilliant and a subtle thinker; but in science he should remember that it is a bad thing to find one's self in a minority of one.

Grant Allen.

BEFORE DAWN.

A KEEN, insistent hint of dawn
Came from the mountain height;
A wan, uncertain gleam betrayed
The faltering of the night.

The emphasis of silence made
The fog above the brook
Intensely pale; the trees took on
A haunted, haggard look.

Such quiet came, expectancy
Filled all the earth and sky;
Time seemed to pause a little space;
I heard a dream go by!

Maurice Thompson.

THE WIVES OF POETS.

III.

IN resuming our study of the Wives of Poets, I need only say by way of reminder that in my first articles I explained the general nature of the undertaking, and considered the foreign poets and their wives; in the present one I shall have to consider the English-speaking poets and *their* wives; and inquire, in conclusion, whether a general view of the whole subject, so far as I have been able to carry it, does or does not confirm a somewhat prevalent belief that poets are not prosperous as married men, or (to put it axiomatically), the better the poet, the worse the husband. This is all the preliminary that I shall allow myself on the present occasion, for we have a great deal of ground to travel over in considering the British poets individually, and I must address myself at once to that task.

Our first poet will be Edmund Spenser, the author of *The Faery Queen*, who was born in London of a Lancashire family in 1553. Some think he was born a few years earlier; but I observe in one of his love sonnets, written towards 1592-3, a remark that he had then been a year in love, and was full forty years old, and this confirms the date 1553 with much exactness. After leaving the university, Spenser lived unoccupied in the North of England, and is said to have been there enamored of the lady whom he celebrated under the name of Rosalind in his first conspicuous work, *The Shepherd's Calendar*; this passion, however, came to nothing. Afterwards, in 1580, Spenser went to Ireland as secretary to the lord deputy; and he obtained a considerable grant of land in the County Cork, including the Castle of Kilcolman. In 1589 his fame was much enlarged by the publication of

the opening cantos of *The Faery Queen*. He was styled Queen Elizabeth's laureate, and received a pension of £50 per annum. In October, 1598, in consequence of an outbreak of the disaffected, Spenser's house was burned; a new-born child perished in the ruins, and the poet and his wife, with two surviving sons, had to fly for their lives to England. Very shortly after this, on January 13, 1599, he died in London,—it has been alleged, "for lack of bread," but we may fairly doubt whether this is literally true, and surmise rather that the shock of his late terrible calamity and its many attendant hardships had shattered his constitution.

Spenser was a man of reserved and gentle character, which we find indicated in his face according to the best authenticated of the portraits; of grateful heart and religious mind, which took a rather strong anti-Catholic bias; endowed with an uncommon extent of learning and with proportionate self-esteem.

Of his wife we know very little. It used to be said that she was a simple Irish peasant-girl but this tradition, which I should have liked to believe in honor of old Ireland and the fair ones native to her soil, is now shelved, and she is understood to have been a gentlewoman of station corresponding to that of Spenser himself. Her Christian name is recorded, Elizabeth, but not her surname. Of her fate after Spenser's death I find no account. The poet has left us a considerable amount of verse about this lady,—eighty-eight sonnets composed prior to marriage, and the elaborate, stately, and joyous *Epithalamium*. From the latter we learn that the wedding took place on the longest day of the year. The sonnets do not give us much information about the damsel of a definite kind. They indicate

that she was not easily won; and they speak of "the deep wit that true heart's thought can spell," of "that proud port which her so goodly graceth," and of "her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red." The beauty most frequently insisted on is her golden hair, as in these lines:—

"What guile is this that those her golden tresses
She doth attire under a net of gold,
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses
That *which* is gold or hair may scarce be
told?"

And here is a graceful little sonnet on some of her embroidery-work representing, as we shall see, a bee and a spider, on which the poet puts his own interpretation:—

"I joy to see how in your drawn work
Yourself unto the bee ye do compare,
And me unto the spider that doth lurk
In close await to catch her unaware.
Right so yourself were caught in cunning snare
Of a dear foe, and thrall'd to his love,
In whose strait bands ye now captivèd are
So firmly that ye never may remove.
But, as your work is woven all about
With woodbine-flowers and fragrant eglantine,
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove
With many dear delights bedeck'd fine;
And all thenceforth eternal peace shall see
Between the spider and the gentle bee."

The greatest of human intellects, William Shakespeare, is the poet whom we have next to consider. The little that is known about him is so familiar to all that, save so far as concerns his marital relations, I shall say nothing of it, beyond reminding the reader that he was born in April, 1564, probably on the 23d of the month, and died on the same day of 1616, aged fifty-two.

At the singularly early age of eighteen Shakespeare married a damsel eight years older than himself, Anne Hathaway, daughter of a thriving yeoman at Shottery who had died about a year previous. There is every reason to suppose that during the courtship Anne had been less prudent than confiding: consequently the pair were united after a single asking of the banns, and, in order to save the licensing bishop and his officers harmless for such an irregularity, two friends of the Hathaways,

Sandalls and Richardson, had to enter beforehand into a bond of indemnity, dated November 28, 1582. The wedding then ensued; and on May 26, 1583, Shakespeare's first child, Susanna, was baptized. She was followed in 1585, by twins, Hamnet and Judith, and apparently there were not any other children of the marriage. In the dramatist's play of *Twelfth Night* we find a few lines which suggest that the difference of age between himself and his wife was not unnaturally regarded by him as falling on the wrong side:—

"Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy (however we do praise ourselves),
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are. . . .
Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent."

How did Shakespeare demean himself as a married man? This is a question which some of us would very much like to solve, but the materials are scanty, and we can at best arrive at an approximate solution. Shakespeare quitted Stratford-on-Avon in or before 1586,—in consequence, perhaps, of that affair we have all heard about, the stealing of Sir Thomas Lucy's deer from Charlecote; *perhaps*, by no means certainly: he unquestionably went to London and became an actor. That he at first left his wife and children behind at Stratford is so probable that we may almost assume it as a fact; whether they did or did not afterwards rejoin him in the capital is quite unknown. There is, at any rate, sufficient evidence that he had not been long in London before he began providing for his ultimate resettling in Stratford; and he visited the place frequently, possibly as often as once in each year. The virtue of marital constancy was perhaps not the one of all others which Shakespeare, under the circumstances of his profession and its surroundings, was likely to practice; and, if we accept his sonnets as fairly repre-

senting certain incidents and emotions in his own life, — and I am of those who do so accept them, — we must decidedly say that in one instance, at least, he was faithless to his marriage-vow. Certain of the later sonnets do undoubtedly indicate — unless we choose to construe them in some figurative or extraneous sense — that Shakespeare was captivated by a dark-complexioned married woman, of very irregular character, from whom he could not disentangle himself, although conscious that she was playing fast and loose with him, and encouraging, along with his own, the addresses of an intimate friend of his. The precise date of this affair is not ascertainable; it was not earlier than 1597, nor later than 1609, when the poet was respectively thirty-three and forty-five years of age, and the probability is that the incident occurred nearer the earlier than the later of these two dates. There are also two other stories, — one relating to Mrs. Davenant, who kept a hostelry in Oxford and became the mother of Sir William Davenant, and the second relating to some citizen dame of London; but these I need not further discuss, as the evidence regarding them is mere matter of anecdotal tradition or surmise. Indeed, it has quite recently been alleged (but without any details published) that Mrs. Davenant's character is now finally vindicated.

Not later than 1612, when he was forty-eight years of age, Shakespeare was resettled in Stratford as a man of no little opulence and position, owner of New Place, the principal mansion in the town. His wife and his second daughter, Judith, lived with him. The son had died in 1596, and the elder daughter, Susanna, had in 1607 married a well-reputed local physician, Dr. Hall. Only two months before Shakespeare's death Judith also married, her husband being a vintner, Mr. Thomas Guiney. This daughter could not write, but Susanna could. The poet's will was drawn up

just prior to the wedding, and was executed after it, the great bulk of his property being left to Mrs. Hall. To his wife he bequeathed nothing originally, and then, by an interlineation, merely his second-best bed with its furniture. This point, standing unexplained, might certainly seem to show that he regarded her with indifference, or some repugnance; but it is explained by one simple and undeniable fact, — that his estates were almost all freehold, and that the existing law gave his widow an adequate provision out of those estates, under the name of dower. She survived her husband seven years, dying in August, 1623, aged sixty-seven.

From the various details which I have here put together my inference is that Shakespeare was not devotedly attached to his wife; but to go beyond this (as has often been done), and say that he slighted or disliked her, appears to savor more of guess-work than of deduction.

From the mightiest of all English poets, and, as Englishmen generally (and I among them) believe, the mightiest on the whole of all poets whensoever or wheresoever, I pass to one who is comparatively obscure, John Donne, commonly called by his ecclesiastical designation, Dr. Donne. This writer, considered simply as a poet, is, however, quite worthy to figure in our list; and the more than commonly interesting and touching incidents of his married life withhold me from passing him over. Donne was one of those authors whom Dryden, and after him Dr. Johnson, called "metaphysical poets;" poets, that is, whose writings are full of labored, fanciful, non-natural thoughts and images, — intellectual "conceits," as we now call them, — borrowed from all regions of speculation or of scholarship, and dragged into the service or disservice of his subject matter (so to speak) by the head and shoulders. This we rightly account a very serious and indeed a very exasperating defect: never-

theless, Donne was a true master in his own style, and a genuine poet, many of whose verses we can read with acute delight, while many others, crabbed and strained though they are, repay, by their depth and brilliancy of thought, the rather fatiguing study which they exact from their reader. But critical estimate of Donne as a poet is not my business now: I will therefore at once proceed to the facts of his life, and especially his married life.

John Donne, the son of a rich London merchant, was born in the capital in 1573. His relatives were Roman Catholics; he looked into the question himself before he was fully of age, and became a Protestant. In 1596-97, having first squandered in excesses a handsome fortune left him by his father, he accompanied the Earl of Essex in his expeditions against Cadiz and the Azores, and afterwards passed some years in Italy and Spain. On his return he became secretary, for about five years, to Lord Elsinore. This nobleman was uncle to a youthful and beautiful lady, daughter of Sir George More, lieutenant of the Tower. The young people fell in love, and were clandestinely married. When the secret came to light Donne was not only dismissed from his employment, but was committed to prison along with the good-natured friend who had given the bride away; they were, however, speedily released. Next an expensive law proceeding had to be commenced by Donne for the recovery of his bride; and this exhausted the scanty remains of his fortune. In their poverty they were housed by his kinsman, Sir Francis Wooley, at Pirford, in Surrey; and at last Sir George More consented to pay a portion for his daughter, and they settled at Mitcham, still with very straitened means, and afterwards in London. In 1612, Donne was urged to travel on the Continent with another patron of his, Sir Robert Drury; his wife, who was then ill, demurred, but the motives which

urged him to go were too strong, and he departed. At Paris, he is said to have had a distressing vision of his wife with her hair hanging over her shoulders, holding a dead child; and in fact it turned out that on that very same night she had given birth to a still-born infant. Returning to London, Donne relinquished the study of the civil and canon law, on which he had been engaged, and was finally persuaded to take orders in the church. This he did, but only after much self-questioning and studious preparation.

The poems of Donne consist partly of so-called Divine Poems, — religious effusions which were chiefly composed in the very youthful days of his Catholicism; and partly of Secular Poems, — satires, love verses, etc., many of which are secular indeed, and give promise of anything rather than the priestly office, or personal sanctity. These also belong mostly to his youth, few of them being later than 1600: one most remarkable work, *The Progress of the Soul*, dates in 1601. But the heat and license of his youth had for some years past been assuaged in a happy and loving, though trouble-crossed marriage; and by the time that he took orders — at the age of forty, more or less — he was qualified to do justice to his sacred profession, and he soon shone forth preëminently, both as a man of evangelical life and as a powerful preacher. Not long afterwards, in 1617, his beloved wife died, leaving seven children, — the survivors of a large family of eleven. Donne's health suffered from this bereavement, and he went for a while to Germany. Towards 1619 he was made Dean of St. Paul's. He died of consumption in March, 1631.

Among Donne's love poems there are three addressed to his wife: probably more than three. The first shows that, soon after their as yet undetected marriage, a project was started that Donne should go abroad, to France and Italy,

and his bride was bent upon accompanying him habited as a page: the poem is an earnest dissuasive against this rashly romantic scheme. It begins, —

"By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our long-starving hopes, by that remorse
Which my words' masculine-persuasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts which spies and rivals threatened me,
I calmly beg."

Further on he speaks of "thy else almighty beauty," and prettily says that, spite of her proposed page's attire,

"All will spy in thy face
A blushing, womanly, discovering grace."

The second poem is named *The Anniversary*, and was written on the first yearly recurrence of the day when Donne and the lady had originally met: it speaks of himself and his bride as being sovereigns and subjects each of the other, and ends, —

"Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore: this is the second of our
reign."

The third poem is a song written on the occasion I have already mentioned, when Donne had to journey to France, and his wife was loath to part from him, —

"Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee."

It ranks among his most graceful productions, and is comparatively simple: I would gladly quote it, were my space less restricted.

I shall now go on to John Milton, — one of the poets most constantly cited as having had ill-fortune in marriage. As to this, we must at starting remember that Milton married thrice, and we should not confound his fate with his second and third wives with that which befell him with the first. The details, very much condensed, are as follows: —

Milton, born in London on December 9, 1608, and occupied during his early manhood in superintending the education of various youths, — keeping, as we might say, a semi-private school, —

was thirty-six years of age when, in 1644, he married Mary Powell, aged perhaps twelve years less, daughter of a royalist gentleman and magistrate living at Forest Hill, Oxfordshire. The Powells were a large and social family, and were king's men. Milton, though still young and in person remarkably comely, was of grave and somewhat austere temperament, a Puritan and a Parliament's man. This contrast between the two houses, combined (it is said) with often hearing the school-boys cry when they were beaten, was of itself enough to indispose Mary to her new position. At the close of the first month she went to pay a visit to her parents; failed to return at the appointed time; and, acting more especially at her mother's instigation, paid no heed to her husband's letters and messages of recall. Milton was not exactly the man to stand this: it flashed upon his mind that a wife whose temper is uncongenial is a wife who ought to be divorced. He therefore published in rapid succession *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*; *Tetrachordon*, or *Expositions upon the four chief Places in Scripture which treat of Marriage*; *The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce and Colasterion*. These writings were displeasing to the Presbyterian divines at Westminster, who got the author summoned before the House of Lords; they, however, soon dismissed him. Some of the expressions in the books are very symptomatic of what lurked in the indignant husband's mind. For instance, "The bashful muteness of a virgin may oftentimes hide all the unliveliness and natural sloth which is really unfit for conversation;" or, "a mute and spiritless mate;" or, "an image of earth and phlegm." But to write books was mere skirmishing; to gain the battle he must marry again, and Milton, without more ado, set about courting a lady of great sense and beauty, daughter of Dr. Davies. She, it appears, was not

exactly favorable to his suit; at any rate, Mrs. Milton settled the question by a tardy but complete submission. The royal cause had been ruined by the battle of Naseby, in June, 1645; and political concurred with conjugal prudence to counsel her. Milton was one day visiting a relative, Mr. Blackborough, in St. Martin's Lane, when his wife made her appearance, and implored his forgiveness: she fell at his knees, and the two, it is said, mingled their tears. The poet pardoned his offending wife; took her home as soon as a new home was provided for her in Barbican; treated her kindly, and, with an admirable breadth of generosity, received into his house also her father and brothers, who were exposed to sequestration. The brothers, the father having died meanwhile, remained with him as long as was needed, — a year or thereabouts. It has lately been suggested that something more than mere wifely contumacy, something more than mere divergence of political and religious convictions, was at the bottom of the dispute between Milton and his spouse; that she in fact revealed to her family matters of interest to King Charles's cause with which she became acquainted in her husband's house, and that the Powells used these to some effect. On this point all I can say is that no direct evidence in support of the surmise is adduced.

It does not appear that Milton ever retracted or relinquished the bold opinions he had published regarding divorce; but that he was unhappy with his reinstalled wife is a supposition which, however plausible, remains unproved. Lines scattered here and there in his poems countenance, without exactly verifying, it. Four children were born to him, and three of them survived their mother, who died soon after the birth of the last, Deborah, in May, 1652.

Milton was probably almost blind at the date of Mary's death, for the loss of his sight is ascribed immediately to his

having written, spite of the warnings of physicians, a work in defense of the great English republic, printed in 1651: at all events, he was, toward the end of 1653, totally blind, through paralysis of the optic nerve. In November, 1656, he remarried, taking to wife Catherine, daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney. The marriage was ratified by an alderman, not by any ecclesiastical person. In fourteen months she also was dead, expiring in childbirth. Even Milton himself has hardly written a nobler sonnet than the one which he consecrated to her beloved memory, and which is enough to satisfy us that in her at least he had found, would but fate have permitted it, the true partner of his life and heart. The sonnet will not be new to any of my readers, but I cannot refrain from quoting it: —

"Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestit from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband
gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spots of childbed taint
Purification in the old law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white pure as her mind.
Her face was veiled; yet, to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But oh, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night."

Having remained a widower for about five years, and meanwhile having witnessed, though not with eyes, the downfall of the Commonwealth, and the Restoration of Charles II., Milton in 1663, on the recommendation of a friend, espoused Elizabeth Minshull, daughter of a gentleman of Wistaston, near Nantwich, in Cheshire: he was opposed to the idea of marrying a widow. Elizabeth was about thirty years younger than himself, with golden hair; probably a good-looking as well as lady-like woman, and seemingly of peaceful and agreeable humor. Yet she is said to have been a

rather harsh step-mother, and one account (which we are not bound to credit implicitly) represents her as a termagant. This was a childless union; and we may reasonably opine that there was nothing in it, on either side, even distantly resembling the authentic passion of love. At the same time it would appear that Milton was well contented with the kindly and unremitting attentions rendered to him by Elizabeth; and that Elizabeth ("Betty," as he called her) liked and respected Milton well enough to do without grudging all that it was incumbent upon her to perform for him. She would often write down from his dictation some twenty or thirty verses before he rose in the morning. She also frequently sang to him, and he remarked that she had a good voice, but no ear. There are two anecdotes—the first possibly true, and the second certainly—which show the terms upon which the spouses lived. The first purports that Charles II., conscious of the European reputation attaching to Milton as the Latin secretary of the preceding government, wished to retain his services in the same or some similar capacity. This the staunch hero of republicanism declined; and, when his wife remonstrated, he said, "You, as other women, would ride in your coach: for me, my aim is to live and die an honest man." The second anecdote shows us Milton and his wife together at dinner, about four months before the poet's death, which took place from gout on November 8, 1674, in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields. Mrs. Milton had prepared for the meal some viand which suited her husband's taste; and he observed, "God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise in providing me with such dishes as I think fit whilst I live, and when I die thou knowest that I have left thee all." There is a nearly similar and equally well-attested anecdote about another family dinner, this time recorded as tak-

ing place in the kitchen only a month before Milton's death. On intentions such as this, declared by word of mouth (in one of the instances he called her "Elizabeth, my loving wife," who "had been very kind and careful of me"), did Mrs. Milton ground her claim, after her husband's decease, to be his general legatee; for he left no written will. The property amounted to some £1500. The claim was contested by the three daughters of his first marriage, to whom the poet was understood to have left nothing, except the portion, £1000, which he ought to have received on espousing Mary Powell, but which had never been paid; and probably, at this remote date, it was not practically recoverable. Ultimately Mrs. Milton had to compromise with the daughters by resigning £100 to each of them, and indeed she admitted that her husband had intended that the daughters should receive any balance of his property, exceeding a lump sum of £1000 to herself. In her native county, Cheshire, to which she returned soon after Milton's death, she died many years later, 1727, being then in religion a Baptist.

I should have liked to say something more about Milton in relation to his daughters, two of whom (one being excused on account of a defect in speech) must undoubtedly have led a somewhat dreary life in continually reading out to their blind father learned and modern languages, of which they knew the letters and pronunciation, but no jot of the meaning. But my limited space does not allow of my discussing the details, on both sides rather distasteful.

The great poet had light-brown hair, fair complexion, gray eyes, which did not change in appearance through his blindness, and a musical voice; he was rather below than above the middle height. He played on the organ and bass-viol; was cheerful and interesting in friendly converse, of serene temper, and abstemious. His habit was to

smoke a pipe at the close of the evening; he composed his poems chiefly in bed, and in the winter season. In religion he was commonly called an Independent, but was in fact more of an Arian, and he joined in no public worship.

The next poet on our list is John Dryden, the most renowned and robust master of verse who bridged over the chasm — and a very wide chasm it certainly is — between Milton and Pope. He was a grandson of Sir Erasmus Dryden, Bart., of Canons Ashby, and was born at Alwinckle, in Northamptonshire, in August, 1631. His first considerable poem was an elegaic celebration of the deceased Cromwell; his next, an appraisive welcome to the restored Charles II.; later on he became famous as a dramatist, and above all as a satirist, his masterpiece in this line being the *Absalom and Achitophel*, written in 1680: he had been appointed poet laureate twelve years before. He became a Roman Catholic when James II. ascended the throne, and did not return to Protestantism when, at the revolution under William III., it would have been his worldly interest to do so. He died in London of mortification of the leg, in May, 1700. Dryden's face was well moulded and prepossessing, with an aspect of very powerful faculties, at easy command, and in harmonious balance. Yet his manner, unlike his countenance, is said to have been cold, and his temper querulous: his own account is that he is more saturnine than sprightly. With unbounded ferocity as a satirist, he was nevertheless credited with a humane, forgiving disposition.

Dryden seems to have borne a fair character in general and family morals; but he is numbered, apparently with reason, among those poets who have found little heartfelt satisfaction in marriage. His wife, it seems, thought him capricious and neglectful, she not making sufficient allowance for his literary

pursuits and poetic variability of mood; and recrimination was frequent between them. He wrote an anticipative epitaph for his wife, who, however, survived him; if it is genuine — and I am not aware that this has ever been questioned — it speaks volumes for his esteem of her, and very little for his own good-feeling or courtesy. It has, at any rate, the merit of terseness: —

"Here lies my wife; here let her lie:
Now she's at rest — and so am I."

The lady in question, whom he married in December, 1663, when he was thirty-one years of age, was Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and sister of Sir Robert Howard, who had been Dryden's associate in the composition of one of his dramas. A satire imputed to Lord Somers indicates that the circumstances under which the wedding took place were not very honorable to either party, Lady Elizabeth's reputation being already somewhat compromised. She brought some moderate addition to the poet's means, which, though fair enough from one source or another, were the reverse of large. There were three sons of the marriage, and one of them eventually succeeded to the baronetcy. Dryden, in justifying his conversion to Catholicism, averred that his wife had been a Catholic several years before himself, — an allegation which would seem to imply that he attached some importance to her opinions and feelings, — and that his son John, who had been converted while at Cambridge, converted *him*.

We now come to one of the most singular figures in our literary history, William Blake, — poet, painter, engraver, visionary; a mystic in a very high degree, and indeed many people think a madman. Mrs. Blake also possesses great interest for us: an enthusiastic student of her husband's works, Mr. Swinburne, has gone so far as to term her "about the most perfect wife on

record, faithful to him, and loving beyond all recorded faith and love."

Blake was the son of a respectable hosier, and was born in London, in November, 1757. With little schooling beyond reading and writing, he began inditing verses towards the age of eleven; and exquisite in simple ideality some of his early verses are, as proved many years afterwards upon the publication of his *Poetical Sketches*. These were succeeded by the *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*; the former series incomparable for child-like candor, and the latter full of abrupt intuitions of the sublime. He produced also a number of so-called *Prophetic Books*, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, *Europe*, *Urizen*, *Jerusalem*, etc., — works, speaking of them in the mass, of a great though chaotic faculty, in which many noble things are embodied or imbedded; vast and vague; only partially intelligible, and quite as partially readable. They show Blake to have been an intense believer in the spiritual verities which underlie our world of sense, and at the same time a most daring speculator in religion and morals. He was a man who saw visions, and to whom ghosts sat for their portraits, — a man exalted, unworldly, vehement, laborious, simple-hearted; mildly or sometimes fiercely immovable; in politics a republican; strange to all men save the fewest; a very phenomenon in the English world of writing and of painting of his day. He lived and died poor and contented, — at one time his income was only half a guinea a week, — unregarded, mostly unknown; radiant with his own inner light, outwardly obscure. He expired in London, August 12, 1827, aged nearly seventy. Frequent colds and dysentery had broken him down.

The courtship and the married life of Blake were on this wise. Towards 1780, when he was twenty-three years of age, he had had a disappointment with

a girl who was indifferent, and made him jealous. He spoke of this matter at the house of a market-gardener, Mr. Boucher, with whom he was perhaps then lodging. One of the daughters, Catherine Sophia Boucher, said, "I pity you from my heart." "Do you pity me?" rejoined Blake. "Yes, I do, most sincerely." "Then I love you for that." "And I love *you*," replied Catherine. And Blake and his Catherine soon afterwards, on August 18, 1782, married, she making her mark in the register, for she had next to no education. She was a brunette, slim, graceful, and very pretty, with gleaming black eyes, white hands, and expressive features; her age twenty. Blake taught her to read and write, and to work off his engravings and bind them into volumes, and she would sometimes color them, and even attained a certain skill in designing, in a style very like her husband's. She believed in his visions; never saw the same appearances that he did, but had some visions of her own, and would get up night after night, and for hours at a time, and be a stay to him, she not moving hand or foot, in his accessions of spiritual fantasy or conflict. She attended at the counter when Blake kept shop as an engraver, for this was his settled vocation; and she performed all the domestic work, their means not being sufficient for keeping a servant. Blake himself, however, would rise first from bed, light the fire, and put the kettle on. Sometimes, when the painter-poet was rapt in his own inventions, and his money had sunk from little to nothing, his wife would set before him an empty plate at dinner; he would then turn to at any hack work of engraving that might be hanging on hand. It appears that in the earlier years of wedlock Blake tried the temper and feelings of his wife somewhat severely, for he had some highly patriarchal notions on the subject of marriage; but it may be that he gave no practical, though

certainly ample theoretical, cause for jealousy, and, as time wore on, they understood each other perfectly, and were united heart and soul. There were no children of the marriage. Mrs. Blake's good looks did not last, it seems, beyond the period of youth; she was precise, firm, punctual, free from vulgarity; not exempt, however, from one of those traits which are characteristic of an early want of refined training,—an exaggerated suspiciousness of her husband's friends, of whom he had, in his closing years, some very steady and serviceable ones, including especially our admirable and now almost nonagenarian landscape-painter, Linnell. In her early years, also, when domiciled with Blake's younger brother, Robert, and afterwards near Chichester with his sister, she had found some difficulty in getting on with either.

The last six years of Blake's life were spent in No. 3 Fountain Court, Strand, where he occupied two rooms, one of them serving for all purposes save the reception of visitors. "Himself, his wife, and his rooms," it is on record, "were clean and orderly;" not "squalid," as some people have alleged who confuse poverty with squalor. On his death-bed he drew a sketch portrait of his Catherine, saying to her, "You have ever been an angel to me;" and he sang to her songs, his own words and his own music, of spiritual things and hopes. He died devout in mind, serene even to rapture.

Blake was about five and a half feet high, robust and fearless; with grand eyes, short-sighted, a speaking mouth, and a low, musical voice. His manner was refined, and his assiduity in work such that he never took a holiday. He was as liberal as his very narrow means permitted; indeed, on occasion more so than could have been supposed.

After his death Mrs. Blake continued selling his books and drawings, and managed to get on in moderate comfort. The Princess Sophia liberally sent her £100: she returned it,—really a majestic act in its quiet way. As she believed, with her husband, that death is merely like going out of one apartment into another, she had a firm conviction of his still being present with her; and only complained that this was not the case frequently enough, he being so often away in Paradise. She would always speak of him, with trembling voice and tearful eyes, as "that wonderful man." She died in a lodging, 17 Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, of a neglected gastric inflammation, on October 18, 1831, aged sixty-nine (the same age as her husband); in her last hours "repeating texts of Scripture, and calling continually to her William, as if he were only in the next room, to say that she was coming to him, and would not be long now." To many generations she will have left a beautiful memory, indissolubly and touchingly blended with that of her husband and his marvellous gifts of idiosyncrasy.

William M. Rossetti.

THE END OF THE WAR.

THROUGHOUT the country harsh and violent declamations, or at least deep and surly mutterings of discontent and menace; a great party, whose registered popular vote had exceeded by a quarter

of a million that of its antagonist, and which for days after the election had been commonly conceded a majority of the electoral colleges, choking with disappointments embittered by a sense of

outrage; a large part of the successful party accepting its success with profound disgust at the methods by which it had been secured; overwhelming adverse majorities in both houses of Congress; all branches of industry and commerce depressed, and, at best, but semi-animate; the public credit, as indicated by the Federal securities, below that of many European nations, or of many States of the Union; the paper currency of the country still many degrees below par, still wholly irredeemable, its redemption declared by the party which had all but seized the government to be for an indefinite period impossible, and its volume threatened by a multitudinous public sentiment with unlimited augmentation; several States, formerly in rebellion, disordered by new dissensions, in which shameless fraud was in collision with sanguinary violence, and rival claimants of state governments were kept from each other's throats only by the illegal interference of Federal authority,—these were the conditions and environments with which the president now about to retire entered upon his duties four years ago. Only once in the history of the republic had the skies been so overcast with gloom at the opening of a presidential term. Less only than the dangers and difficulties which beset the nation at the crisis of dissolution in 1861 were those which menaced it in the disputed election of 1877; but the requirements of good sense, discretion, non-partisan patriotism, and whatever else there may be which makes up statesmanship were greater, rather than less, at the outset of Hayes's administration than at the outset of Lincoln's. For if Lincoln had to face a threatened rebellion, he faced it with the resolute support of a vast party which had carried him with rare enthusiasm to the position, his presence in which was the avowed pretext for rebellion; while Hayes, less fortunate, was far from being the chosen champion of his party,—

was regarded by its most active managers rather as an accidental intruder into its highest honors, and as one whose failure, should he fail, might be a useful lesson to future nominating conventions.

Adverse and discouraging as were the circumstances in which Mr. Hayes assumed the presidency, how far have they altered for the accession of Mr. Garfield? And how much may this leader, who put on his armor four years ago in doubt and danger and dispute, boast himself in putting it off? Rightly to compare the two dates, in their political aspects, will be to determine with approximate accuracy the place to be occupied in history by the administration whose existence reaches from the one date to the other. It is true that the *post hoc propter hoc* argument is too apt to involve a fallacy. But if it is the legitimate function of the chief officer of the nation to execute the laws firmly yet reasonably, so that peace and order may result from the absence of discontent; to collect and disburse the revenues with efficiency and economy; to manipulate the currency (since the blunders of former legislation compel the executive to meddle with the currency) in such manner that it may increase in value and stability; to manage the public debt so that its principal may be steadily diminished, and its interest charge reduced to a minimum, while at the same time a constantly growing friendship and respect mark the sentiments of foreign nations toward this country, it certainly is not unreasonable, when all these facts are found to exist in a higher degree at the close of an administrative term than at its beginning, to adjudge that the administrative functions have been well discharged.

To any man, entering in troublous times upon the task of directing the executive government of a great nation, it might well seem that four years formed a sadly inadequate period in which to

correct ingrown abuses; to purge and purify large departments of the public service fallen into great disrepute, if not into utter corruption; to reëstablish order and the dominion of law in vast regions given over to lawless violence; and to placate a sensitive and warlike population, sore with the chagrin of defeat, yet conscious of the great political power restored to it by the deliberate action of its victors. It would seem that for any such man to handicap himself with a declaration at the outset which barred the way to a possible reëlection was to condemn his presidential career to a fate, at best, of outlined reforms, of efforts and attempts, of beginnings without completion. Judging, however, after the event, one is forced to doubt whether, with all the ability and integrity which the out-going president has shown, his administration does not owe some part of the success and honor which have attended it to that "self-denying ordinance" which deprived it of all ambition except to achieve honor and success. Nor is it too much to say that the argument drawn from the presidential terms of 1869 to 1877, for a constitutional prohibition of reëlection, receives all the corroboration it could require from the history of the administration of 1877-1881, the first which ever performed its work under the influence of such a limitation.

It is easy, as has been said above, to err in attributing to a government too large a measure of the prosperity or distress of its people. Yet, four years ago it was still doubtful whether the whole southern third of the United States—a vast empire of itself, of immense resources, although prostrated by war and social revolution—should continue for a generation to come to be a mere range of subject yet hostile provinces, whose prosperity and development, their internal production and their commerce with the rest of the nation, were to be repressed and throttled by a sullen and

chronic anarchy. It is little enough to say that the instant springing up throughout those States of a strong confidence and content, as soon as the character of the new government was made known by its acts, added everywhere to the acres planted for crops; added everywhere something to the land-owner's valuation of his land, and thus in two ways to his real or fancied purchasing ability; that this repose and confidence, this prosperity and hopefulness, acted with the stimulus of an enlarged market upon all departments of northern production, and all together, with their mutual reaction, upon the foreign commerce and importation which is the final expression of national prosperity.

It is therefore a shallow wisdom which denies credit to Mr. Hayes's administration for the reduction of the national debt, the refunding at low interest, and the resumption of specie payments, because it was by the planting and watering of the whole people, which Providence crowned with unusual increase, that the national revenue was enlarged and the national credit enhanced to a point that made these changes possible. For the one thing that was, at the accession of President Hayes, absolutely within the uncontrolled power of the executive to determine was the question whether the disorders which are the natural sequel of a long civil war should continue for four years, through the intervention of the Federal government, to prevail throughout extensive regions. This question it answered, instantly and firmly, in the teeth of doubts and threats on the part of a large proportion of the party which had raised it to power, in the negative. The state of things which but a few months before had made it possible for a Federal official, standing with a file of Federal soldiers at the door of the state-house at Columbia, to pass upon the credentials of members of the South Carolina legislature, and admit or ex-

clude them at his discretion, may or may not have been a desirable state of things; but at least it was not legal or constitutional. It would not have been tried, at that time, at the Boston or the Albany state-house. In short, it was a sequel of war; it was a form of war itself; it was the silencing of law in the presence of arms. And when the executive made known that thenceforward no intervention should be possible in South Carolina or Louisiana which was not lawful in Pennsylvania or Illinois, his act was a proclamation of peace, as distinctly as sixteen years before the president's call for troops had been a declaration of war.

"*Beati pacificatores!*" It is much to have cleansed Augean stables; to have directed the vast and intricate machinery of government with an integrity and decency that leave no opportunity for either suspicion or investigation; to have brought an irredeemable currency to par; to have reduced the public debt by hundreds of millions, and its interest charge by tens of millions; to have guided public opinion, somewhat by practice and more by precept, toward that organization of the administrative service which shall preclude its debasement for party ends; to have seen the governments of many States pass, during his four years of office, from the hands of the opposition to those of his own party, while the house of representatives undergoes the like change, and the senate but narrowly escapes it: and all these things have befallen the administration of the outgoing president. But behind all, and a potent factor not only in all these, but in the general prosperity of the nation, is that great fact which his administration partly recognized and partly made, that the war is ended. "Four years of fierce hostilities," the future historian will say, "were followed by the amazingly brief period of twelve years of social disorder and reorganization; until, under President

Hayes, who took office by a disputed title which threatened greatly to impair his moral strength, the exasperations of the conflict were allayed, and the nation entered upon a period of prosperity in which the revolted States appear to have had even a larger share than those which had reduced them to allegiance. So general, in fact, was the Southern acquiescence in Mr. Hayes's methods that when his successor, a man understood to be of like character, was elected by Northern votes alone, the only newspapers in which partisan disappointment was expressed in threats and denunciations were those of Northern democrats, while his lately rebel antagonists betook themselves to the news or the jests of the period with avowed indifference or contentment. No more emphatic illustration could be given of that profound change which, though no doubt it had been for years before in preparation and progress, subsequent generations have come to associate distinctively with the golden age — the *Saturnia regna* — of President Hayes."

Thus the future historian. But will he not also have to record that this peace was delusive, that this prosperity was hollow; that the war waged directly for union and indirectly for the rights of man had ended in an illusory success, in which the real triumph was with rebels restored to citizenship and power, and might better never have been waged at all? Every one has heard passionate declamations of that tenor, and often from men to whom the imagined disappointment had a personal intensity from the fact that their own labor and their own blood had been expended for the cause which they now deem to have been lost. Let me paraphrase the angry ejaculations of a friend who, though now distinguished at the bar and elevated to the bench, had hurried from college to the camp when hardly of the military age, and had served honorably through the war, bearing now in his

body that rare badge of "derring-do," a sabre-scar.

"No, sir!" exclaimed the colonel-judge. "This is n't what I risked my life and shed my blood and gave up four of my best years for. To see these same rebels whom I was fighting all that time, who did their best to destroy this government, in undisputed control of every State that we conquered from them, — both houses of Congress full of their brigadier-generals, — unrepentant, too, sir; to read every day of the outrages by which they frighten the negroes into voting the democratic ticket, of their swindling the poor wretches out of their wages or their share of the crops, until they have left their houses by thousands, in organized emigration, to escape this infernal tyranny! — I tell you, sir, that if any one had said to me that in fifteen years after the war was over this would be the condition of things, I should probably have told him he lied; but if I had believed him, I would have resigned my commission and gone home to make money, as some of the rest did!"

Now it is nearly hopeless to argue against a conclusion based upon such experience and moved so by sentiment. Yet it may be worth while for any one to think about it who is not too much in a passion to think, using the modes of thought which we were wont to use before 1860. And so far as the writer's point of view can guide the reader's it is that of the most "stalwart" prepossession, of earnest antislavery birth and education, and of service through the war from a belief in it.

The question raised by my friend's indignant lamentation, however doubtful or difficult the answer to it may be, is in itself a very simple one. It is merely this: Is the condition of the United States at large, and particularly of the States which went into rebellion, no better, or not much better, in a humanitarian sense, or from the point of view of the student of political or social

science, in 1881 than in 1861? If the question must be answered in the negative, then our unspeakable sufferings and sacrifices may indeed have been in vain.

It is a commonplace of historical philosophy that contemporary events, or those nearly contemporary, are most difficult to judge justly. But perhaps the hardest of all are those for the comprehension of which some knowledge is required of a period which has just passed beyond personal recollection, and yet which is not distant enough to have become known to us through the work of the historian, as distinguished from the annalist or the chronicler. Now any man may fairly say that he knows all about the United States of to-day; and, whatever be the color or the lucidity of the medium through which he takes his impressions, it is not easy to convict him of ignorance. But to a vast body of intelligent men, including myriads who served in the war, the *ante-bellum* condition of their country is a matter wholly beyond personal recollection, except from mere childish impressions; and, at the best, such recollection is darkened and beclouded, not merely by the lapse of more than half their lifetime, but by the overwhelming stress of the events which, during that time, have convulsed the country and the world. I propose, therefore, to accept as true the strongest statements of my friend, or of the bitter newspapers which daily voice his griefs, as to the facts of 1881. But I want him to consider them for a moment in the light of 1861.

Perhaps it would be enough to recall the purposes which, when the war began, and as long as it lasted, were continually avowed as its sole motive and justification. Except by a very slender body of humanitarian sectaries, any intention to affect, in the remotest way, the institution of slavery was at first universally disclaimed. It was not long, it is true, before the hopes of this little cluster of reformers had gradually be-

come the desire and set purpose of the majority of Northern men; but it would be a gross historical blunder to find the origin or the impulse of the war in any such design. On the contrary, it seems that after it had been raging for nearly a year so furious an original abolitionist as Mr. Wendell Phillips — an orator who was never thought to drag far in the rear of the most advanced opinions — had only got so far as to be ready to urge upon the government a measure abolishing slavery, "*securing compensation to loyal slave-holders.*" (Speeches and Lectures, pages 438, 439.) So that one might fairly think that, in that direction at least, the results of the war were radical enough to content any one not less conservative than Mr. Phillips.

Nor was the war, for years after it had become flagrant, in any one's view an aggressive war on the part of the United States. The defense of the national authority against open violence; the reëstablishment of the constitution and the laws where their supremacy had been subverted; "the repossession of the forts, places, and property which had been seized from the Union" (President's Proclamation of April 15, 1861), — these alone were then and long after motives and purposes sufficient to stir all the North into the highest glow of self-sacrifice. However inadequate they may now seem, in the electric light generated by these twenty years of collision, no one who was then a man, unless all his faculty of memory is gone, will venture to say that he would then have deemed those objects unworthy to be fought for. And however, from year to year, the defense of the nation needed to be more and more conducted with what the military writers call the "offensive return," it would require some hardihood to maintain that, down to the last days of actual hostilities, if the mere restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*, together with the prohibition of slavery, had been offered as conditions

of peace, twenty thousand men out of twenty million would have voted to continue the fighting.

So, too, in the chaotic period which immediately followed the war, when its original purpose to "hold, occupy, and possess" the whole territory of the republic had been most triumphantly accomplished, there was no phrase more universally upon men's lips, as expressing the common purpose of the most diverse minds, than this: "To restore the States lately in rebellion to their normal relations to the Union." How this ought to be done, or could best be done, — as to this there was broad divergence of opinion; but there was entire unanimity as to the end to be sooner or later attained. Nor did any one then doubt what those "normal relations" were. They were the relations sustained by the same States in 1860, or by the States which had not gone into rebellion in 1865. What every one meant then, whether he knew it or not, was that in due time the State of South Carolina should, like the State of Massachusetts, under its own constitution, choose its own officers and make its own laws; that Mississippi might, like Pennsylvania, cope with its own mobs or be overrun by them; that if Connecticut should send Eaton to the senate, Georgia might send Hill to meet him; and that Louisiana, equally with Maine and New York, might hold its fraudulent elections and falsify its returns. It would be too much to say that every one had thought this all out, but it was none the less inseparably inclosed in the common thought of all men. Nor could any one have declared himself confident, if he had reflected so far, that the local laws of those States would be moulded by external rather than by local sentiment, just as Western laws for the collection of debts are abhorrent to Eastern views; or that their congressmen could be depended upon, in national legislation, to consult and follow the

opinions of Vermont or of the Western Reserve.

Suppose, then, that at any time before the final catastrophe of the war it had been said to my impulsive friend, "The rebels offer to drop their arms, to submit to the Federal authority as declared in the constitution, to prohibit slavery beyond the possibility of its restoration, to forfeit all political rights, except as a triumphant North shall of mere grace concede them from year to year to successive individuals or classes, on the sole condition that they may go about their peaceful avocations without being harassed by prosecutions for treason." Does any one believe his ardor would have led him to prefer the further effusion of his blood and hazard of his life to such a conclusion of the contest? And if he had been at the same time warned, by one possessed of second-sight, that before many years the lax liberality of Northern republicans would have restored political franchises to every rebel, and that consequently their civil and military leaders would have come to represent them in both houses of Congress, would he not have answered somewhat thus? "Of course, in due time, whether sooner or later, that is inevitable. There can be no republican institutions under which a vast body is permanently disfranchised, or is permitted only to choose such representatives as will misrepresent it. We outvoted them before the war; we will outvote them more overwhelmingly now, and they will never try again to right themselves by arms. Of course their temper and influence will be malignant and pernicious, but their 'normal relations to the Federal government' entitle them to be, as they used to be, both malignant and pernicious." And would he not have scouted the seer and his prophetic pretensions if he had ventured to add, what we have now seen and heard? "But the rebel brigadiers will vote from year to year taxes upon themselves,

poor as they are, to pay interest on the debt incurred in crushing the life out of them. They will vote more taxes, and more and more, for bountiful pensions to Federal soldiers whose bullets they carry in their own persons, and will see themselves surrounded, when they return home, by their own crippled comrades and their comrades' widows and orphans, depending only upon the private alms of an impoverished people. You will find many of them more sensitive to the national honor than many a Federal brigadier. No further off than 1876, the country will be saved, by the Roman firmness of a rebel brigadier, Gibson, of Louisiana, withstanding the great mass of the democratic party in his post of vantage as holding the balance of power in the committee on banking and currency, from a measure designed to drive the nation backward from specie payments. Another, Gordon, of Georgia, is to be the most earnest, able, and independent advocate of a reformed and purified civil service in either house of Congress. Another, Key, of Tennessee, is to serve for more than three years, under a republican president, himself still a democrat, as postmaster-general of the United States, and that with universal respect. The vice-president of the Confederate States is to exhibit, during a congressional service of many years, a singularly broad patriotism and freedom from sectional prejudice. The general second in command of all the rebel armies, Joseph Johnston, of Virginia, will serve upon the military committee of the house, and will elicit from his most hostile party adversaries the encomium that 'no man in Congress can be more surely depended upon to stand by the regular army than Joe Johnston.' And of another rebel brigadier, Lamar, of Mississippi, when, after long service in Congress, his life is for a while in danger from sickness, Northern republican papers will say that for his fidelity, integrity, and patriotism his

death would be a national misfortune." To my stalwart friend, in 1864, all this foretold history would have seemed the sanguine dream of an enthusiast. He would have remembered the teachings of all the most radical of reformers that generations, not a few years only, would hardly suffice to purge the Southern communities from the venom of slavery enough to allow such things to be hoped for. There might have been fresh in his mind the speech of Mr. Wendell Phillips in May, 1863, in which he taught such things as these:—

"The South will not only not believe itself beaten, but the materials which make up its army will not retire back to peaceful pursuits. Where are they going to retire? They don't know how to do anything. You might think they would go back to trade. They don't know how to trade; they never bought or sold anything. You might think they would go back to their professions. They never had any. You might think they would go back to the mechanic arts. They don't know how to open a jackknife. . . . Now, that South, angry, embittered, having arms in its hands, what is it going to do? Shoot, burn, poison, vent its rage on every side. Guerrilla barbarities are but the first drops of the shower, the first pattering drops of the flood of barbarism which will sweep over the Southern States, unless our armies hold them. When England conquered the Highlands, she held them,—held them until she could educate them; and it took a generation. That is just what we have to do with the South." (Speeches, etc., pages 543, 544.)

And so my stalwart friend, answering him who prophesied smooth things, would have said, "I have been taught otherwise. What you tell me is better than I hope for,—is too good to be possible. We are about to accomplish all we have fought for. God be praised for it! But for more generations than one these barbarous States, in their nor-

mal relations to the Union, must be passing through a slow process of education; and not until those are gone who took part in the conflict can there be any patriotism, any fidelity to constitutional allegiance,—anything but malignant sectional passion, seeking constantly to dishonor the Federal name and to weaken the national power."

If one could but figure to himself a "fire-eating" South Carolinian of 1860, or a Massachusetts abolitionist of the same period, withdrawn from all intermediate cognition of events for forty years, and set down upon earth now, to gather from the ordinary speech of men his knowledge of the present state of things, I think one could have little trouble in concluding whether we have moved much in that interval. Fancy, for example, if you can, that with the knowledge, the experiences, the passions, of 1860 alone—those of the next twenty years wholly wanting—these persons should hear mentioned the movement which we have come to call the negro exodus. Would not one of them burst into a rapture of joy at the increased activity of the "underground railroad" which used to help slaves from bondage to Canada? Would the other think of anything else, after his own spasm of anger had subsided, than the need of more stringent provisions for the recovery of fugitive slaves? And if they should then learn that the movement spoken of, so far from being furtive or clandestine, was wholly in the light of day; that the refugees came by families, by whole communities, crowding the railroad trains and the Mississippi steamboats, would there be in the mental constitution of either of such men the necessary apparatus for comprehending what was told them?

Nor would your explanations, for a time, help them very much to a clear understanding. Every phrase you would use would fall with a dull astonishment upon senses not trained to receive it.

Explain that the motive of this extensive disturbance is found in the charge that the employers of these poor people have been cheating them out of their wages, or their share of the crops. The very mention of "wages," or of a "share of the crops," in connection with the Southern negro; the statement that when he is dissatisfied he gets on board a steamboat with his family and goes somewhere else, if it could have been grasped by the intelligence of 1860, would have carried with it by implication into such a mind the idea of a completed revolution, the very beginning of which was hardly within the most sanguine hopes of the one, or the gloomiest midnight terror of the other.

Here, too, is a newspaper dispatch of a few months ago, which I suppose made no more impression upon my patriot colonel, as he glanced over the telegraphic news, than the announcement of a bank defalcation in Illinois or a burglary in Maine:—

"NEW ORLEANS, *March 26th.*—The farm hands of St. John's parish have struck for one dollar. They receive seventy-five cents. It is stated that the negroes make threats, but no violence is reported."

Yet it would help us a little to comprehend the infinite distance which separates 1880 from 1860, if we could imagine the reading of such an item to a group of Louisiana planters smoking their after-dinner cigars upon the veranda of a Saratoga hotel, twenty years ago. Of course, it would have been to them but a joke, and a very poor one; but suppose they could have been persuaded to take it *au sérieux*, and to find a meaning in its terms. It speaks in a language all unknown to them. "Farm hands;" "*struck*;" "they receive seventy-five cents;" "the negroes make threats:" in every phrase, unless treated as a bold and coarse metaphor, there is implied a social cataclysm such as not one of them had suffered himself to con-

template in fancy otherwise than as the final wreck and crash of the cosmos. Yet even this convulsion would have seemed to them a conservative tranquillity, if compared with that suggested by the hint that there had been considerable migrations of the working classes, impelled by an undue pressure upon their preferences in voting at elections. This would have seemed to them to be a revolution gone beyond the most radical abolitionist's subversive fancy.

Suppose yourself, further, to be submitting to such a knot of gentlemen a complaint, quite bitterly made of late, that some Southern legislatures have curtailed unduly their appropriations for colored schools and colleges. Remember that Southern planters had not been much in the habit of taxing themselves to maintain colleges or schools for whites; and that, as for the negro race, the act of teaching one of them his letters was at that date a crime to be punished by the penitentiary, if the offender was fortunate enough to escape more summary and severe punishment from the unanimous fury of the community. Tell these gentlemen that in 1878 the report of the Federal commissioner of education, an officer never dreamed of in 1860, will show that in Virginia alone there are 14,247 schools for colored children, having 675,000 pupils. If they believed your enthusiastic second-sight, would not their natural ejaculation be; "There could be but one terror added to the picture you have drawn. You say the negroes are free; they travel about the country to suit themselves; they vote; they have free schools; they have colleges supported by taxes upon white land-holders: you might as well put arms in their hands, and make a militia of them!" And what resources of language would remain to express their emotions if there could have been brought before their minds, in such form that they could receive the picture as a just forecasting of the near future, a

view of the entire country disturbed, in 1880, by a discussion whether a South Carolina colored cadet at West Point is as civilly treated by his white fellow-students as a colored student is at Yale or Harvard; with a vignette of Governor Hampton reviewing the several negro military companies of the city of Charleston, and pronouncing his high approval of their discipline and soldierly bearing? Would not every one of them have declared, with his whole soul, that whenever a Hampton should be capable of doing that the world would be so changed that they would not care to live in it? And would not they on the one part, and Mr. Wendell Phillips on the other, have frankly agreed in 1860 that whenever every man, white or black, should be free to go and come, to vote and to be educated, to do whatever he likes, all over the United States, subject only to the danger of lawless outrage in communities which never were closely law-abiding; whenever Mrs. Stowe, whose books no man could offer for sale in the South but at the hazard of his life, should spend her winters upon her own orange-plantation in Florida, while the drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin should be performed in Charleston and New Orleans as long as negroes could be found with half-dollars to pay for seeing it,—that whenever this should be true the long contest would in fact as well as in name be concluded, and the passions, in the exasperation of which so many men on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line had found fame and power, could have no further pretext for existence?

And this is, indeed, the sum of the whole matter. Is it not a great matter? Could ever a twenty years' seclusion from the world have covered a more stupendous political and social revolution than this which we, who have moved with it, instead of being left behind by it, fail so often and so profoundly to appreciate? The establishment of Chris-

tianity as the religion of the empire by Constantine was little more than the recognition of the change which had been for three centuries supervening upon "creeds outworn." If a French viscount who had received his *lettre de cachet* in 1788 had lain forgotten by all but his keeper in the *oubliette* of a remote *château* in Brittany until 1808, there would have been much, no doubt, in the France upon which his eyes then opened to startle and to grieve him. But there would have been far more that was wholly unchanged during the interval of his retirement. A dynasty of which he had never dreamed was upon the throne, and many a tradesman's son whom he had known was blazing with military rank, and even with titles of nobility named from distant battlefields in Italy and Germany, while many of the old *noblesse* were exiled, or at home in poverty. But he would have needed a year's study of newspapers and law-books to be entirely assured that institutions had been profoundly modified. The tremendous convulsion of the 4th of August, 1789, left in twenty years far less impression upon France—it was, in fact, with all its corollaries and results, a less tremendous social and political revolution—than that which began on the 13th of April, 1861, in the harbor of Charleston.

And this is the revolution to which my friend, whose lamentation I have quoted, contributed his toil and blood. And I say to him now, It was worth all it cost. There are many things in the Southern States which you do not like, nor I. The barbarism which we used to hate and denounce has not yet wholly given place to sweetness and light. But the greatest revolution in history has been accomplished; our own eyes have been permitted to see the salvation for which we used to pray, but which we so little hoped to see; and we may better chant the *Nunc Dimittis* than the *Miserere*.

Theodore Bacon.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGLAND.

THE story of my sojourn in England will soon be ended. My readers need hardly be told that my recollections of that pleasant time include much with which I should not think of wearying them. It is no diary, no expanded note-book, that I have set before them. Indeed, I made hardly any notes when I was in England; all my memorandums being contained in two tiny books which would go into my waistcoat pocket, and having been hastily scrawled as I was walking or riding. My purpose has been to put England and English folk and English life before my readers just as I saw them. To do this, it was not necessary to write either an itinerary or an account of all my personal experiences, including the valuable information that I daily rose and breakfasted and walked, or rode and dined and slept, well or ill as the case might be. But of that experience I have here recorded such incidents and facts as seemed to me characteristic. I have described such persons and such conditions of life as seemed, not, be it remarked, strange, striking, or amusing, but fairly representative of the country and the people. Because of a contrary practice, consequent upon a desire to produce a strong impression by the description of novelty, books of travel are too often either caricatures of the people whom they profess to describe, or correct descriptions of persons as novel and incidents almost as unusual to the denizen as to the stranger. This is notably the case with books of travel in the United States, and also, but in a less degree, in those which have described England to Americans. The people of the two countries are, or were until a few years ago, so exactly the same people, developing themselves under different forms of government and physical surroundings, that writing travelers, espe-

cially those from the motherland, have felt, it would seem, as if they must be sharply on the lookout for something strikingly characteristic. Tourists have gone about in both countries seizing eagerly upon the peculiar, the strange, the startling; and this they have set forth as portraiture. Thus, also, illustrators with the pencil have done; and not only in each other's country, but each in his own. The result of all which is distortion, confusion, misapprehension, ignorance instead of knowledge, aversion instead of liking.

Not unmindful of this, and yet doing only what seemed to me natural and right, I have been content to concern myself with that which is truly characteristic. Now the characteristic is always the common. True generally, this is particularly true of peoples and countries. In my descriptions of England, therefore, I have told only what almost any man might see there on almost any day, — only what I believe no Englishman would regard as strange. For it is these every-day occurrences, these stable, homely facts, these commonplaces of life, that show what a people, what a country, is, — what all the influences, political, moral, and telluric, that have been at work there for centuries have produced. And if, because I have not sought out the strange, the striking, and the grotesque, my recollections should lack interest, I pray my readers to remember that I have been dull in the interests of truth.

It may be well, also, that I should say that I saw and have written from a Yankee's point of view, applying the term Yankee necessarily to the descendants of those to whom it was originally and peculiarly applied, in whatever part of the country they may now dwell. When I speak of my country-

men I mean only those whose families were here at the time of the Revolution, who only can be the true examples and representatives of the results of the social, political, and physical forces which have been in operation here for two centuries and a half. With others, who are spoken of and who speak of themselves by that very non-describing name "Americans," and who are the product of emigration during the last fifty years, I do not here concern myself, however respectable, wealthy, or politically influential they may have become (and some of them are very respectable, very wealthy, and politically very influential), or however tenacious they may be (and they are apt to be very tenacious) of their American status. But to me, from my present point of view, they are no more than if they had remained at home, and had there become respectable, wealthy, and politically influential. Indeed, they are rather less. How could it be otherwise?

In regard to England, I have spoken freely as to myself, but with reserve as to others of the pleasure of my life there during my first short visit, — my only one. I have been sufficiently cautious, I hope, in my references to my personal experience, not to trespass upon privacy, nor to abuse hospitality. It has of course been necessary for me to refer to individuals; and in writing of a country in which individuals are of different ranks it would have been an inept and confusing affectation to ignore them; but I believe that I have told my story in a way to which, although my friends may recognize themselves in my pages, they will make no objection, and which I am sure will conceal their identity from all strangers.

I thought myself very fortunate in the way in which I saw England and the life there; for it was such an informal, matter-of-course, untourist-like way. Of the kindness that was shown me there I shall say no more than I

have said from time to time, as occasion suggested. I can never cease to remember it with pleasure; and of this kindness no small part was that which made me at home in English houses. And indeed I was hardly a stranger in any one into which I had the pleasure of being received; for, with two exceptions, I visited no one who had not visited me at home; and I was not able to enter half the houses where for years I had been told that welcome awaited me. Moreover, I had the advantage of seeing England from two points of view, — that of a visiting stranger, and that of one who is at home. Accustomed to be mistaken in the United States and Canada, not only by my British cousins, but by my own countrymen, for an Englishman of British birth, I found the mistake still more common in Old England itself. There, by all who did not know me, it was quietly assumed as a matter of course that I was born on the soil; and as all who did know me knew to the contrary, I did not travel by rail or afoot with the announcement that I was a Yankee pasted on my hat, nor in my casual intercourse with strangers did I make the needless declaration. Therefore, as I went about a great deal alone from choice, and as, if I went by a highway, I came back by a by-way, I saw Englishmen both as they appear to each other and as they appear to strangers. Under both aspects they commanded my respect and won my liking. Indeed, I must say of my sojourn in England, having both the people and the country in mind, that never that I can remember in my existence since I was a patch of protoplasm did I find it so easy to harmonize with the environment.

Among the minor material traits of England, none seemed more peculiar and characteristic than the by-ways and short cuts of common use through places that seemed closed to the public, and with us would be so. There is one of these in London, near the Albany, I be-

lieve, which goes right through a great block of houses. It is made of planks and has a hand-rail. It brings one out in a little lane where there are shops which, it seemed to me, might as well, so far as buying and selling was concerned, have been in the dome of St. Paul's or the queen's drawing-room. But the people knew their business, and the shops would not have been there if they had had no customers. I used this by-way frequently; and one Thursday morning, when I was out early, in the midst of the Bulgarian horror time, I saw in the window of one of these little shops the Punch of the week. The cartoon was that one of John Tenniel's which shows Disraeli reclining in the wrappings of a bather, while Mr. Gladstone (who had been making some very effective and disturbing speeches) approaches him as a sable attendant with coffee, and asks, "How did you like your Turkish bath, sir?" and the Hebrew prime minister replies, "Pretty well; only you made it so confounded hot for me." I looked at it, and was turning away with a smile, when a young fellow in his shirt-sleeves, who was taking down the shutters of the next shop, caught my eye, and, smiling in turn, said, "Makes it rather hard for Dizzy, sir." We enjoyed the fun together for a passing moment, and then parted with "Good-morning." It was another pleasing manifestation of that freedom of intercourse and mutual good-feeling among strangers of all classes in England upon which I have before remarked. In New York the man would have gone silently about his business, without volunteering the remark which opened my day and his with a bright, warm little ray of common pleasure. Indeed, a man so engaged in New York would hardly have been apt to appreciate and enjoy such a caricature.

It needs hardly be said that in Lon-

¹ Some of my readers may not have heard how Stephenson, a north of England man, was asked by a peer, on a committee of inquiry into the feasibility of his proposed railways, if it would not be

don I visited the South Kensington Museum more than once; but I shall not undertake the superfluous task of describing this wilderness of treasures of art and of science. I remember, however, a few objects there which are of very general interest. There I saw Galileo's telescope, by means of which he discovered, in the year 1601, the moons of Jupiter and the spots on the sun. It is only about a yard long; and the object-glass, now badly cracked, through which he saw these wonders, is but two inches in diameter. Many a dandy uses a larger one nowadays to observe *his* star upon the stage. This instrument had been presented by Viviani to Leopold de Medici. There also was Newton's telescope, the first reflector which he invented, and made with his own hand in 1671. It is only about one foot long, and is worked on a ball-and-socket joint, of wood. Two ungainly machines, looking like a cross between an old-fashioned fire-engine and a modern kitchen range, were George Stephenson's locomotive engines, "Puffing Billy" and "Rocket," which made it "vara bod for the coo," and the latter of which had its name because it could go at the rate of thirty miles an hour!¹

Very interesting, too, were the old standard measures of our forefathers, which are gathered together in a large case. There are the standard Winchester bushel, and the standard gallon of Henry VII.'s time, A. D. 1487; the gallon, quart, and pint of Queen Elizabeth's day, A. D. 1601; and the gallon, quart, and pint of William II.'s time, A. D. 1700. The measures, which are of copper, are remarkable for their size, the capacities of all of them being much greater than those of measures of the same name in these days,—certainly degenerate in this respect. It is very bad if a cow got on the track before the engine. "Vara bod for the coo, my lord," was the prompt reply.

markable that measures, instead of growing larger as they grew older, diminished steadily in size with advancing years. Those of William's time were larger than ours, but much smaller than Elizabeth's; while hers were very much smaller than Henry VII.'s. Largest of all was one that was dated fifty years earlier, A. D. 1437. It seemed that if we could only go back far enough we should find a gallon, or certainly a bushel, as big as a bathing-tub. This diminution in size is a witness to the rapacity of traders, who gradually diminished the size of the measures by which they sold. And indeed has not our "bushel basket" dwindled away within the memory of living householders, until it now contains less than three pecks? Established standards seem unable to resist the compressing force of greed.

I have not been unready to speak of the manifold comforts of England, nor half-hearted in doing so; but I passed one morning of characteristic discomfort there which I never shall forget. On my second visit to Birmingham I was at the Queen's Hotel for one night only, and was going to leave town by the mid-day train. I awoke ailing and in pain, to find that a cold fog had settled upon the place. Looking from my bedroom window at nine o'clock, I might have supposed myself on the banks of Newfoundland, but for the rays of a few street lamps faintly struggling through the watery gloom, in the midst of which, from time to time, appeared a phantom artisan or shop-girl on the way to work. It was only the 24th of October; but the cold went to my heart with a curdling chill that I had never felt before, even in a January northwester, with the mercury near zero. I dressed hastily, shuddering at the touch of water, and went to the coffee-room. It was as cheerless as the Mammoth Cave,—as damp, and almost as dark. There I breakfasted in the

ing, Times-reading, commercial Britons. Their appetites were disgusting; their stolid calmness an offense. I took a chair by the hearth, where a chilly little fire was smouldering in the biggest, blackest grate I ever saw. The heat from it was imperceptible eighteen inches off. Again I doubted if fire was ever hot in England. I went down-stairs to pay my bill, and to make the brief preparations necessary just before departure. There was no parlor, no waiting-room, not even a chair; and there I sat in a small passage-way, in the midst of disorderly heaps of luggage, on a cold, hard bench, with damp draughts pouring in upon me from all quarters. I think I was never more thoroughly wretched in my life than in this great hotel, the best in Birmingham; and I then thought how differently such things were managed among us Yankees, where, under such circumstances, in our hideous hotels a degree of comfort is yet attainable by every one which in England is rarely to be had except by those who have their own private parlors and their own servants. Comfort came to me in the shape of a Birmingham friend, who gave me that care and attention which I found Englishmen always so ready to bestow; and once in the railway train the world soon brightened; for in fifteen minutes we steamed out of the fog, and left murky misery behind us. I shall ever remember the kindness, not only of that friend, in whose house I should have been but for the upturning consequent upon repairs, and as tenderly cared for as the wife wrapped in morell's skin, but the kindness also of a good apothecary to whom I went to make a small purchase, and who, learning that I was a stranger in Birmingham and ill, had me at once up into his private parlor, and waited upon me, he and his servant, as if I had been left in his charge by the good Samaritan, and refused all recompense except my thanks and the price of the trifle I had come for. This was

the sort of "sulky" Englishman that I found all over England.

I was surprised at the free-thinking and the free-speaking which I met with among English clergymen. Opinions as to the inspiration and the authority of the Bible, which not many years ago would have excited horror among all decent people, were expressed in private conversation by some of these gentlemen in orders with an astonishing absence of reserve. And the freedom of the thinking and of the speech seemed to me just in proportion to the intelligence and the scholarship of the speaker. One of these reverend gentlemen (and in England the title "reverend" is strictly applicable only to clergymen of the Established Church), who was also a college don and a scholar of repute, said to me, as we were discussing the value of the Speaker's Commentary, "I wish that every one of those men [the eminent divines and church dignitaries engaged upon the work] was obliged to prefix to each book a declaration, upon his honor, of the time at which and the person by whom he believed it to have been written;" and he emphasized "his honor," as if the honor of an English gentleman was something far more trustworthy as a guarantee of good faith than the professional declaration even of an English clergyman. The one came from the man as an individual; the other was merely given as the member of a hierarchy, in the way of "business."

The truth seems to be that the thoughtful and scholarly divines of the English church, those whose acquirements and mental independence fit them to be critical, are sorely perplexed by their position. For the Church of England is a political institution so interwoven with the structure of English society that, should it be shaken, the whole social fabric would go to ruin. The feeling is prevalent, as I gathered, although I did not hear it explicitly ut-

tered, and it is reasonable, that doing without bishops would be the first step to dispensing with dukes. And what would England be without dukes? An Englishman might lead a godless life; but could he lead a dukeless one? And the dukes themselves and the minor nobles look forward with the gravest apprehension to the time when, church and state being severed, a respect for rank and privilege will be no part of the English religion. For it is not to be concealed that the English church is the church of "gentlemen." It not only teaches the lower classes deference to superiors, but its influence does much to breed that very admirable character, the English gentleman. Its teachings are wholly at variance with the spirit of social democracy. Its very catechism inculcates a content which is opposed to the restless and pushing tendencies of modern times. The catechumen is made to say, among other things, when asked what is his duty to his neighbor. "My duty to my neighbor is . . . to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; . . . and to learn and labor truly to get mine own living and to do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me." But now it seems to be the accepted duty of every man of English blood, no matter on which side of the great ocean he may be, to get himself out of that state of life, with what speed he may, into a better. The virtue of content is gone, and with it the grace of submission. I remember intuitions of this even in my boyhood as I repeated those words, and vainly strove to reconcile them with the struggle for advancement which I saw going on around me, even among the most religious people. And there was the old story in verse which began, —

"Honest John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer."

Honest John Tomkins was held up to me

as the model of all the Christian virtues; and yet I saw everybody around me, including my teachers and spiritual pastors and masters, striving by day and by night to be richer. And when we consider that discontent is the mother of improvement, whether for the individual or the commonwealth, and that the betters of the man who is taught to order himself lowly and reverently to them became so because they or their ancestors were not satisfied with that state of life to which it had pleased God to call them, is it not plain that the religion which teaches content is doomed, and with it the whole system of governors and masters, spiritual and temporal? But it will be a long time before this warfare is accomplished. Not easily nor quickly can a form of society be upturned which is of such slow and sturdy growth as that of England, and whose roots, like those of some vast British oak, decayed and hollow at heart it may be, pierce the mould of centuries. There is much in England that is mere shell and seems mere sham; but the shell was shaped from within by living substance, and it hardened into form through the sunshine and the tempests of hundreds of years; and so it stands, and will yet stand long, although not forever. The very shams and surface shows of things in England are strong and stable.

Yet the process of change is plainly perceptible even to the eye of a passing stranger. I saw evidence of it in the very dress of the farmer folk and peasantry, in a morning's walk that I took with a Sussex squire on Sunday. We met many of these people on their way to and from church. The wives and daughters of the farmers wore silk gowns and bonnets with feathers, and carried parasols. I observed some incongruity between the apparel and the mien of those who wore it, and remarked upon it to my companion, an elderly man, who at once relieved himself by a mild and good-humored, but none the less

earnest, denunciation of the absurdity. He remembered, he said, when farmers' wives never thought of appearing on Sundays in any other dress than a red cloak and a close black bonnet, and then they looked respectable; but now they come out dressed like fine ladies,—as they think. "And look at those young fellows," he said, "with their cut-aways and chimney-pots! They're positively ridiculous. See there!" pointing out an elderly man who wore a long brown linen garment and stout high-low shoes, which were somewhat incongruous with his shiny chimney-pot hat,— "that's better. A smock frock, breeches, gaiters, and a round hat is the proper Sunday costume of a Sussex peasant." And indeed I thought, although I did not say, that such a dress would be more becoming to him and even more respectable than the caricature of his landlord's—or of his landlord's butler's—costume which he actually did present to the naked eye.

But how, O Sussex squire, is it as to what the Sussex peasant himself thinks, and the Sussex peasantess, in her monstrous manifestation of millinery? If they feel in their inner hearts that they are "genteeler" and more elegant, and therefore in their own eyes more respectable, in that rampant rigging, what matter is all your scoffing? And what can you expect but that they will wear it? And what will you do to check this blossoming absurdity, unless you make instant and open war upon the liberty of the individual, and throw yourself in your gentleman's dress before the wheels of progress? The eternal fitness of things! But what is the eternal fitness of things, or the fitness of eternal things, to the fitness of fine raiment, and to the consciousness of being in the fashion, and of being dressed, at least one day in the week, "like a lady" or a "gentleman"! Verily, your notions as to correct costume and the eternal fitnesses smack of the church cate-

chism and its state of life to which it has pleased God to call us.

One day in London, as I was walking through New Bond Street, I saw upon the door-post of a house a small sign-board, hardly larger than a man's hand, on which was "Edwin James, Jurisconsult." It was a sad sight. It brought up a story which is significantly illustrative of a likeness and a difference in social police between two peoples who are, or who have been until lately, the same in all the distinguishing characteristics of race,—the story of a man of such ability and such legal acquirement that he might reasonably have aspired to the highest honors attainable in his profession; a member of Parliament; a co-worker with Garibaldi; a man whose reputation had crossed the broad Atlantic, and yet who, because of misconduct in regard to a trust reposed in him, was disbarred. Coming to New York, he was received with facile and uninquiring welcome, and on motion of very distinguished members of the New York bar was admitted to practice in the courts of the State. When a cry of surprise went up from those who knew his history, and an effort was made to rectify the hasty error, it was found to be too late. The judges decided that, having been duly admitted to the bar, and having been guilty of no misconduct since his admission, his standing here was good, and he could not be disbarred. But the result was that the courts in New York were as effectually closed to him as those of London. He could not obtain the practice which a lawyer of his standing requires; he returned to England to set up his little sign as a "jurisconsult." Never was a reputation more utterly wrecked and ruined; never were fairer prospects more completely blasted. The moral tone of both bars and both communities was the same; but in England there would not have been the thoughtless precipitancy in his reception and admission which caused

such a public scandal in the bar of New York. There would have been more caution, more reserve, more preliminary inquiry.

It is a characteristic distinction that at the Inns of Court men are "called to the bar" after a certain probation, while in the United States they are, upon examination, "admitted to practice" in the courts. The former mode is a voluntary act of grace by which the benchers ask a man to become one of their fraternity; the latter is in the nature of the recognition of a right upon the fulfillment of certain conditions. A barrister's profession in England is nominally of an honorary character, and his fee is an *honorarium*, which cannot be sued for at law as an attorney's costs may. Practically, however, a barrister's services of course are paid for like any other professional services, and the professional incomes of many successful English barristers are very large. Law is the noblest of all professions in England. It takes men into Parliament; it makes them peers and lord chancellors. I did not have the good fortune of seeing any of the great courts in session, for my visit was in the long vacation; but I saw a criminal cause tried in one of the minor courts in Liverpool, and was much interested in the proceedings. First of all, I was struck by the costume of the judge and of the barristers, whose wigs and gowns gave them an air of dignity and authority well suited to their functions and not without its practical value. The wigs, indeed, did seem somewhat ridiculous, because of their absurd likeness and unlikeness to the natural covering of the head. The judge's wig was the least grotesque. It was quite like the large bob wig worn by all gentlemen in the latter part of the last century,—much like that, for example, represented in Dr. Johnson's portraits. But the barrister's wig is certainly the queerest covering that was ever put upon a human head. The gown gives

dignity to the figure and grace to the action; but I found it difficult to look at the wigs without laughing. Behind and at the sides there hang four little formal, isolated curls in double rows, so unlike anything human, and yet so plainly an imitation of curled and powdered human hair, that they would seem like caricature, if they did not, in their bald artificiality, pass all bounds of caricature. I spoke of their absurdity to a friend who was at the bar, and said that, while the gown seemed worthy of reverence and admiration, I wondered why the ridiculous little wigs were not discarded. "Discard wigs!" was his reply. "Why, we could n't get on without them. I could n't try a cause without my wig. I should feel as if I had no right to be in court; as if the judge would be justified in taking no notice of me; and as if the witnesses had me at their mercy, instead of me having them at mine. I should n't dare to cross-question a witness without my wig." "In other words," I said, "your wig gives you an authoritative position which enables you to bamboozle a witness." "Why, yes," he answered, smiling, "that's pretty much it, if you choose to put it so." But to my trial.

The case was one of obtaining goods, silk and satin, under false pretenses, and among the witnesses were women, who were connected in some way with the fraud. I was impressed by the quiet ease of the proceedings, by the gently exercised authority of the judge, and by the deference of the barristers to the bench and to each other. It was a minor court, as I have said; but propriety and courtesy seemed to reign absolutely within its walls. One of the counsel, taking advantage of his wigged condition, began to press one of the female witnesses rather hard in regard to her personal relations to the principal culprit. After he had asked a question or two with this intent, under which she had winced visibly, the judge leaned

forward, and said, in a tone of quiet and friendly remonstrance, "Mr. —, I think I would n't pursue that course of inquiry any further. It makes no difference as to the nature of the act charged, and the witness has been very frank in her testimony." "Very well, your honor," was the reply, and the subject was dropped, and another line of inquiry was taken up. It seemed that this witness had kept some of the goods for a long time by her, not made up, and when she was told that she might leave the box, the judge called her to him, and as she stood before the bench entered into a conversation with her, in the tone which a father might adopt toward a daughter who had erred; in the course of which he asked her a few questions as to the reasons for her conduct, which seemed to bring out the truth of the whole matter more completely than the questioning and the cross-questioning of counsel. His manner was at once colloquial and authoritative, and while it commanded the woman's respectful deference dismissed her fears, relieved her of her worry, and begat a confidence in his uprightness and impartiality. How the trial ended I do not know, for I could not remain until its close; but I left the court-room feeling sure that essential justice would be done, and much impressed by this slight exhibition of the simplicity and dignity of the proceedings in British courts of law.

Newspapers, advertisements, posters, an organized police force, and the telegraph have made the town-crier a figure of the past, long as unknown in America as an old watchman or a ticket-porter. And yet I have been told by men who, although they have some gray in their beards, do not regard themselves as old that they remember him standing at the corners of the streets in the smaller towns, ringing his great bell, and crying lost children or other articles more valuable, and making other announcements which are now made by

machinery, social or other. I supposed that in England, however, he had disappeared generations ago, and I should as soon have expected to find Dogberry, Verges, and that "most senseless and fit man" George Seacoal going about with their lanterns and halberts as he. But there he was. In Oxford I saw him,—a somewhat forlorn and solemn creature, sad of countenance and ruinous in raiment. He stood upon the curb-stone, and lifting up his voice he proclaimed lugubriously that certain articles would be sold by auction, and that the sale would commence—the very town-crier cannot say "begin" even in England—at six o'clock. He was a witness to the fast hold which old customs have upon society in England. Probably he was the last of his tribe, and had a vested interest in his office, from which he will pass away without a successor. He was allowed to display the vacuity of his mouth at street corners to get wherewith to put into it at home, and to fill his belly with something better than the east wind, in the teeth of which he uttered his proclamation. No one but me paid the slightest attention to him. He might as well have done his crying in the desert of Sahara or on the top of Mount Ararat. His voice sounded to me like a faint echo of the speech of past ages; and I thanked the poor fellow in my heart that he did his superfluous office within my hearing.

Some of these random recollections are in regard to points which should have been remarked upon in what I had to say as to manners and habits of life in England. Of these one is an absence of reserve in speech and action in regard to matters as to which a certain reticence is dictated almost by self-respect. Over the weaker and unloverlier points and the homelier functions of our physical nature, self-love throws a veil, which by silent mutual consent is never lifted, unless at the bidding of a

great need. To say that I did not find this in England would be quite untrue; but it is true that I found there enough disregard of it in a sufficient number of individuals to impress me very strongly. I shall refer only to two very mild manifestations of this unreserve. I was driving with two ladies, one of whom was of rank and herself of very ancient lineage,—a woman intelligent, accomplished, kind-hearted, and indeed, it could hardly be denied, well bred; and, moreover, she was not yet middle-aged. And yet, it being a morning drive, this lady did not hesitate to complete, then and there, her toilet as to ears and nose, in the face of the sun and in the eyes of her companions, in a manner which was not only conspicuous, but pickuous; and she did it in such a matter-of-course way, although so thoroughly, that I am inclined to think that half an hour afterwards she would not have remembered this perfecting of her personal graces in public. I never saw such a performance on the part of a New England or New York woman of even tolerable good-breeding or middling social position. My other example (and both are only samples of a sort) was an even more public manifestation of the same unreserve. In a railway carriage, first class, was a lady who evidently regarded herself as a very high and mighty personage. She, her young daughter, and a nurse with a child in arms some six months old occupied one side of the carriage, which was full. At intervals of some fifteen minutes this lady, who was large and loud of voice, would make inquiries of the nurse, in very precise and well-articulated words, as to the natural history of that infant; and the particular attention which she gave to this subject went so far and was so very earnest that I began to look forward with some apprehension to what might be the consequences. Now, with an aversion to squeamishness and no respect for euphemism, I cannot but think

that the feeling which would make such exhibitions as these, on the part of women of like condition, impossible in New England or New York is one which is not the mark of inferior sense, inferior civilization, or inferior manners.

One little trait of manners and customs amazed me. The evidence of it was a bit of printed pasteboard which in plain terms was the business card of a hangman. It came into my hands, but not into my possession, for the gentleman who showed it to me would not part with it. I took and have a copy of it, upon which, unfortunately, I cannot now put my hand; but I can trust my memory sufficiently to say that it was in these words, and form like this:—

<p>WILLIAM MARLEY. EXECUTIONER. 12 — STREET. BRISTOL. — N. B. Executions attended to with promptness and dispatch.</p>
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The variation that there probably is between this and the original is entirely immaterial. I thought this about the most amazing piece of paper that I ever looked upon. That a man should adopt the hanging of other men by the neck as his business, his vocation, is sufficiently astonishing; but it is comprehensible. As it seems to be a settled thing that some men must be hanged, there must of course be others to hang them; and from the days of the saintly Trois Eschelles and the jocular Petit André there has been a succession of professional executioners in France, where the business at last became an inheritance, and the trick of it traditional in one family, like violin-making among the Amatis. But that hanging other men should become such a business as requires a business card, with the promise of promptness and dispatch in the execution of all orders, that a man should thus openly seek such employ-

ment, would be incredible, were it not for this evidence. Should Mr. Marley have a trade-mark, think what a sickening thing the sign would be!

English footmen look like curates in livery. If I should say that the coachmen look like bishops on the box, it would be no compliment to the coachmen, who are, with rare exceptions, very fine men; whereas English bishops are not as a bench remarkable for fine presence. As to dignity, what bishop, what archbishop, what cardinal, what Pope, could hope to equal the dignity of a first-rate English coachman in the discharge of his professional functions!

I had no opportunity of seeing the queen, nor did I hear much said of her; and what little I did hear did not convey to me the impression that she was personally liked, even by those who knew her as well as subjects can know a queen. One of these said to me when I mentioned my not having seen her, "Oh, you could not expect that. She rarely shows in public; only on great occasions. And you would not see much. She's a shabby, dowdy woman; very close; and haughty and austere with the younger members of her family."

It was while I was in England that the excitement about the Turkish atrocities was at its height. We not only supped, like Macbeth, full with horrors, but breakfasted full with horrors,—Bulgarian horrors; for the newspapers seemed to contain little else. There were meetings and meetings upon the subject, and speeches and speeches. In the railway carriages, people, as they exchanged newspapers, talked of little else; and few had even a word of excuse for the Turk. Now of this feeling I do not doubt the genuineness. According to my observation, there are no kindlier people than the English. Nor can it be fairly doubted that they are ready to strike a blow for the weak, and to use their power to enforce fair play.

But I could not close my eyes to a strong under-current that was perceptible in all this, and much more apparent in private talk than in public discussion, — a feeling of disgust as much at Turkish impecuniosity and bankruptcy as at Turkish cruelty. It was very plain that the feeling, taken as a whole, was one of resentment at the atrocities of those no-interest-paying pagans. It was abominable to use British wealth and power to support a miserable set of Moslems, who made war in such a ferocious manner when they could n't pay their debts. I could not but think that if the interest on the Turkish bonds had been ready there would have been less of white heat in the glow of British indignation. But how many of us have a pure and single motive in our conduct, individual or collective? Has there been a war or a "movement" that ended in a great gain to human freedom which had not selfish interest among its springs and causes? Magna Charta itself will not bear close investigation on this point, nor even our war for salvation of the Union and the extinction of slavery. Of all great political struggles that which was begun by a few English gentlemen in resistance to the tyranny of Charles I. seems purest in its origin; and even that became debased by selfishness and greed before it was ended. As to this Turkish question, I could not but see, on the other hand, the elevating influence of the wideness and manifoldness of British interests. The scattering of British pounds, shillings, and pence all over the world makes the British people, — those of them who think and who have interests beyond that of their daily bread,

— a people of wide sympathies and of varied and enriching anxieties. Their very solicitude for their profit and loss compels them to concern themselves in the affairs of the world at large. Their selfishness has become an element in their greatness. As Julius Cæsar's success was in no small degree due to his enormous indebtedness, so, conversely, Great Britain has risen to imperial power because she has compelled the whole world to become her debtor. In recognizing this fact it is not necessary to admit the purity either of Cæsar's or of Britain's motives.

The enrichment of the intellectual life of England by these causes is manifest in British journalism. The leading newspapers of London, and even of the provinces, place day by day before their readers discussions which involve a knowledge of the world's affairs "from China to Peru." Look through half a dozen numbers of the *Saturday Review* and of the *Spectator*, and see how the affairs of India, of Afghanistan, of Egypt, in fact of all the countries of the world, are discussed as if they were but British dependencies, which every man between John O'Groat's and Land's End must needs know something of and think about. The largeness and complexity of these discussions are almost bewildering. They make all other journalism seem thin and tame and narrow. And it is this vastness and variety of interest which in the last hundred years has raised the statesmanship of shop-keeping Britain to such a height that it is the noblest as well as the most exacting of all professions, and makes all other statesmanship seem like shop-keeping.

• *Richard Grant White.*

BOSTON TO FLORENCE.

SENT TO "THE PHILOLOGICAL CIRCLE" OF FLORENCE FOR ITS MEETING IN
COMMEMORATION OF DANTE, JANUARY 27, 1881, ANNIVERSARY OF HIS FIRST
CONDEMNATION.

PROUD of her clustering spires, her new-built towers,
Our Venice, stolen from the slumbering sea,
A sister's kindest greeting wafts to thee,
Rose of Val d'Arno, Queen of all its flowers!
Thine exile's shrine thy sorrowing love embowers,
Yet none with truer homage bends the knee,
Or stronger pledge of fealty brings than we,
Whose poets make thy dead Immortal ours.
Lonely the height, but ah, to heaven how near!
Dante, whence flowed that solemn verse of thine
Like the stern river from its Apennine
Whose name the far-off Scythian thrilled with fear:
Now to all lands thy deep-toned voice is dear
And every language knows the Song Divine!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

MISS LYDIA BENNETT was one of the most prominent and influential citizens of the little town of Greenville. There was not a man in the place who was possessed of such decided and energetic character, such positive opinions, or such a firm and unyielding will; and the supremacy she exercised in social affairs was only that accorded to all strong and resolute natures. She had experienced religion in her youth by an indisputably correct process, and had at once joined the church, of which she became, by force of character, the leading spirit. Her orthodoxy was unbounded, her knowledge of theology and dogma precise and unquestionable, and her learning in the Scriptures such as is gained only by life-long and diligent study. In the narrow but intense life of a retired New England village, where the church

is the centre of social activity, religious thought has great prominence; and Miss Lydia Bennett's religion was the main-spring of her character, the ruling power of her life.

The most vital and essential part of this religion, that which lay nearest her heart and awoke her strongest feeling, was a bitter and vindictive hatred of one of her neighbors, — a man who was, nominally at least, a brother Christian, and who had never injured her personally by word or deed. The last fact shielded her from all misgiving. She might have doubted the sanctity of a resentment awakened by her private wrongs, but she gloried in a righteous indignation against an enemy of God's church.

The object of all this animosity was the Rev. Joseph Eliot, a retired clergy-

man, who for many years had made his home in Greenville. He had come to the people as their pastor long ago, and Miss Lydia and her sister, Miss Phebe Bennett, had been among his warmest supporters. His life was beneficent and his power increasing, when his bark struck that worst of snags in the current of a clergyman's life, a quarrel in the choir. It originated in a trifle, and therefore soon assumed serious proportions. The members of the church took sides in the matter, naturally dividing according to their social sympathy and family ties, rather than with reference to the merits of the case, and in the inevitable gravitating of opinions it chanced that the Rev. Joseph Eliot found himself viewing the matter in another light from that in which it was regarded by Miss Lydia Bennett, and he even refused to carry into execution some arbitrary measures adopted by the church at Miss Bennett's instigation. She took the liveliest personal interest in the matter; and, infuriated by Mr. Eliot's undaunted opposition, determined to make an example of this minister who dared to thwart her own will and that of an independent church.

It was easy to excite public opinion against him, aided by those who feed eagerly upon the faults of the clergy; and by instituting diligent inquiry in every place where he had hitherto lived she had soon in lively circulation a fine crop of evil reports. Mr. Eliot, pursued with relentless fury and deserted by all save a few faithful friends, was compelled to ask for a dismission; when, instead of flying before his enemies, he decided to remain in the place. His health, always delicate, had been so undermined by the recent excitement that he could not undertake another charge; and perhaps to a spirited man it seemed cowardly to run away from slander, and a better course to stay and live it down.

And now Miss Lydia Bennett began against this man a system of persecution

which, if related in detail, would be scouted as incredible. His actions were watched, his words misrepresented, and his motives assailed, until his best deeds were made to tell against him; and in spite of his pure and blameless life he was shunned with suspicion and dislike by a large share of the community. It seemed to her that his continued presence among them was a deliberate insult to herself and to the church he had defied; and that in driving him out she was obeying God, as the Jews obeyed him in exterminating the inhabitants of the land of Canaan. She led her Sunday-school class through rivers of blood and scenes of slaughter, having Joseph Eliot ever before her mind as the modern representative of the enemies of Israel in whose destruction she gloried; and she loved the savage denunciations of the Psalmist against the foes of God, being confirmed in the righteousness of feelings that were so exactly voiced by words of holy writ.

It was undeniable that Mr. Eliot's presence was often a source of serious annoyance to the pious folk of Greenville. When a new minister came to the place, and, finding this reverend brother in his congregation, naturally warmed to him with fraternal affection, and extended the ordinary clerical courtesies, the state of affairs was cautiously explained to him and his own line of conduct plainly indicated. Some men of spirit refused to alter their course of action because of a ridiculous church quarrel that they had no share in, or a few old slanders falling to pieces with decay; others were timid, politic, or prejudiced, and trimmed their sails to accommodate public feeling; but no minister ever stayed long among them. Some of the "world's people" shook their heads, and said "they'd never have a revival or a settled minister till all those that had a hand in dismissing Mr. Eliot was dead." Others laughed when the subject of personal religion

was urged upon them, and retorted that "they'd rather stay outside, where there wa' n't so much quarrelin'," or that "a church that was too good for Mr. Eliot was too good for them." The faithful souls who prayed for the prosperity of Zion seemed to pray in vain, and few recruits were gathered in to fill the vacant places.

As the years passed on, however, public opinion gradually underwent a change. A new generation was growing up, outside the church; strangers moved in, who cared nothing for old grudges, and recognized the clear radiance of Mr. Eliot's Christian light. Old enmities died out, and the number of his friends increased. But Miss Lydia Bennett's consistent hatred never faltered, being cherished even more tenderly as others grew careless or lukewarm. The magnanimity that lifted him above her worst attacks and the calm forbearance that never sought revenge she interpreted as a hardened indifference; while his happiness and prosperity in his private life reminded her of the "wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree." It was only when, like Daniel, she went into the sanctuary and considered the slippery places upon which he stood that she was able to endure the spectacle.

But time goes on, and everything is short that it can measure. Joseph Eliot's life had been a long one, as men reckon life; his threescore years and ten had passed; but the end came. A neighbor going by Miss Bennett's door, one morning, paused to tell the news that Mr. Eliot was very sick. Her curiosity was awakened; she inquired the particulars of his illness, and after her neighbor departed wondered with her sister if they had sent for any of the children. The next morning, as she was washing dishes in the kitchen, a stroke of the church bell came upon her with a sudden shock, and her heart beat a little faster as she turned to meet her

sister who was coming in from the post-office.

"It is Mr. Eliot," said Miss Phebe. "He died last night."

Miss Lydia wiped her hands upon her apron and sat down by the window, unnerved by the news. The door was suddenly shut in the face of her active and living hatred, and as it turned away, baffled and unsatisfied, she saw its face. There are delicate spiritual premonitions and perceptions that are beyond analysis; and by some intuition her soul discerned upon its far horizon the shadow of a fear—a dim foreboding of something as yet unknown and far away—that was drawing near to alarm her.

A neighbor dropped in; she listened to the talk that always follows death,—speculations as to the funeral and the future plans of the survivors. She took part in the conversation with the surface current of her thought, but there was a deeper consciousness that was silent, uneasy, and almost afraid. She went about her duties softly, and alone at night, when she put out her candle, the darkness was like a presence in the room. She lay awake a long time, her eyes wide open, her mind unnaturally active, and her memory busy with the past, dragging forth from the dark corners of forgetfulness the scenes and incidents of years gone by, until fancy began to mingle with recollection, her consciousness grew misty, and she passed to the more vivid and intense life of dreams.

When she awoke in the morning her presentiment had drawn nearer, and though she turned away and closed her mental vision it was too late; she knew what it was. It was a shadowy misgiving of herself,—concerning what, she would not think.

Her sister spoke of the coming funeral. "I suppose we ought to go, for the speech of people," she said. "There'll be folks from out of town, and they'll

think it's queer if we are not there, living so near the church."

Miss Lydia shrank from going, but she would not admit to herself that she was afraid or ashamed to be present. She found her doubt there awaiting her, and as she grew defiant it grew more bold. She was swayed by the influences of the place and hour; the lifeless form of the one she had so relentlessly pursued seemed silently to reproach her, and her doubt spoke plainly:—

"Have I been just in my past judgment of this man? Is it not possible I have been mistaken?"

She glanced uneasily at the weeping relatives, and saw herself in the unwonted light of another's estimation. She had always been a law unto herself, careless of all other opinion; but now she saw how she must appear to this grief-stricken widow, against whom she had never been able to bring a worse accusation than that she "sympathized with her husband." She felt the altered public mood, and that there were some present who looked at her with curiosity or condemnation.

But Miss Lydia's spirit was not one to cower long in self-reproach. She turned aside these feelings with confident self-justification, and stared boldly about the assembled congregation, recalling all the just cause she had had for her enmity, and sneering inwardly at the tribute paid the dead. Her mind turned with relief from the subject when all was over, and she gladly hurried home.

"Well," said her sister placidly, as they were taking off their bonnets, "it does seem strange how different you feel when folks are gone. We are imperfect creatures, and I am afraid in some things we was most too hard on Mr. Eliot."

While Miss Phebe Bennett's shallow experience thus found complete and calm expression, it stirred painful depths in Miss Lydia's soul to hear her own

misgiving shaped in words; and her doubt grew so persistent that at last she turned and faced it.

"What if I did!" she retorted, "I'm not perfect; but I have done, right along, what I believed to be my duty. You can't think so hard of folks when they are gone."

This was a dangerous admission to make, but in the line of her convictions she was honest, and she would not take it back. Her inward accuser at once took up the new position she had accorded as a vantage-ground for renewed demands, while she began to feel a gentle but gradually increasing spiritual pressure, a constraint upon her inclination, a vague impulse of duty, a whispered "Ought I?" It was as if there stood beside her some one waiting, who, though often ignored and forgotten, was always there, and now and then touched her, asking to be heard, while whispering voices filled her ears, and her trouble grew upon her, until she gradually became conscious of a distinct suggestion that if she had done a wrong to Joseph Eliot it had been deep and terrible,—a wrong that demanded all the expiation in her power, and an acknowledgment of error as public as had been her accusations, even to making a formal confession of her sin before the church and people of her native town.

She prepared herself by earnest prayer for guidance, and receiving the suggestion freely endeavored to look at the matter calmly by the light of reason and judgment. A careful self-examination only confirmed the decision she had originally made,—that the demand was monstrous and unreasonable, and that the voice within her was not the voice of God. The shock of Mr. Eliot's death had awakened an over-sensitive conscience; and in her morbid brooding over the matter she had mistaken the unhealthy action of a mind unnaturally excited for the promptings of duty. Whatever mistakes she had made in the

past, in the main purpose of her life she had sought the glory of God and the honor of his name; and to make a confession like the one suggested would be essentially insincere, would do herself a worse wrong than she had done to Joseph Eliot, and inflict grave injury upon the cause of Christ, of which she had so long been the leading representative. Her intellectual conviction was without the shadow of misgiving; and, with a longing to be delivered from her mental oppression she laid her arms upon the table by which she sat and bowed her head upon them, as her custom was, in prayer; but her soul was silent. She could not pray. After a while she raised her head and took her Bible.

"Perhaps he chooses to speak to me by his word," she thought, as she turned the leaves of the book looking for some appropriate message. Her attention was first arrested by these verses:—

"Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent, therefore, of this thy wickedness, and pray God if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee. For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity."

"Peter's words to Simon Magus," she thought, maintaining her calmness by an effort. "In my excited state of feeling they naturally seem to have undue significance."

She turned back a few leaves, and looked again:—

"Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost? . . . Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God."

She closed her Bible and resolutely laid it from her.

"My nerves are overwrought," she said. "I must divert my mind by natural and healthy interests."

It was just at twilight; she went out and proposed to her sister that they

should spend the evening at a neighbor's house, and during the days that followed she went much into active business and society. But she found it impossible to shake off the oppression that was upon her spirit; the same suggestion of duty haunted her; and reason, judgment, and intellectual conviction availed no more against it than a sponge avails to wipe out a shadow. She grew reluctant to read her Bible; there were verses there that she did not like to see; and she at last gave up her daily reading, saying that for the present it had perhaps ceased to be profitable. But she could not escape the living word written in her memory, which seemed quickened to intense activity. Her prayers were sometimes constrained and formal; and sometimes she cast herself upon the Lord with strong cries for deliverance.

"Why dost thou leave me to such doubt and disquietude?" she pleaded. "I have sought my duty carefully with tears. Leave me not in darkness; let thy light shine."

"If, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light," suggested memory.

"Lord, help me!" she cried. "Deliver me from this horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and my lips shall praise thee."

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" was her answer.

She went over the ground again and again, calling common sense and reason to her aid. She told herself she was the victim of a strange delusion, and that by patient waiting she would yet recover mental health. But her facility in the Scriptures met her at every turn, and some text arose and tripped up every step she took.

"It is monstrous, impossible," she urged. "I could not do it if I would."

"If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say to this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it

shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you."

"Oh, for patience!" she cried. "I will withdraw my mind from this subject, and it will yet leave me."

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed to the day of redemption."

"It is not the Spirit of God," she answered. "My faith is tried, like that of Job, and Satan is allowed" — She went no further.

"Whoso blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come. . . . Because they said, He hath an unclean spirit."

Miss Lydia's mental trouble began to wear upon her health. Every one was noticing her worn and haggard face; and a visit of a few weeks among her relatives gave her but temporary relief. Spring came, with its warm, soft air and its depressing languor. She was an old woman, and now she began to feel about her some vague premonition of a change. Grave symptoms of disease hereditary in the family declared themselves. One by one she gave up her active duties, and sat in her cushioned chair. The old family doctor was called in; he gave her illness a Latin name, mixed some medicine in a tea-cup, promised a speedy recovery, and went away and left her with her trouble. Her mind was held relentlessly upon the subject from which her whole being shrank; and though as physical strength failed her she had less power of resistance, still her will was fixed and resolute as ever that she would not yield.

Upon his second visit the old doctor found his patient confined to her bed; friends shook their heads sadly over this downward step, but Miss Lydia felt an intense relief that now, at least, a physical impossibility stood in the way of the suggestion that ever haunted her.

One evening, as she lay alone in the twilight, listening to the soft voices of

the summer evening, there gradually closed about her the conviction that for her the end of life was near. Death seemed to approach and forewarn her, and her soul recognized his face. What if, after all, this had been the voice of God within her that she had refused and disobeyed? What if her eternal destiny were indeed imperiled, and now it was too late. The things of this life shriveled to nothingness as she drew near the eternal verities. Outside the window, just across the street, the church-bell began to ring; and Miss Lydia grew faint with fear, as her inward conflict began anew. Was it, then, too late? The church prayer-meeting was assembling, close at hand. A remnant of physical strength was still her own. Might she not even now obey the impulse within her, and be at peace? She felt her spirit wooed by strong persuasion, and the voices about her were melting with entreaty.

She turned her face upon the pillow; the slow and painful tears forced themselves through the unused channels, and she gave up. The feeble notes of a wailing hymn rose and fell upon the air; the exercises had begun. Ten minutes later Deacon Tryon was addressing the meeting. The candles flared in the dim twilight of the echoing room, and the little handful of brethren sat drowsily listening to the same old story. Deacon Tryon felt himself to be a great sinner. He was conscious he had not walked worthily before them, and he asked their prayers —

He paused; his hearers roused themselves, and turned to follow the direction of his startled glance.

Miss Lydia Bennett stood in the doorway, her clothes flung hastily about her, and her face like one struck with death. She came slowly up the aisle, and when she feebly spoke all held their breath to listen.

"I have sinned against Heaven," she began. "I am verily guilty concerning

my brother. I have slandered a good man and done him wrong. I have resisted the Spirit when he moved me to confess my sin. I am not worthy" —

Her voice faltered, and she wavered and seemed about to fall. A young man sprang from the back seat and caught her in his arms; and the meeting broke up in confusion as they carried her home again.

Miss Lydia Bennett's strange appearance at the Thursday evening meeting was the talk of Greenville for weeks after. The public verdict was unanimous that she "must have been out of her head with the fever;" and if there were some who did not wonder at the

form of her delirium they held their peace.

"She never spoke much after it," Miss Phebe used to say. "The doctor said it hastened her end, of course. She just lay quiet, with her eyes shut, seeming kind of happy and smiling to herself; but she would n't take medicine, nor seem to notice anything. Once I asked her if she felt she was prepared, and she whispered something that sounded like 'So happy.' The night she died I was sittin' by the bed, and she opened hereyes, and says she, quite clear, 'Good-by, Phebe. God is here, — right here;' and then she never spoke again, and before morning she was gone."

Katharine Carrington.

RECENT FRENCH AND GERMAN ESSAYS.

THOSE who carry their researches into French literature any further back than to the novel-writers of this century will be delighted with the volume of Ferdinand Brunetière's¹ essays. This author has been writing for a few years some valuable articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and these it is that he has collected, in some measure made over, and published in book-form. The position that he takes is that of the lover of letters, as distinguished from that of the scholar or of the scientific critic with a new-fangled theory. This is clearly seen in the very interesting essay with which the volume opens. In this paper he discusses the literary value of what we may for convenience call Old French, — the French, that is to say, of the Middle Ages, — and his opinion of it differs very much from that of the enthusiasts who are never tired of praising the *Chanson de Roland*, for instance, and comparing it not unfavorably with

real masterpieces. Brunetière considers this as great exaggeration. In fact he is on bad terms with the modern school of critical scholarship, — with the German school, so to speak, — and he feels that the touch of pedantry which it contains is something that sits ill on the Frenchman. He says that a certain number of students transfer their admiration of an interesting period of a language to those early works, and exaggerate their literary merits. As for him, he cares only for solid worth, and does not believe in these early French and German Homers, Shakespeares, and Racines. That he finds many foolish outbursts of inappropriate praise to contradict we can readily believe. Indeed, we all know how unduly the Nibelungenlied is lauded by enthusiasts, and how some people prefer the chilly Northern mythology to that of Greece.

For mediæval French Brunetière has but little praise. The *chansons de geste*

¹ *Etudes Critiques sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Française.* Par FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

Paris: Hachette & Cie. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

he thinks but rude productions, and the *fabliaux* he denounces as they deserve for their grossness. What they are like the curious can find in some of Chaucer's coarse tales, and they have survived in a different form in the undercurrent of French literature, as well as in some work of the best men, down to the end of the last century. The mysteries, too, he finds dull reading. It is really possible to agree with what Brunetière says without denying credit to those scholars who are doing good by informing the world of their discoveries in early French literature. The difference between these men and their critic is not so great as it might at first seem. Brunetière would simply lop off their extravagances, while he would hardly deny the value of the soberer part of their work; yet one cannot help regretting the ground he has taken, for it appears as if he were merely grumbling about people whose tastes are different from his own. There would seem to be no great call for a man to arise and contradict any person who prefers the *Chanson de Roland* to the *Iliad*. Time has a very sure way of disposing of such assertions and those who make them, and the cause of literature is hardly well served by superfluously attacking them. Still, this essay is well worth reading. If it should make any one think that Brunetière cared only for entertainment and was indifferent to exactness, this false impression would be very soon removed by the other papers. That on Pascal, which is the next one in order, shows how much importance he attaches to careful editing, and in the article on a life of Montesquieu he detects a vast number of errors. This formal accuracy is the least of his merits. In writing about Pascal he not only discusses the text and the proposed variations with great intelligence, but he also incidentally defends Pascal from misconception in a very sensible way; and, while he condemns most of the so-called

versions of Pascal's *Pensées*, he shows that it is hopeless for any one to try to fill up the gaps and arrange the scattered bits: the work is and must remain a fragment.

The long article on Voltaire is admirable. Brunetière gives us a full and clear sketch of the life of that man, whom facility and versatility of talent made a genius, and he lays bare the vanity that inspired almost everything that he did. This is done without ill-nature, but with most convincing certainty of touch. Brunetière meets the objections of those who might say that we have nothing to do with Voltaire's private life by acknowledging that this would be true of many men; that so long as our sense of what is becoming is not grossly outraged we should be very lenient in judging the faults of a man whose only relation to us is through his writings. "But when one has, like Voltaire, toiled for sixty years to play a part on the scene of history and politics, and, despising the calm pleasures of the artist, has done one's best to become a public man; when one has set everything to work, even the basest means, to confound the whole of a great century with one's own history, it is not merely the writer, it is the man, who belongs to us, — and he belongs to us without reserves. He is not to be divided. We must decide to applaud him, if he has really devoted the rarest faculties a man has ever received from nature to the service of justice and truth; to blame and condemn him, if, in almost every case, he has used them only in his own interest, — in behalf of his personal security, his fortune, and above all of his reputation." This — and it is not the whole of the charge — is a serious accusation, but it is well borne out by the facts that Brunetière adduces, and facts too from Voltaire's own pen. It is by his own words that Voltaire is judged.

This is the longest article in the volume, as well as one of the most impor-

tant, but those on Madame de Sévigné, Racine, Molière, and the literature of the First Empire, while devoted rather to special subjects, show the same abundance of accurate knowledge and of generous intelligence. Brunetière is a real lover of letters and of French letters, and his opinions are always carefully formed and very interesting. Bossuet is the writer whom he loses no opportunity of praising warmly, and from this we may see that he is that rare thing, a lover of the classical French literature. Yet he cannot be quietly shelved as one who merely repeats old-fashioned and exhausted truisms; far from it, he is a well-equipped contestant who knows the whole of French literature well, and he is certainly no pedant who wishes to impose obsolete shackles on the men of the present day. His book is full of keen perception, as when he calls La Fontaine, Racine, and Molière the *naturalist* writers of their day; and he throws light on many obscure points, as when he shows how much of the affected phraseology that in our minds is connected with all French tragedy belongs only to its decadence in the last century.

In a word, this volume of essays is one of the most important books of pure literature that has appeared in France for a long time, and is a welcome proof that literary criticism still lives there in a combination of good taste and full information which expresses itself without alliance with any scientific theory.

Our readers will not have forgotten the delightful letters of Doudan, and they will doubtless welcome with pleasure this volume,¹ which contains some of his writing that had escaped the attention of those who edited the previous volumes. Their first and only regret will be that there is so little that is new. It seems that we have in it only a few scattered notes that he had written here and there, so that we no longer are

charmed by the literary completeness which was so striking a quality of his letters. We have the gems, but they are not set.

At times, this incoherence, which we notice whenever detached thoughts are published, exists only to the eye. In the volume of the writings of Vauvenargues, for instance, the sayings have been classified, and the connection between them is sufficiently obvious; here, however, we have a series of really detached observations, which may be classified only under such general heads as Literature, Philosophy, Morality and Religion, etc. Yet those who know Doudan will be able to recognize his unmistakable charm. His way of expressing himself was remarkably exact and beautiful, and endowed with a poetic grace that, so far from being made much of, appeared, as it were, to be continually suppressed. In these latter days we are accustomed to a certain exuberance of language in English writers, especially when they are uttering rhapsodies about art; but this curious combination of alliteration and sing-song fails to be really valuable, because what we notice first, last, and continually is the mode of expression, not the thing expressed. Doudan's style is the very opposite of this lax facility, and there is nothing more effective than its quiet, graceful precision.

Doudan's literary judgment was extremely delicate, and his interest in literary matters was practically inexhaustible. His letters show how wide was his interest and how keen his perception. He never admired lavishly, but his criticisms were not the mere expression of prejudice. This volume contains a few *addenda* to the letters, and hardly anything more. Those who admire the letters will be glad to see this volume.

It is interesting to notice how much intelligence adds to the value of a book. There is certainly no lack of books written in the English language about Ger-

¹ X. Doudan. *Pensées, Essais, et Maximes*. Paris: C. Lévy. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

man literature, yet there is not one along with which this volume of Mr. Hillebrand's¹ may not well be read as a help in understanding the great movements of German thought. In the dearth of political life in Germany, its literature, moderate as it is in bulk, is the most important manifestation of the intellectual interests of that country, and if we look at the German books on our shelves as simply independent literary products, we fail to observe their intimate connection with the changes and growth of the whole German nation. This connection between the literature and the life of the nation is what Mr. Hillebrand has here expounded most clearly and forcibly.

To do this, a full knowledge of the facts is required, and to get the facts is the student's first task. To arrange them and see beneath them the informing spirit is not given to every one, and the teacher who can expound this intelligibly and fairly deserves high praise. He classifies and detects the hidden laws, and shows the world the value of the painfully collected evidence. This is what Mr. Hillebrand has done. The title of the book defines its aim, so that the reader will understand that he need not look within its pages for dates and statistical information so much as for a sort of philosophical discussion of the principles underlying the facts which are presumed to be familiar.

He begins with describing the condition of Germany after the Thirty Years' War, and then he traces the influence of each of the great writers upon their contemporaries and successors. It is Herder whom he especially names as a man who wrought greatly for Germany, not so much by the completeness of his work as by the intelligence of his suggestions and the enthusiasm with which he fired other men. To take a striking example

of this, there is the good seed he sowed in Goethe's mind. While few teachers meet with such apt pupils, fewer still have so important lessons as he had to teach. He unfolded to Goethe the beauties of English literature, and he guided him to a fuller comprehension of Homer; and, in a manner, he has moulded the whole course of German thought. In what way he did this is shown, too briefly, to be sure, but clearly, by Mr. Hillebrand.

With the same broad outlines the author represents Goethe's views of life, their influence, the inspiring principles of the Romantic school and their work, as well as the varying currents of philosophic thought. In short, he shows the relations of different men to one another, and the underlying principles that animated them in what they did. Moreover, since no one civilized nation can enjoy a high state of intellectual enthusiasm without affecting more or less other countries, Mr. Hillebrand shows the influence of German thought on other nations. Thus, he says, page 261, "When . . . a reaction set in against the *style empire*, which had but been an exaggeration of Winckelmann's theories; when Chateaubriand in France and Walter Scott in England brought the Middle Ages into fashion, they only followed — unconsciously, of course — the impulse given by the German romanticists." In this statement, however, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Hillebrand is certainly vague, if not indeed inexact. It would seem more precise to say that Germany and England followed parallel lines, rather than that one country inspired the whole movement in the other. Although Scott was influenced by Bürger, yet they both drew inspiration from Percy's *Reliques*, and in tracing Scott's intellectual lineage we must never forget Gray and Wal-

¹ *Six Lectures on the History of German Thought, from the Seven Years' War to Goethe's Death.* Delivered at the Royal Institution of

Great Britain, May and June, 1879. By KARL HILLEBRAND. London: Longmans, Green & Co. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880.

pole's Castle of Otranto. How much was Burns moved to song by the German romanticists? Or what share did they have in giving Lamb an interest in the old English dramatists? To be sure, Mr. Hillebrand leaves these men unmentioned, yet Scott was only a partaker in the same inspirations.

In other respects we readily acknowledge the justice of all that Mr. Hillebrand claims for Germany. In that country the history of the literature is more exclusively a history of the nation than in any other. This absence of practical life led to great devotion to the ideal, and that ideal has almost always been a high one. The attrition of vulgar circumstances has often been wanting, so that the reader misses the usual lack of harmony between theory and fact; but surely this is an error in an excellent direction. What the various theories have been and the methods of their application can nowhere in English be better studied than in Mr. Hillebrand's volume, against which we can only say that it is too short.

There is no lack of histories of German literature, and some of these will be found most profitable and interesting reading. As entertaining as any, however, is the *Deutsche Literaturgeschichte*,¹ by Robert Koenig, the eighth revised edition of which now lies before us. This is distinguished from other books of the kind by the appropriate illustrations, which are to be found in great abundance. These consist of fac-similes of old MSS., of autographs, of the title-pages of the original editions of famous books and of some of the cuts that have adorned them. There are, too, many portraits of the most celebrated writers, and frequently more than one of the same person. Thus we have likenesses of Goethe's

father, mother, and sister, as well as several of Goethe himself, taken at different times, and of some of the women with whom he was in love. Schiller, too, is generously treated. The advantages of this treatment are obvious, for even the most reluctant student will feel tempted to examine the book, and he will find it hard to avoid reading the letterpress as he turns the pages. The literary part is well worth reading, so that the book would make a very valuable gift for young people who take an interest in German literature.

It would be hard to say why a book of this sort about English literature should not be interesting. The mere vastness of the subject would make equal thoroughness almost impossible, and the British Museum would have to be ransacked for rare first editions; yet a volume of the kind, if carefully prepared, could not fail to be interesting and instructive. To be sure, prophecies of this kind are as uncertain as predictions concerning the adult life of a child in the cradle, but there are many who would look at such a book with interest. It might begin with Chaucer, giving his portrait, fac-similes of some pages of MS. and of the newly-discovered writings that concern him. Abundant portraits could be given of later writers, and though about Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson little that is not already familiar could be given, more than enough material could be found to make a volume that should interest the scholar as well as the skimmer of books. For people who live in distant regions, remote from large libraries, the book would be invaluable. The work has been very thoroughly done for many of the most famous of English books, it is true, but a judicious selection might yet be made.

¹ *Deutsche Literaturgeschichte*. Von ROBERT KOENIG. Achte Durchgesehene Auflage. Leipzig:

ziz: Oelhagen und Klasing. Boston: C. Schön-hof. 1880.

WAR-SHIPS AND NAVIES.¹

THE task of any one who undertakes to describe this large volume is really very simple; he need but copy the title of the book and underline the words *concise* and *complete*, and the reader knows just what he has before him. The author has really done the work he proposed with great thoroughness, and with a proper regard for the general reader's ignorance of technical terms. The interest of the subject is undeniable; it is not only that we have a natural curiosity to know precisely what is meant by the various scraps of information that we receive about foreign armament, but it is, or may become, a matter of vital concern to us that our own navy bears, in point of effectiveness, this or that relation to the strength of the navy of some other country.

The leading naval power is of course England. We have given us full accounts of the most important ships of her navy, and they make a grim array. Mr. King assures us that "never since the application of steam propulsion to ships of war has the British navy been relatively as strong as at the present day." It contains nearly four hundred vessels of all kinds, and of powerful sea-going fighting-ships there are now, built and building, twenty-eight. Among these is the *Devastation*, which is a good sea-boat, in which almost everything except the fighting can be done by machinery; the *Thunderer*, of which Mr. King says that, like all modern fighting-ships, it is operated in almost every important respect by steam. "There are in all twenty-eight steam-engines and nine boilers." Besides the motive

engines, there "are small engines, employed for subsidiary purposes, such as revolving the turrets, working the hydraulic gun-machinery, hoisting shot and shell, working the capstans, hoisting anchors and boats, working the steering apparatus, working pumps for circulating cold water through the surface-condensers, starting the motive engines, pumping water from the spaces between the double bottoms, feeding the boilers, hoisting ashes, and driving fans for ventilating the ship. In addition to this great responsibility, the engineer department is charged with all the water-tight doors in the ship, all valves and pipes and torpedoes. In short, the interior of the ship is a vast engineering workshop, requiring skill and energy successfully to manage it."

This extract makes very clear the main difference between the ship of war of the present day and the kind that it has succeeded, and it is curious to notice that, by the comparative security given to the crew through the thickness of the armor and by the use of rams as means of offense, naval warfare has gone back to something very like the conditions that existed in Greek and Roman days; and then, too, ships were protected with iron plates.

With regard to modern armor, recent investigation goes to show that the best sort consists of a steel face welded upon iron plating, with an inner course of iron. This makes a great saving of weight, and allows a large addition to the armament and the machinery. The armament moves along in parallel lines with the armor; no sooner does one

¹ *The War-Ships and Navies of the World*. Containing a Complete and Concise Description of the Construction, Motive Power, and Armaments of the Modern War-Ships of all the Navies of the World; Naval Artillery, Marine Engines, Boilers, Torpedoes, and Torpedo-Boats. By CHIEF-ENGI-

NEER J. W. KING, United States Navy, late Chief of the Bureau of Engineering. With sixty-six Full-Page Illustrations. Boston: A. Williams & Co. London: E. and F. N. Spon, 46 Charing Cross. 1880.

man devise a shot-proof protection for a ship than another invents a gun that shall riddle the vessel as if it were made of *papier-mâché*, while some third person constructs a torpedo that shall blow up ships and guns like so many wooden boxes. Yet what brief experience there has been of fights in which armored ships have taken part shows how different is the practical result from that which sounds so alarming on paper. At sea, the motion of both vessels makes the firing very uncertain at the best, and the chances that a heavy shot will strike precisely at right angles are very slight. It would seem possible that a ship in action is more likely to be injured by some accident to its complicated machinery than by the attacks of its foes. However, this has not been the opinion of the most competent judges, who have gone on building costly and powerful ships against the day when it shall be necessary to put them to their legitimate use. The French follow the English as fast as they can, and even distinctly second-rate powers, like Portugal, Holland, Sweden, etc., have their improved and more or less powerful armored ships. The German navy is rapidly growing, as is also the Russian. The Chilian navy is stronger than our own; and even Japan and China are availing themselves of the latest discoveries to secure themselves against foreign attack. Indeed, what Mr. King has to say about the strength of the Chinese is of especial interest at this time. They have a navy yard near Shanghai, where they have built two steam-frigates and five gun-boats, and they have, besides, had powerful vessels built for them in England. The author says: "China, the 'effete' nation of the East, has just entered in the race between modern naval powers, and has already actually put to sea more powerful guns than has any other nation on the globe." Yet, on the other hand, there are objections to these ships, such as their mod-

erate speed and their exposure to the enemy's guns; moreover, there are people who might distrust even a wise Chinaman's management of complicated machinery.

When we read what other nations have done, — and how much it is can be seen only by careful examination of Mr. King's book, — it is with disappointment that we observe how inferior is the navy of the United States to that of other countries. The superiority of England and France we would willingly admit: England, for obvious reasons, is compelled to keep her navy in a state of the highest efficiency, and France has a large coast-line to protect, as well as an interest in many matters that may yet lead to sea contests. In the last war, the fleet of Germany was of as little use as if it had been frozen up in the Arctic Ocean; now, however, she possesses eighteen good ships, eleven of which are sea-going, and others are building; so that, "although she has nothing to match the English mastless sea-going ships, or the Italian *Duilio* or *Dandolo* and other such powerful armored craft, her armored fleet will soon have a strength sufficient, perhaps, to meet the French under any conditions proffered." The Russian navy is composed of many ships, but it neither inflicted nor suffered much damage in the war with Turkey. Even the Spanish navy, although it contains no ships of the improved modern type, is by no means to be despised. Chili, as has been said, possesses a fleet stronger than our own.

Our navy has not "a single armored sea-going ship, and has strictly but few modern cruising vessels, and no armaments of modern rifled guns; in these respects, at least, it differs at present from the navies of all considerable European powers." Mr. King, it will be noticed, speaks with great moderation of a condition of affairs which it is impossible that he should not regret. It may be asserted that we are quite able

to take the risk of the sudden outbreak of war, with the chance of seeing our neglected fortifications of no use in stopping a hostile fleet that might levy any payment it chose from one of our sea-board cities, and that we at least save the great expense of insurance. There would be, however, little comfort in this reflection, for the cost of maintaining the navy for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880, exclusive of the appropriations for ship-building and armaments, was \$14,029,968.25; whilst the Spanish navy for the financial year of 1877 cost but \$5,015,061; the Austrian navy, including ship-building and new constructions, \$4584,816 annually; the German navy for 1879-80, \$11,164,828.23; and that of Russia, for the year 1879, \$19,421,277. Under these circumstances, it would be difficult to find any real cause for congratulations. We pay a large sum of money, and are

outstripped by even third-rate powers; we are crippled before striking a blow. There is no respect in which we are not at a disadvantage; our ships are few and inferior, and our armaments insignificant, in comparison with those of other nations. In his last chapter Mr. King states the needs of our navy with great moderation, but doubtless with little hope of bringing about an improvement. The happy-go-lucky system will doubtless flourish until, some day, New York or Boston or Baltimore will have to pay out to some foreign commander a sum that would have sufficed to protect our whole sea-board. Yet what is needed can be seen here, stated clearly and briefly.

In closing, we can only repeat what we said at the beginning, — that Mr. King's volume is a most thorough and interesting compilation, and one that deserves to be widely read.

TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME, AND OTHER POETRY.

A NEW book of poems from Alfred Tennyson's hand¹ is now so nearly an unheard-of thing that we might almost be led into considering it possible to judge it as the first claim of a new poet; but this, in the last resort, is impossible. Were we to judge it so, the verdict would in some respects be strongly favorable, but on other counts it would have to be decidedly adverse. What, for instance, should be said in that case concerning the initial contribution, *The First Quarrel*? It could hardly be pronounced other than a tale founded on a supposed incident, in itself unavoidably pathetic by the mere force of human existence, but recited in a manner which

is the extreme of commonplace, and without a touch of true poetry of any sort in it. When we come to *Rizpah*, — that grim study of the madness and the memories of a woman whose son was gibbeted for highway robbery, — the impression changes: we begin to recognize, in spite of certain mannerisms, the hand of a master. The *Northern Cobbler*, a dialect poem after the manner of *The Northern Farmer* and *Grandmother's Apology*, is still better; its homely details breathed through as they are by a strain of pure and simple feeling, and the reminiscences which the mechanic, enslaved by drink and laming his wife with a kick, still cherishes of the happy era of courtship. He and his sweetheart, standing "by Thursby thurn" on a Sunday, listened to the sky-lark: —

¹ *Ballads and Other Poems.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

"An' then 'e turn'd to the sun, an' 'e shined like
a sparkle o' fire.

'Does n't tha see 'im,' she axes, 'fur I can see
'im?' an' I

Seëd nobbut the smile o' the sun as danced in 'er
pratty blue eye."

Then he kissed her;

"An' when we coom'd into Meeätin', at fust she
wur all in a tew,

But, arter, we sing'd the 'ymn together like birds
on a beugh."

The whole story is forcibly and well told, without being robbed of the poetic atmosphere, as that of *The First Quarrel* is.

The *Village Wife*, another monologue in the same dialect, is extremely prosaic and dreary reading; but the little story called *In the Children's Hospital*—with its graphic power and glimpse of child-thought, its singularly effective hint of the power of prayer, and pathetic ending—does something to restore the balance. The *Revenge*; a *Ballad of the Fleet*, had already become well known through its magazine publication, before its appearance in this volume; and, although it is in its way powerful, one cannot put out of sight the significant fact that both in subject, treatment, and metrical handling it is to a large extent and plainly an imitation or echo of Browning's *Hervé Riel*. The other national ballad, *The Relief of Lucknow*, falls far short of the one just named; being little more than a somewhat formless rhymed journal of events connected with the famous siege it recalls. But here, suddenly, in the *Dedicatory Poem to the dead Princess Alice*, prefixed to the ballad, we strike at once upon the genuine Tennyson, the Tennyson of an earlier time, in all the strength of deep feeling concentrated on a single object and formulated in sonorous phrase, which made him famous:—

"Dead princess, living power, if that which lived
True life live on, and if the fatal kiss,
Born of true life and love, divorce thee not
From earthly love and life; if what we call
The spirit flash not all at once from out
This shadow into substance, then perhaps

*The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise
From thine own state and all our breadth of
realm,*

*Where Love and longing dress thy deeds in light,
Ascends to thee."*

In this we find the harmony, the aliteration not turned to vexation, the well-known cadences, which two generations have loved so well. The *Sisters*, again (a blank-verse idyl in the earlier manner, but rather negligently endowed with the same title borne by an old and well-known poem of the author's), restores a sense that it is still the famous singer of *The Gardener's Daughter* who addresses us, although the strain, of course, does not sound so freshly now. *The De Profundis*, too, despite its second portion (*The Human Cry*), which is pure rubbish, and certainly as far removed as possible from poetry, includes in its major half a kind of majestic incoherence, a lyric ecstasy of expression, which is deeply impressive, whatever may be said of it on a cold analysis. In addition to these, there occur three compositions of very doubtful worth: *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Columbus*, and *The Voyage of Maeldune*. The *Columbus* sounds like a school-boy's effort, and might fittingly take a place with *Timbuctoo*; *Sir John Oldcastle* is simply tedious; and *The Voyage of Maeldune* strikingly instances the spoiling of a superb and suggestive Celtic folk-tale by hasty and indifferent rendering. It has flashes of inspiration, as in these verses describing the *Silent Isle*:—

"And the brooks glitter'd on in the light without
sound, and the long waterfalls
Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the base of the
mountain walls."

There are four lines in this thin book capable of redeeming the whole: we refer to those written for *Sir John Franklin's cenotaph*, for the sake of which it should repay any true admirer of good literature to buy the volume. We have, also, a fine sonnet written for the opening number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and one on *Montenegro*, which

may perhaps rank unquestioned by the side of Milton's great sonnet on the massacre of the Piedmontese. Even in the space we have taken, we do not exhaust the contents of Mr. Tennyson's latest offering, and many pertinent things must remain unsaid. It would perhaps be useless as well as invidious to dwell on the excessive self-consciousness manifested in the dedication to the poet's grandson; in the lines to Victor Hugo; and in those addressed to Dante "at the request of the Florentines." What is most curious in connection with the book is the vacillation to which one is compelled between judging it as the mature work of a distinguished artist and pronouncing upon it as an embodiment of new ventures, and the conclusion at which we arrive, after weighing these two moods, is that Tennyson has sought in his latest years to grasp at something which is not naturally his, just as was seen in his dramatic efforts; has tried to force his genius into new and rougher channels, perhaps with the idea of acquiring "breadth" and disproving the frequent charge of over-refinement in his art. In so far, he has failed. Where he clings to his original lyrical inspiration, there he is at his best. Still, the Laureate is always an artist, and every new work from his hand has a peculiar value. The book is one which inevitably claims and will receive the attention of the whole literary world.

Under the Olive,¹ the authorship of which we believe it is now generally understood must be credited to Mrs. James T. Fields, is an exceptional volume, to which for years we have had nothing similar; excepting only Mr. Symonds's translations from the Greek and some passages in his recent volume of original poetry. Yet it is likely to miss general appreciation, and to fall, at first sight, only half noticed even on the attention of the cultivated, because its spirit and

utterance are so largely in sympathy with the calm, unassertive Greek love of the beautiful; so far removed from the intense, high-colored, and emotional tendency of modern poetry. But within its pages will be found a great deal of exquisite verse, subtly interfused with ideas of much delicacy and clothed with plastic forms; the general effect being that of chaste and well-moulded bas-relief. No modern can avoid infusing into classic themes a strain of later sentiment, and we are sometimes slightly reminded of Keats by Mrs. Fields's tone, though not to her disadvantage, except in the Elegy to Daphnis, where she seems to have surrendered to influences from the Ode on a Grecian Urn. In the beautiful Prelude, where the authoress celebrates the advent of Sorrow as "a new friend" come to solace the age of the world with new warmth of love and tenderness, and in one or two other pieces, as the Not by Will and not by Striving, she utters a note wholly her own and possessing a grace distinct from that of Greece. The Last Contest of Æschylus, the Lantern of Sestos, Herakles, and Antinous deserve to be singled out as charming idyllic compositions modeled to a complete finish with notable skill and purity. Theocritus, also, although one of the briefer poems, is externally almost as delightful as may be. The Return of Persephone and Pandora are delicious in their fullness of veiled meanings and their many touches of perfect allusion to nature. What a picture, what imagination, in this verse given to Helios, departing, —

"I will away unto the sleepy hills"!

And here is a line from *The Lantern of Sestos*: —

"Still down the west the heavens were stained
with remembering crimson."

Strictly judged, Mrs. Fields's verse is defective in places, especially where the hexameter is used; but in general the workmanship is wonderfully fine, and she

¹ *Under the Olive*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1881.

employs a great variety of measures with exceptional success. The translations from Goethe are very good, and we are glad to see that among them is the little-known but excellent *Musagetes*, which gives due credit to the flies for waking the poet early in the morning.

Mr. Edwin Arnold and his publishers have been encouraged by the reception which his *Light of Asia* met with to bring out in this country a volume of his miscellaneous pieces,¹ the first and longest of which is the *Indian Song of Songs*, a version of the Sanskrit *Gita Govinda* of Jayadeva. This is an elaborate idyl in several divisions (*Sargas*), representing the struggle of Krishna — whom Mr. Arnold, with Lassen, regards as “the divinely-given soul manifested in humanity” — between sensual temptation and his higher love for Rhada, who symbolizes the spirit of intellectual and moral beauty. The poem, however, has none of the didactic tone or pallor of allegory which this interpretation of its scope might lead readers to expect. It is pastoral and musical, a very drama of flowers; wreathed in blossoms, and fragrant and luminous with descriptions of natural beauty. A few lines will show this.

“I know how Krishna passes these hours of blue
and gold,
When parted lovers sigh to meet and greet, and
closely hold
Hand fast in hand, and every branch upon the
Vakul-tree
Droops downward with a hundred blooms, in
every bloom a bee:
He is dancing with the dancers to a laughter-mov-
ing tone,
In the soft awakening spring-time, when 't is hard
to live alone.”

The whole composition, which the translator assures us he has given with fairly close literalness, is saturated with the same light and warmth and sensuous splendor that distinguish *The Light of Asia* and appear in phrases like —

¹ *Poems*. By EDWIN ARNOLD, author of *The Light of Asia*. With a Preface written for this edition by the author. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

“A bower of paradise,
Where nectarous blossoms wove a shrine of shade,
Haunted by birds and bees of unknown skies;”

so that we get in it not only a very interesting exemplar of Sanskrit literature, but a poem delightful to read. As to its moral purport, we have less faith. The “lesson,” indeed, is nowhere, compared with the lavish outward beauty conveyed, and Mr. Arnold has been obliged to suppress portions and omit a whole *Sarga* (by which we are spared one of the titles which he affixes, such as *Sakandkshapundarikaksho*), in order, as he says, “to conform to the canons of Western propriety.” Of the remaining poems, one founded on Mr. Aldrich’s *Three Roses*, the familiar one called *After Death* in Arabia, and the *Belshazzar*, which is a Newdigate prize production, are the most noticeable and the best; to which we should add some noble lines written to Florence Nightingale in 1853. A number of fine translations from the Greek poets complete the volume. Mr. Arnold is not an original poet, but he is a thorough artist: not rich in thought, but gifted with abundant feeling and a profuseness in imagery which make him a singer to be valued highly in certain moods.

“O God, make thou my soul into a church,
One little chapel in the church of Christ.”

These lines, which form as strong a contrast as possible with Mr. Arnold’s poetic atmosphere, make a beginning for a volume of verse unexpected enough, in these days; and when we find the same strain carried through the book, without once lapsing into weakness or sentimentality, we must recognize at once that Miss Palfrey (or, as she prefers to be known, E. Foxton) has acquitted herself of a very difficult undertaking in issuing an almost unbroken series of devotional poems,² all of which

² *The Chapel, and Other Poems*. By E. FOXTON, author of *Sir Paxon*, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons. 1880.

are strong, sincere, and removed from the commonplace. The Chapel is a singularly pure, in fact austere, book of verse, every page of which conveys a direct or indirect rebuke to our skeptical and apparently insincere epoch. When the authoress turns to the secular world, she chants the praise of Barron, the loyal bank cashier, or holds up a picture of contemporary degeneracy in a quaint piece like *Says She to Me, Says Ann*, which relates the grievous disappointment of a Boston woman coming back from the West and finding all the old landmarks gone, the spirit of the place changed. To our thinking, this is the best thing in the book, worthy of ranking with the satire of Holmes, the Pennsylvania pastorals of Bayard Taylor, and the best of Tennyson's realistic ballads.

"Dear soul, there ain't no Boston left!" says I
to Ann, says L
"Don't tell me so! Another fire?" she says to
me, says Ann.
"No, wus," I says; "the city's fell into the
hands o' man.
They 've filled it up, an' built it up; they 've tore
and digged it down.
'Tain't hardly more, forevermore, than any other
town."

The desultory effect which so many new volumes have when made up from short and isolated compositions is obviated by the arrangement which Miss Larcom has chosen in the first part of her *Wild Roses of Cape Ann*.¹ Here some eight songs and brief narratives, having to do with the sea and Cape Ann life, are loosely strung together, with passages of blank verse, which characterize and celebrate the local scene and homely existence, while leading from one to another of the rhymed effusions. Miss Larcom is as thoroughly imbued with the light of New England landscape, and with the evasive touches of pathos or picturesqueness in New England country life, as any of

our poets; and in the miscellaneous contents of this latest volume, following the *Wild Roses*, she makes the fact fully manifest. Poems like *Mehtable, A Gambrel Roof, Goody Grunsel's House, Workmates*, are full of charming *genre* painting, tender sentiment, and humor. Sometimes we meet with a peculiarly happy epigrammatic turn, like that in which it is said sober Colonel Audrey

"Dwelt with a blithe and willful wife,
The sparkle on his cup of life."

Miss Larcom is quite uneven, and sometimes the interest of her themes is too attenuated; but her work is so sincere, now as always, and often so delicately beautiful, that one does not care to dwell on these points.

The average of woman's work in poetry amongst us to-day is certainly a high one. We have just spoken of Mrs. Fields and Miss Larcom; the names of Mrs. Jackson (H. H.), Celia Thaxter, Julia Ward Howe, Mary Mapes Dodge, and Miss Phelps are at once suggested; and now we have to consider a small book of Verses by Susan Coolidge,² which goes to confirm our statement. The title is to be regretted, because Mrs. Jackson has used the same for a book widely known, because it is uninteresting, and because it suggests a modesty pressed to the point of affectation. But the writing covered by it, while eminently modest, is almost wholly unaffected, and singularly earnest, sweet, and pure. Miss Woolsey gives voice to a variety of thoughtful and tender moods, generally colored by a feminine feeling about friendship, suffering, love, and duty, and always in smooth, if sometimes rather constrained and dry language. The best known piece in the collection is that on the *Cradle Tomb* in Westminster Abbey, which has found much favor in England; but readers of *The Atlantic* will remember her well-

¹ *Wild Roses of Cape Ann, and Other Poems.* By LUCY LARCOM. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1881.

² *Verses.* By SUSAN COOLIDGE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

told Legend of Kintu, and the Ginevra degli Amieri is also an excellent and effective tale in blank verse. Perhaps the finest meditative strain of all is that of *Benedicam Domino*, at the end:—

"Thank God for life: life is not sweet always.

Still it is life, and that is cause for praise.

I am alive!—and that is beautiful."

Then the singer goes on to give thanks for love and for death in the same devout mood, and we close the book with a keen satisfaction in the pure sentiment and loveliness with which it is filled.

Precisely what Helen Barron Bostwick intends by the title of her new volume¹ we are unable to determine. It gives no indication, at least, of the forcible and well-wrought verses which are to be found within the covers, mingled with more or less that is sentimental or languid. The *King's Picture* is a very pretty and suggestive parable, and the familiar sequel to Carleton's *Betsey and I are Out* deserves its popularity. Here and there, also, Mrs. Bostwick offers pleasant fragments of description or fancy, as in the sonnet entitled *My Lake*. On the whole, it is a very fair collection, which will doubtless help in its way to carry out that general mission of partial culture, which Miss Woolsey's and Miss Larcom's books likewise serve.

Mrs. Richard Greenough, author of *Arabesques*, member of the Society of the *Arcadia*, and wife of the sculptor Greenough, reappears with a beautifully printed poem of seventy pages on *Mary Magdalene*, suggested by her husband's statue of *Mary Magdalene at the Tomb*.² It is carefully thought out and elaborately finished; tracing the whole story of the sinful woman's penitence

and rescue, from the first gleam of her knowledge of Christ to the climax of his choice to appear first to her, after his resurrection. Executed with deliberate art, a poem thus conceived abounds, as might be expected, in beautiful pictures, and the authoress is entitled to a reposeful satisfaction in the accomplishment of such a work; but, if the truth must be said, it remains a work of luxury rather than of use.

It is a pleasure to see a poet's fame so honorably and so well cared for as that of Bayard Taylor is in the new edition of his *Dramatic Works*,³ edited by his widow. In this volume, the Cambridge edition, delightfully printed and bound with sober elegance, are included *The Prophet*, *The Masque of the Gods*, *Prince Deukalion*; so that it makes a supplement to the volume of Taylor's miscellaneous poetic writings recently issued by the same publishers. This is not the place for a careful estimate of the dramas, but the occasion should not be lost of reminding our readers how much of Taylor's highest poetic work is to be found in them, and of giving recognition, at the same time, to the thoroughness and interesting nature of Mrs. Taylor's notes, in which is contained a good deal of new matter explaining the author's purposes from a source than which there could be none more exact or sympathetic.

In *Lord Stirling's Stand*⁴ a new writer, Mr. Babcock, comes before us, with a grateful dedication to Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and a confidential, prattling preface to the public; but his intention is entirely good, and in places it ripens into good performance. As one such we may instance *Joseph the Nez Percé*, which begins,—

¹ *Four-O'Clocks*. Poems. By HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK. Philadelphia: E. Claxton & Co. 1880.

² *Mary Magdalene*. A Poem. By MRS. RICHARD GREENOUGH. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

³ *The Dramatic Works of Bayard Taylor*.

With Notes by MARIE HANSEN-TAYLOR. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1880.

⁴ *Lord Stirling's Stand, and Other Poems*. By W. H. BABCOCK. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

"From the northern desolation
Comes a cry of exultation:
It is ended! He has yielded! And the stubborn
fight is won."
'Let the nation in its glory
Bow with shame before the story
Of the hero it has ruined and the evil it has
done."

A number of Mr. Babcock's productions are concerned with national feeling and valorous action; but his great fault is that he is too diffuse and ordinary in his expression. He needs to edit himself.

Much more realistic than his verses is Mr. Peacock's singular performance relating to American guerrilla warfare,¹ with its voluble title-page. In it figure Quantrell and other personages of very recent times, and the author, as may be judged from the following, has no misgivings that he cannot make poetry of everything:—

"One who wore the scallop shoon,
Who lingered yet in life's fair noon,
Was pacing as a sentinel,

Before a tent, wide, white, and tall,
Where General Thomas Ewing slept."

The supply of unliterary curiosities professing to be literature is clearly not yet exhausted.

If Mr. Peacock left any doubt of this, it would be dispelled by Mr. William Leighton's *Shakespeare's Dream*,² than which it would be hard to find a more startling piece of tinsel mistaken by its manufacturer for true metal. It is quite impossible and it would be useless to analyze its absurdity in these pages; but we will quote, as being sufficient, two lines from an Ode to Shakespeare in the same book:—

"From the Elizabethan time
Comes down to us your verse sublime."

Such stuff as this it is printed on large paper and gotten out with all outward seeming of being something real, which arouses the suspicion that the august republic of letters is rapidly becoming a democracy, and that of a cheap and frothy type.

CHALLONER'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

MR. CHALLONER'S *Science and Art of Music*³ is professedly a text-book designed for class use. With the exception of Chapter IX., which is devoted to a succinct account of men whose names have become famous in connection with the art, beginning with Gregory the Great, and ending with Theodore Thomas, the book is written in the form of a musical catechism; questions being propounded, and as regularly answered. It is a gratifying sign of how great importance musical instruction is assum-

ing in the general scheme of education in this country that it should have been deemed advisable to compile a work on the subject so purely didactic in form and purpose as the present one. That anybody will ever read it, except as a "required study" in an academic course, may be reasonably doubted; we do not read the Westminster Catechism except on parental or pedagogic compulsion. Learning in so grimly systematized a form is not palatable, and the constant reminders, in small type, that we are

¹ *The Rhyme of the Border War*. A Historical Poem of the Kansas-Missouri Guerrilla War, before and during the late Rebellion. By THOMAS BROWER PEACOCK. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1880.

² *Shakespeare's Dream, and Other Poems*. By

WILLIAM LEIGHTON, author of *The Sons of Godwin*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1881.

³ *History of the Science and Art of Music: Its Origin, Development, and Progress*. By ROBERT CHALLONER. Cincinnati: Geo. D. Newhall & Co. 1880.

reading a school-book take away from the zest with which we otherwise imbibe useful information. Such continually recurring questions as "What is harmony?" "Does the beautiful reveal itself through a single art-form?" and the like, interrupt our train of thought, and we quickly tire of carrying on this sort of dialogue with an imaginary school-master. However, one can hardly quarrel with a text-book for being nothing more than a text-book. What we do object to in the present work is the *ex cathedra* style in which it often deals with points still open to dispute, and gives its author's opinions all the irrefragable authoritativeness of unquestioned truths. But notwithstanding this blemish the book contains a vast amount of information on almost every topic connected with the art of music and its history. This information is also generally very well arranged. The wording is clear; the sentences are concise and to the point. The author is, however, not invariably exact in his assertions, and the book is not free from grave errors. For instance, it says, speaking of the old mensural notation of Franco of Cologne, "The singers counted according to the value of the notes, — a *longa* and a *brevis* representing *three beats*, and a *longa* representing *two*." This would inevitably lead the student to infer that the relation borne by the *brevis* to the *longa* was the same as that borne by a half-note to a whole-note in modern notation. But this relation really held good only in the then exceptional *tempus imperfectum*, or binary rhythm. In the far more common *tempus perfectum*, a *longa* counted three *breves*, of which fact Mr. Challoner makes no mention, although it made one

of the characteristic differences between mensural notation and our modern system.

Again, in answer to the question, "Which of these [Italian] schools remained the most loyal to the traditions of the style of Palestrina and his contemporaries, in regard to the music of the church as distinct from the musical drama?" Mr. Challoner simply says, "The Roman school, with its disciples, among whom were Allegri, Agostini, and Carissimi [*sic!*], remained the most true to the traditions of Palestrina." This lumping together of Carissimi with the Roman church composers who came after Palestrina is singularly misleading. True, Carissimi never wrote for the stage, but nothing can be farther from the fact than that he was true to the Palestrina traditions. In his oratorios, motets, and other compositions he followed Monteverde's lead in the modern tonal system, instead of adhering to the old model system, in which Palestrina wrote; and his music had far more affinity with the operatic music of the day than with that of Palestrina, between whom and himself lay the impassable gulf which separates two wholly distinct musical systems.

The book, although handsomely got up, contains many serious misprints: Hayden for Haydn; Jean Phillippe Rameau for Philippe, etc. By what authority Mozart's name is changed from Wolfgang Amadeus to Wolfgang *Gottlieb* we do not know. Upon the whole, the book, with all its imperfections, fills a place; and so much in it is well done that it is perhaps ungracious to insist upon its faults. A thorough revising, together with cutting out a good deal of useless matter, would, however, do it good.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SHE was English, but for twenty years had been tied to a little old dried-up Hungarian, a rabid revolutionist, who had been banished from his own country, when a young man, for trying to overthrow the government.

The morning she first called on me her husband accompanied her, and remained in the hall — having been taken by the servant as an attendant only — until I sent a special messenger to ask him into the parlor.

"Quite an old man, I assure you, my dear lady. You will not mind. He speaks seven languages with facility, I assure you; and he is such a good soul, but *so* unsettled! I assure you, strange as it may seem to you, we have moved dozens of times. I can't just say that I married him for love, you know, but then I think we have been quite as happy as most people, after all, thank God! We had a beautiful 'ome in London [she used to forget and drop her *h's*, once in a way]; a house, I assure you, Mrs. Brown, I would not 'ave been ashamed to receive her royal 'ighness the Princess of Wales in. And I had my own carriage, too, and as pretty a span as any in the Ladies' Mile.

"We were really quite rich, and a house full of children, too, thank God. But one day my husband took it into his head to go to Jersey and buy a farm. You see he is so set in his way. All men are, don't you think so? The easiest way to get along with 'em is just to pretend you think as they do. And nothing to do but we must pack off at once, selling things at ruinous prices, too, when I was so 'appy in London.

"We had four beautiful children, and now we are all alone, — we two old people," and the tears glistened in her kind blue eyes. "The eldest would have been eighteen now, and such a comfort; but

we have each other left, please God, and I assure you we think a great deal of each other, even if Mr. Aubrey is a little peculiar. We have to put up with those things, you know, my dear. After we had got nicely settled on our estate and everything in quite a thriving condition, and had just begun to feel at home again, our three little girls sickened and died, one after another, poor things; and Mr. Aubrey was so broken down that he insisted he could not stay there any longer, where everything reminded him of the dear children, and so we took our little boy and went to the south of France. We hired a pretty villa in Cannes, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and I had begun to feel a little contented again, when the fever took away our last darling, and we were indeed desolate. You see, my dear lady, I have seen much trouble, but God has been good, and one must go on living, in spite of everything. We spent two years at Cannes, and I had begun to pick up a little patois and to feel quite at home, when Mr. Aubrey's term of banishment expired, and he took a notion to visit his only remaining relative, an old uncle, whom he had not seen for twenty years. So we pulled up stakes again, and started for Pesth. We were received at the station by very kind strangers, who informed us at first that Mr. Aubrey's uncle was from home, afterwards that he was quite ill, and would we rest a while with them, who were close friends of the family; and not until after much pressing did we learn the real facts in the case, — that my husband's uncle had very suddenly expired. It was all very sad, I assure you, my dear lady. But my husband, good soul, stayed and settled up his poor uncle's affairs, and then we came on here ["here" means a cosmopolitan Oriental capital, which shall be

nameless] to see an agent for his uncle's widow, and thought we might as well stay on, you know; and we have been prospered, thank God. Mr. Aubrey really seems quite contented sometimes, though I must say my heart is in dear old England, where everybody speaks the same language. My husband is a very fine chemist, and spends much time in his laboratory, and I have been much prospered in my profession."

Her profession, by the way, was medicine, and she confined herself principally to children's diseases. Her motto was, "One may as well laugh as cry," and so, when the baby had been particularly restless from teething, it was a comfort to see her broad, good-natured face, with its kindly blue eyes, and hear her cheery laugh, which was always contagious. It is impossible to reproduce the cordial, benevolent way in which she said, "Good morning, my dear Mrs. Brown. How are you this morning, and how is the dear baby? Much better, I hope. I could n't sleep last night for thinking of it. A little ailing, of course; you must expect those things, my dear. And Mr. Brown, too,—how is he, poor thing? Quite well, I hope. Why, my dear lady, your husband is one of a thousand. *Such* a kind, thoughtful soul, and *so* devoted to you" —

"Yes — but, Madame Aubrey, the baby" —

"Oh, certainly! my dear, the baby. It won't do to give babies much medicine, you know. Nature must have her way. Have you given it a camomile bath, with a little drop of vinegar in it? No? Not so very strange, either, my dear. How should you know, to be sure? And a drop of gin, too, you know, is so warming. Not that I believe in spirits at all, my dear, — not in the least. But once in a while, you know, nothing else answers the same purpose," and she fanned herself vigorously, while the feathers on her hat nodded good-naturedly. Her toilets, indeed, were a study in themselves, par-

ticularly her bonnets, which she assured me she very frequently trimmed herself, and I was not loath to credit the assertion. Every time she came she had on a new specimen, quite outrivaling the last. They were always very large, overhanging her forehead, from which her gray hair was brushed straight back, innocent of curls or crimps, and tucked into a net at the back of her head. Her eye had evidently not been trained to harmony of colors, for while a bunch of full-blown roses would be perched on top of her bonnet, a bright yellow feather would be tucked in in close proximity, a black one on the other side, an abundance of purple ribbon adorning the crown, while a bouquet of corn-flowers filled up the brim, from the edge of which dangled and twinkled a row of jet fringe. About her ample throat, often innocent of collar or ruche, would be a magenta silk handkerchief fastened with a large cameo. An ancient magenta silk polonaise, bountifully trimmed with black fringe, over a well-worn black silk petticoat, completed a favorite costume with her. She used to say, "One cannot dress, you know, running about as I do." Her hands were very beautiful, small, — quite un-English, by the way, — white, and as dimpled as a girl's, while her fingers were always sparkling with rings, sometimes half a dozen on each hand. Bracelets encircled her fair arms, and jewels depended from her ears. Yet one could not call her vain. It was simply want of taste which led her to decorate herself in this way.

She dearly loved her cup of tea, — as what Englishwoman does not, — and chatting over our lunch the lights and shades of her character and life came out quite unconsciously. "Mr. Aubrey and I had quite a little tiff this morning," she said one day. "He got really quite grumpy, don't you think. I almost always laugh, you know, but this morning I did a little crying, which I am heartily

ashamed of, I assure you. One may as well laugh as cry, though I do get tired sometimes trotting around all day, trying to understand the abominable languages, while Mr. Aubrey keeps house, and so get a little nervous sometimes, though I never allow it in my patients.

"He has taken it into his head to go to Roumania, — just after the rent has been paid for another year, too, and he must needs go and try to find a tenant for the house, — and wanted me to pack right up and be off next week, 'Very well,' I said, 'Mr. A., you can go if you wish. I shall stay here. I will pack up your shirts this morning, if you like.'

"He took his hat and went down town, and I acted like a silly school-girl: I sat down and cried. I assure you, I don't come to that pass once in a year. But he came home to dinner as sweet as a peach. Did he beg my pardon? No; men never do that, you know. But he said he had been thinking of making me a present for a long time, and would I have a pony phaeton or a handsome set of jewelry! *Of course*, my dear, I chose the phaeton, and now I shall take you to drive to the Gardens in my own carriage. My husband is *such* a kind soul, but he is a little quick, you know, my dear. One must put up with those things in a man! I am going to try to make him forget all about the Roumanian scheme, and propose a trip to Mt. Olympus, where he can have his cigarette in peace.

But I really *must* go, my dear Mrs. Brown. I have to visit one of the royal princesses this afternoon. She is suffering terribly, poor thing, and the court physicians can't do anything for her. I am to go in her own carriage. Give my love to Mr. Brown, poor thing. You have so much to be thankful for, my dear, in having such a good husband! He quite adores you, I am sure;" and she gathered up her reticule and her purse and her gloves, and came back to find her handkerchief and say good-by

again, and ask me to be sure and give her very best compliments to Mr. Brown, good creature, and then she bustled away.

I met her on the street, one day, resplendent in amber silk of the stiffest quality, with exquisitely embroidered crêpe drapery, surmounted by her well-worn black mantilla, ten or a dozen years old, and a Dolly Varden of rough white straw, trimmed with pink rosebuds, perched on her head, while her hands were encased in shabby brown kids. "So glad to see you, my dear! Really, you must come in and see me. You must, indeed. Shopping is *so* tiresome. You really *must* have a cup of tea before you go home." And so, cowardly wretch that I was, mustering up all my moral courage, and inwardly trembling lest we should meet some of my acquaintances, I accompanied her to her own hired house. It was a pleasant four-story stone building, in a pretty, quiet street. But as soon as the door was opened by the slatternly servant-girl I was taken aback by the absolute untidiness of the interior. Mr. Aubrey sat in the back part of the stone hall, which was raised two or three steps from the entrance, quietly lunching in his shirt-sleeves. He immediately put on his yellow nankeen coat, and came forward to welcome me in the most obsequious manner, bowing over my hand nearly to the floor, and assuring me in Oriental terms and broken English that I had done them the greatest honor in visiting their humble abode.

We proceeded up a very dirty flight of wooden stairs, and turned into a shabby little room, furnished with sofa and chairs upholstered in faded crimson damask, a large mahogany table with a beautifully embroidered Turkish table cover, and the inevitable upright piano. Tea was served in thick white cups like those used on shipboard, from the daintiest of silver tea-pots, while the cream-jug was a marvel in itself of exquisitely

wrought silver. The sugar was in a common white cracked bowl, and the spoons were so brassy that it required much courage to put one deliberately and with malice aforethought to one's lips. But my hostess presided with as much grace as though the service had been of gold, the room in a palace, and herself a queen. Her conversation ranged world-wide, and embraced all topics, from art, literature, and science, and the Russo-Turkish war, to the latest recipe for salad. She was never at a loss for a word, an expression, or an opinion; always racy, cheery, and good-tempered, breaking into musical peals of laughter, interspersing her conversation with judicious flattery; not always careful, to be sure, about dates or localities, but giving you the impression all the while of conversing with a thoroughly cultivated woman, as well as a thoroughly charming one. What if you found yourself in a whirl, sometimes, in attempting to follow her? It was impossible to converse with her half an hour without feeling one's own stupidity, even if vanity asserted that in point of education, cultivation, depth of character, and various other attributes and virtues, too numerous to mention, you might claim superiority. But withhold admiration you could not. Brilliancy carried the day.

As I walked slowly down street I meditated on her really heroic life. Thrown among strangers in a foreign land, with her fortune to carve out, — for one could see that she was the true head of the family, — an appendage in the way of a husband whose early education and tastes differed so much from her own, winning her way by the charm of her manner, showing her true English pluck in a determination to succeed, one could not call her a fraud. One even forgot her little oddities in the way of dress, and her disregard of what some would call the necessities of life. Her occupation led to constant recourse to the crowded Bosphorus steamers con-

veying the busy population of the large city to and from its numerous suburbs, which line the banks of that beautiful stream. The stern of the boat is appropriated to the Turkish women, who are discreetly curtained from idle gazers of the male persuasion, and then mercilessly tied in to prevent a rush at the time of landing. The great Gatalco bridge across the Golden Horn is the starting-point and the destination of these numerous steamers, and as a consequence the chances of collision and disaster are constantly multiplied. One sunny afternoon, Madame Aubrey, returning from one of her errands of mercy, was comfortably ensconced on the deck of a steamer under the white awning, watching the marble palaces set in emerald gardens; the scores of graceful minarets on every hand pointing to the sky; the streets thronged with men of every nation, each habited in his own peculiar garb; and the gilded caiques, with their white-robed boatmen, dancing on the blue waters, — all making a never-to-be-forgotten picture, — when suddenly a whistle sounded, quick and sharp; then a hurried order from the captain to back, — an order, however, which came too late, — and crash! into the side of the boat, cutting her half in two, came an English grain steamer bound for the Black Sea. In an instant the water was filled with people, and the air rang with the frantic screams and even curses of the Turkish women, who were struggling with each other to gain possession of the small boats which swarmed to the wreck like flies. My friend was carried along with the crowd at the time of the accident, and found herself in the water, side by side with a woman holding a tiny baby tight to her breast. They both caught at a dangling rope; a sudden lurch of the steamer, and it was wrenched from the grasp of each. The shock loosened the hold of the mother upon the child, and with a cry of horror she saw it fall into the cruel water. At

the same time the poor mother disappeared under the wheel, and my friend, comprehending the situation in her own peril, with a desperate clutch caught the child in one hand, as it rose to the surface, by the little knotted girdle, and with the other hand made an effort to reach an oar held out to her from a passing caique. The first essay was fruitless; then the boat swung nearer, and with another and almost superhuman effort, she succeeded in grasping it without letting go her hold upon the child, who was lifted in by kind hands; and then she was drawn up, almost unconscious, and conveyed on shore with her little charge.

The harbor was filled with ships of war and multitudes of other craft, and from these life-boats were sent at once to the relief of the frightened passengers, who were nearly all rescued. What mattered a few poor Turkish women? They had no souls, any way. And so the busy throng went its way.

My poor friend was taken home in a carriage, and in her pitiable plight was met at the door by her husband. Holding up his hands in dismay, he broke forth in a torrent of ejaculations concerning her distressing appearance. She briefly explained the accident. "Merciful heavens! and I not there to risk my life for you!"—inwardly thanking his stars for escaping such a fate. Then he saw she was not alone. "But what piece of baggage is this? You don't mean you have saddled yourself with a baby for us to take care of!" And here the poor man groaned aloud. "Leave it in the carriage! Throw it in the gutter! Carry it to the almshouse! Why, we have n't enough for our poor little dogs!" And he fumed and fretted, and muttered imprecations at the driver for not interfering in his behalf. All in vain. Madame Aubrey gathered up her dripping skirts, took the baby firmly under one arm, and faced her irascible mate. "This child has no mother. It shall have

a home with me until some responsible person comes to claim it. If you don't like it, Monsieur Aubrey, you can take your lodgings out, until you feel more humanity in your soul!" And her strong will carried the day. "But I shall have to give up the poor little thing," she said to me afterwards, "and it is enough to break my heart. My husband can't abide the poor little thing because of its Eastern parentage, and no one has come to claim it. It is only a girl, you know, and very glad its friends are to be rid of it, poor thing;" and the tears came into the kind blue eyes as she thought of its probable fate. "I could n't love it more if it were my very own," she said.

But her husband, unknown to her, was working against her. Advertisements were inserted in the daily papers, of the language of which she was entirely ignorant, and one day a relative, pretended or otherwise, of the child called, and, identifying it, claimed it in the name of the family, and once more poor madame's heart was wrung with anguish, while monsieur rubbed his hands in malicious triumph at having outwitted his wife and settled so easily what might have become a very difficult matter, considering his wife's English obstinacy.

Sadly she took up her work again, but her laugh was no longer cheery and ringing, and seldom heard.

A friend's house was infected with a contagious disease, and a dear one lay dangerously ill. Near friends, even, feared to cross the threshold. But although she was not the attending physician, Madame Aubrey's hearty sympathy led her to risk danger and expose herself to a terrible disease, in order to give a word of cheer and show her warm interest in a time of sure distress. But that act of devotion proved her last one. Her system, weakened by exposure and the constantly enervating influence of a foreign climate, was not able to bear up under the test, and after a

short struggle with disease the brave heart was still, and another English grave was made under the cypresses on the shore of the blue Bosphorus.

— Was Shakespeare a “racker of orthography”? Mr. Richard Grant White does not often leave his readers in doubt as to either his purposes or his opinions; but if the following passage in *Every-Day English* is no exception, it certainly suggests the question I have just asked. In praising what he calls the Irish pronunciation, he says: “As to the silent *l* in *calm* and *calf*, and other clipped and silent letters, there is an illustration in *Love’s Labor’s Lost*. *Holofernes*, the schoolmaster, speaking of *Armado*, whom he ridicules and scoffs at for his affectation in speech, says that he abhors ‘such rackers of orthography as to speak *dout*, fine, when he should say *doubt*; *det*, when he should pronounce *debt*. — *d e b t*, not *d e t*; he clepeth a *calf cauf*, *half hauf*, *neighbour vocatur nebour*; *neigh* abbreviated *ne*.’ And I have myself heard the *l* pronounced in *talk* and such like words in Cheshire, England. There is no doubt that most of these now silent letters were heard in Elizabethan English.”

I have not the most unbounded confidence in rhymes as indicating the proper pronunciation of words, and yet they undoubtedly have a value; for it would be gratuitously absurd to suppose that any poet would make a false rhyme in preference to a true one. It is quite interesting, therefore, to notice some of the rhymes in the very play from which Mr. White quotes.

Boyet, one of the lords attending on the Princess of France, in disclosing to her the plan of the King of Navarre and his companions “to woo these girls of France . . . and win them too,” says, —

“And ever and anon they made a *doubt*
Presence majestical would put him out.”

A little later the princess herself declares, —

“Therefore I do it; and I make no *doubt*
The rest will ne’er come in, if he be out.”

Could *Armado* himself have been more “abominably” regardless of the sound of the *b*?

Biron, one of the king’s attendants, seems to have spoken “*det*,” when he should pronounce *debt*,” for he remarks as Boyet goes out, —

“And consciences, that will not die in *debt*,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued *Boyet*.”

Rosaline, too, must have been among the abhorred, to judge from this exclamation: —

“Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter.”

On the other hand, I believe there is not in *Love’s Labor’s Lost* a single rhyme in which there is reason to suppose that Shakespeare sounded a letter that is now silent; so that if the words which he puts into the mouth of *Holofernes* are to be regarded as pointing out the best pronunciation of the Elizabethan era, I do not see how to escape the conclusion that the great dramatist himself was a “racker.”

— To speak of a man’s warming his hands in his own parlor by the heat of a fire a mile distant suggests an exploit of sorcery; yet for several years such a thing has been possible to the citizen of Lockport, N. Y. If he will, he may break up his stoves and sell them for old iron: one furnace is henceforth to do the work of a thousand, and distribute its heat to the houses of an entire city by the agency of the good servant, steam. The process was invented and put into practical operation by Mr. Bird-sill Holly.

Near the centre of the city stands a plain brick building, from whose one tall chimney clouds of black smoke are constantly ascending. This is the boiler-house, and here in a row are the four great boilers in which the steam is generated. Three are horizontal, fifteen feet in length by five in diameter. The fourth is of about the same capacity as

its companions, but different in shape ; it looks like a gigantic bell dropped down upon the furnace, and is familiarly known to the workmen, not as "the upright," but as "the nigger." An iron pipe, eight inches in diameter, receives the steam from these boilers ; yonder, back of the nigger, it passes into the ground. Outside the building, we might trace its course along the street by the black line of bare soil, from which it has melted away the snow.

This pipe is laid at a depth of three feet below the surface, sheathed in non-conducting materials, and inserted in logs of wood bored for the purpose. As the distance from the boiler-house increases, it diminishes in size from eight inches to one or one half, to correspond with the amount of steam passed through it. At intervals of one or two hundred feet are placed wooden "service boxes," in which the expansion and contraction of the pipe under different temperatures is provided for by a nickel joint ; from these boxes, also, the branches of the main diverge, and the service pipes are sent out to the buildings heated. The whole distributing system is divided into sections, from any one of which, in case of necessity, the steam can be excluded, without affecting the others.

As it is but a few years since this new method of heating had its origin in Lockport, we cannot expect to find it universally adopted. But here is a pleasant, home-like, private house warmed these two winters by the city furnace, from which it is distant perhaps half a mile. It is a cold, January day, but, as the outer door closes behind us, we find ourselves in a genial, summer-like atmosphere. No cheerfully glowing grate, no ugly black register, is to be seen in the parlor ; against the wall stands the radiator, with its polished marble cap and single row of delicately painted tubes. It is a hint of the housekeeper's millennium, when dust and coal-ashes,

her omnipresent foes, shall be brought into subjection.

In the kitchen the family washing is in progress without any aid from the stove. Heat is conveyed to the boiler and tubs through rubber tubes attached to the service pipes. The water in the bath-room above is heated by a similar arrangement. There is no nerve-startling hiss as the steam escapes ; that ingenious invention called the "anti-thunder box" reduces it to perfect quiet.

In the basement, also, we find the regulator. Perhaps at this moment the pressure in the boiler and mains may be forty or sixty pounds ; in the house, as we ascertain by glancing at the gauge, it is only five. This reduction of pressure is due in part to the fact that, upon reaching the regulator valve, the water of condensation contained in the pipes is wire-drawn, and thus to a great extent reconverted into steam before being diffused through the building. Connected with the regulator is a steam-metre, which registers the number of pounds consumed daily, and also the hour at which each radiator in the house is opened or closed.

What becomes of the used steam ? It is condensed upon leaving the radiator, and, in the form of hot water, returns to the basement. There, within a brick-walled inclosure, it circulates through several coils of pipe, exposed to a current of cold air. This air, warmed in its progress through the cooler, passes upward by a register into the apartment above, which it serves to ventilate. The water accumulates in a tank, the surplus being discharged into the sewer. Dip up a glassful from the tank. It is purer than a draught from any spring ; it is the distilled water of chemistry. Should steam-heating ever become universal in our cities, there will be no danger of drawing up death from the well, no need of building expensive aqueducts and reservoirs ; the same pipes that warm our houses will furnish

us with water for every domestic purpose.

Steam has been made as subservient to the comfort of man as gas. What will science do for us next? Will the model city of the future be lighted by electricity, heated by one central furnace, and have its dinners sent in from the common kitchen through pneumatic tubes?

—In certain ways, Quakers represent the most respectable social development we have in this democratic country. What mortal can be more respectable than an Arch Street Philadelphia Quaker? Is he not the very incarnation of moral dignity and honest worth? Above all, does he not count equally worthy ancestors back to the time of William Penn? Prosperity, also, shines very generally on the modern Quaker, and the recollection of ancient adversity only heightens by contrast the intensity of the present glow of his abundant peace and plenty. Nothing tends to make a person more highly respectable than doing the same thing over and over again, year by year, with the grave regularity that comports with profoundest dignity. As a logical result, however, dead formalism has been the outcome of this Quaker respectability, regularity, and regard for old customs. Not all dead though, for sweet, quaint homes belong to these staid Quakers, and out of them have come many pure and earnest natures. But oh, the discipline of the society! Pictures, music, and gayety of the most innocent kind have been literally under a ban. The loveliness of simple healthy Quaker home life has been too often clouded by the habits of the ascetic. From the first, the professed religion of Friends has been distinctly spiritual. They have always, as a body, consciously sought to live more or less directly under the influence and power of the Divine Light, but, strange to say, the effort to attain this very devotion and the continuous spirituality which is neces-

sary to sustain such a life has led grosser natures to lapse into passive asceticism, mysticism, and spiritual pride. The gift of preaching with unction, and indeed all preaching, has passed away in some places, and, as a consequence, many young people, earnest and careless alike, sought more living and articulate influences. The High Church Quaker, sitting in dead formality, adhered strictly to the customs of his ancestors, which were in his eyes almost as worthy of reverence as the Bible. He, the advocate of absolute simplicity and informality of worship, thus came to govern himself according to the strictest terms of a complex law. What is the result of this widespread deadness and formality of a society the acts of which have so often "made for righteousness," as Matthew Arnold would say? Is extinction at hand? Some people conceive this to be the case. But let such as incline to this view first study the history of Friends for the last twenty years, and they will see how the elements of good in the society, its spirituality, practical morality, and unselfish simplicity, are tending to renew its life almost in spite of itself. It is strange, but again true, that, although during their worst torpor there have not been wanting among Quakers men of high Christian endowment and training entirely worthy to control a new movement, the change has come almost imperceptibly and without a distinct leader. Perhaps as far as was specially visible this change was first noticeable, in the character and increasing numbers of the general meetings held by Friends throughout the country, where ministers as well as all earnest folks gathered. A new spirit swayed them. They said it was a returning to the ways of Early Friends, and it is true that Early Friends were given to holding these general meetings in much the same manner. Sunday-schools increased in size and numbers. Bible study became popular after having been sadly neglected, and

many features of Quaker formalism rapidly lost importance. Friends who married out of meeting were not disowned, if they expressed unity with the views of Friends and a desire to remain with them. Less prejudice was felt against music and pictures, while simplicity still continued to be the rule in most places. Many conservative Friends lamented these changes as sure signs of increasing decay in the society, of a lapsing into Methodism, and what not. In reality it was a reaction from dead formalism, which was best proved by the new spirit leading directly to the study of the Bible. The inspiration to follow the leadings of the Divine Light was an inheritance that, combined with a noble "intellectual seriousness" and desire to do whatever would "make for righteousness," was sure to lift them out of the slough of deadening formality when they once realized the necessity for change. Friends may have been helped more and more, doubtless, by the growing spirituality of the age. Yet their rich funds of homely virtues and healthful home life have, I believe, next to the increased study of the Bible, done most to renew their religious life. And to appreciate how this religious life has been renewed requires only a visit to one of the general meetings, where the single thought seems to be to secure the illumination of Divine Light. If less is said sometimes about the leading of the Inner Light, the feeling is none the less present in like degree as of old. Conduct of life as taught by the Bible, simple active Christianity with little doctrinal discourse, forms the body of the preaching. Eccentricities crop out now and then, as they will to some extent in every gathering the members of which are in earnest and possessed of strong individuality; but the regular established discipline of Quakers stands them now in good stead. It would be hard indeed to instance a revival of religion anywhere more devoid of cant, hypocrisy,

and self-seeking, more sober, devout, and reverential.

At any rate, open to criticism or not, this movement, which, it is asserted, indicates a return to the ways of Early Quakerism, is making a living body of the Society of Friends. There are States in the West where the numbers of the society have increased by thousands in a few years, and the Bible, alike in Sunday-school and at home, is studied with a thoroughness and regularity to be found in scarcely any other denomination. In short, it is very evident that Friends are once more entering on a phase of profound religious activity, equipped with other weapons of warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil than mere external separatism and rigid ascetic discipline, bound up, though they be, with excellent spiritual doctrine.

— Mr. Stopford Brooke has won a very honorable position as a critic of English literature, and his remarks about Shelley, in his volume of extracts from that poet, cannot fail to be of service to the reader. At first sight there always seems to be something derogatory to a writer in printing extracts from his works. We are accustomed to gird at our ancestors for their undeniable affection for Dodd's Beauties of Shakespeare, and we rather plume ourselves upon our superiority in rejecting that once famous book. Yet, after all, the art of reading consists in great measure in knowing what to skip, and the books are few that we do read through from cover to cover without considerable exercise of choice. Of poets this is especially true. Byron said, it will be remembered, "You say that one half [of Don Juan] is very good; you are wrong; for, if it were, it would be the finest poem in existence. Where is the poetry of which one half is good? . . . No, — no; no poetry is generally good, — only by fits and starts; and you are lucky to get a sparkle here and there. You might as well want a midnight all stars as rhyme

all perfect." And while it is well to read at least once all that a poet has written, where is the poet whose works we read without omissions? Mr. Brooke acknowledges this by editing a volume of extracts, and the selections he has made are not mere scrappy, teasing bits, but they include the whole of *Alastor*, the *Adonais*, etc., etc.

A valuable part of the book consists of the editor's comments, yet it is too much to say that they will give unalloyed satisfaction. Shelley is too ethereal a poet to be fully described in prose, and if all that his poetry expresses and implies could be put down in a preface we may be sure that the number of extracts would be very small. It is not too much to say that there is no English poet who so successfully defies analysis as he. He was in so many respects incomprehensible, so like embodied poetry of which other bards get but faint glimpses, that an analysis of his pictures of dawns and sunsets leaves the reader cold. His verse is what he has described to us as the song of the skylark. He really unfolds to us things that seem beyond mortal vision; he does what Goethe failed to do in the second part of *Faust*, and he stands in a company with Pindar and *Æschylus*.

These be big words, and they partake of the tumidity which generally overtakes those who try to describe the indescribable; yet they hardly overstate the enthusiasm that Shelley-lovers feel, even if they convey no definite notions to other people. Mr. Brooke, at least, has the advantage of avoiding tumidity, and he says many things of real value. He shows in what respects Shelley was like, and in what unlike, other poets, and by so doing he helps us to classify this remarkable man, and he points out some of the effects that the circumstances of his life had upon the poet's work. Here, for instance, is a good bit of criticism: "The huddling rush of images, the changeful crowd of thoughts,

are found on almost every page. It is often only the oneness of the larger underlying emotion or idea which makes the work clear. We strive to grasp a Proteus as we read. In an instant the thought or the feeling Shelley is expressing becomes impalpable, vanishes, reappears in another form, and then in a multitude of other forms, each in turn eluding the grasp of the intellect, until at last we seize the god himself, and know what Shelley meant, or Shelley felt. In all this he resembles, at a great distance, Shakespeare; and has, at that distance, and in this aspect of his art, a strength and a weakness similar to, but not identical with, that which Shakespeare possessed, — the strength of changeful activity of imagination, the weakness of being unable, through eagerness, to omit, to select, to coördinate, his images."

What is new about Shelley's life is the distinct statement of his love for Mrs. Williams, to whom, it is said, he composed his *Ariel* to *Miranda*, *The Invitation*, *The Recollection*, etc. It is new, too, to find Shelley praised for his good influence in behalf of Christianity.

— It is a fact of very considerable interest that the last work of Mr. Spencer on *Ethics* — in some regards the weakest and the least satisfying, both to the author and the reader, of all his works — should have received, on the whole, up to this hour, relatively more commendation than his earlier and far stronger writings, that are the foundation of his reputation and will be the support of his fame.

Professor Denslow, in his work on *Modern Thinkers*, holds that human motives of virtue have their source in the triumphs of the strong over the weak; the terms right and wrong, he might say, are but the echoes of forgotten conflicts for life or property in which the stronger party is victorious.

The very existence of such a criticism, in the way in which it was evolved, is

itself a phenomenon. In the columns of a daily newspaper, by the side of dark-head-lined politics and murders, these compact discussions of unpopular problems first came into being. In no other era than ours, in no other land but this, in almost no other centre of trade, would this have been likely or possible.

Of the nine philosophers whose lives, thoughts, and fancies Professor Denslow reviews, not one was of American birth; only one dwelt with us, and that one but for a fraction of his life. During these centuries hundreds of millions of human beings — the products of the most intellectual of modern races — have entered upon and disappeared from our stage; but, to this hour, no one of all these generations has held our own or the world's attention by the deliverance of any new truth, or image of truth, in social science; and a people to whom all other peoples come for inventive and practical force must itself go to all other peoples for ideas, — the country that in directly usable discoveries is the greatest of originators, in philosophy has been but a timid borrower and importer.

Is there an inherent antagonism between federalism and thought?

Must it ever be that theological and political liberty shall be compensated by intellectual slavery; and shall the least creative thinking be done by those who have the most freedom? Is it a psychological necessity that the mind ceases to originate as soon as its chains are removed and it has liberty to work as it pleases? Is a nation that has liberated four millions of slaves to remain forever incompetent to deliver fifty millions of whites from the bondage of the demonstrably false? Is there any just reason for asserting that, in the parceling out of the products of the two hemispheres, nature assigned thought exclusively to the Eastern, and action exclusively to the Western? Is there anything in the peculiarities of our climate — the dryness of the air, or the ex-

tremes of temperature — that, while it fosters intellection in the middle realms, paralyzes it in the very highest realm, that of creative philosophy?

For myself, I hold on these themes views that may be considered the extreme of optimistic; and, in little works like this, I see the signs of the coming of the reign of ideas on this continent, when, as in old Greece and modern Germany, it shall be no disgrace to be a thinker, and the young men who are organized for finding truth, and who are in harmony with their organizations, shall no longer be considered as outlaws, but rather as worthy and honorable forces in society, even while living.

A century hence, some acute critic like Professor Denslow shall write of American thinkers, and shall proclaim theories and reasonings of which these are but intimations and adumbrations.

— I cannot join with a recent writer in the Club in welcoming the possible advent of a time when the thing called style shall pass out of literature, leaving to readers only the satisfaction of feeling themselves in the company of a "just and wholesome mind." However, the coming of such a styleless era, I suppose, need not be seriously deprecated, for a literature can hardly exist without literary styles, good or less good. Literature being a fine art, as I understand it, a literary man can no more help having a style than a painter his; it may be more or less strongly marked, finished or faulty, but it cannot be altogether bad, or even indifferent. There is an ideal of literary expression which looks upon language as best employed when it becomes the perfectly transparent medium of thought, — like plate-glass, as the advocates of this theory phrase it. It is of course always in good taste to be simple, and a plainness approaching to baldness is infinitely better than the "fine" language, so-called, indulged in by pseudo-cultivated writers. But I have never been able

to accept the plate-glass theory, and cannot help fancying that it is the unconscious refuge of writers and readers without any keen apprehension of the charms of literary style. Ease and unaffectedness are indeed prime requisites of a good style, but why should we forego the pleasure to be had from other and more positive qualities than these? The imperishable charm belonging to certain writers lies in their style; it is their unique expression of their thought, more than the thought itself, we care for, as witness many of Lamb's most delightful sketches; and in the most original writers this characteristic quality of expression is so much a part of their genius that it is scarcely possible to separate between substance and form, the ideas and their embodiment. In fact, one is sometimes tempted to call the thought the grosser particle in this combination or interpenetration, so subtle and exquisite may be the charm of mere words, not only in poetry, but in imaginative prose.

—A correspondent in the Contributors' Club for January, while allowing the altered tone of English literature towards Americans, seriously impugns English hospitality. Being able to compare the present with the long past, I should like to be allowed to bear testimony to their improved virtues in this respect, and to the great change which has taken place in their manners during the last forty years.

The traditional John Bull is, we know, gruff, closing his doors to strangers and his lips to conversation with them, but the modern traveler must see that he has cast his aggressive horns, and that he is quite safe to approach. Touchett no doubt was perfectly right in his judgment at the time he wrote, for even as late as from 1845 to 1850 the idea of British roughness and exclusiveness was prevalent and in a measure justifiable. At that time self-respecting Americans were cautious how they made any ad-

vances to the roaming English, it being usually the rule to let them speak first, as overtures might be met with coldness and rudeness. They certainly could not then be called a pleasant or hospitable people. Letters of introduction might insure visits and social attentions in their homes, but the traveling multitude were reserved and rough.

Going abroad again from 1872 to 1874, we were struck with the alteration in the Anglo manner. Wherever we met the English we found them friendly and polite, and this was the experience of all Americans to whom we spoke of the remarkable change. It was probably owing to the more frequent intercourse between the countries. Englishmen had found that there was a middle ground between the barren offering of a seat in church, a drive to Mount Auburn in their favorite city of Boston, and the mad homage paid to Dickens. They had seen our best people and examined our institutions, and our countrymen had met with a hearty welcome in the home of their ancestors. It frequently happened, on our last visit to the Continent, that our most agreeable neighbors were English, and the unfavorable opinions of a quarter of a century before were greatly modified.

They seemed a new race with new feelings. The national characteristics of bluntness, directness, and pride remained, but there was no offensive reserve or hauteur, and this change was not only observable in transient amenities, but invitations were frequently given to visit them in England to those they had known a few days. It may be said with truth that for a much-enduring American housekeeper to entertain the English is more of a virtue than for them to reciprocate, delegating all cares, as they do, to a corps of well-trained servants; but without sifting motives or means I merely wish to assert that the modern educated Englishman is not only apt to be hospitable to the modern edu-

cated American, but is surprisingly and imprudently so, and that he goes beyond our compatriots in these rash attentions.

— If there were any doubt that *The Wreck of the Grosvenor* was written by an able seaman it is dispelled by his second yarn, *A Sailor's Sweetheart*. The author launches his story as though it were a ship. The amateur seafarer, who generally goes below, and who regards the sea as an unpleasant but inevitable after-dinner confidant, will not care to follow Mr. Russell very closely through the first chapters. For one, I am willing to admit that I hardly escaped a slight touch of *mal de mer*, what with my own temerity and the narrator's zeal for detail. Here is the realistic novel with a vengeance, — Zola with his sea legs on. I have heard of a girl — an American girl, of course, — who, when her whole system was in revolt, expressed herself as "so thankful for the experience." But I am inclined to regard the instance as apocryphal, and I think the readers of *The Atlantic* will bear me out in the assertion that seasickness is neither enjoyable subjectively as a phenomenon, nor objectively as a word painting.

On another count this latest sea tale is open to indictment in a literary court. The author asserts that the incidents of his story are impregnable facts, based upon two narratives and one personal experience, to which it is sufficient to answer that an incident must have another apology for its narration in a novel beyond the bald fact of its truth. It must be interesting *per se*. It must derive an additional charm from the manner in which it is told. And, above all, it must harmonize with its environment. There are few situations in a work of fiction, however startling, that have not had their counterpart in real life. You shall find material for a circulating *Mudie* in the columns of one daily newspaper. Curious coincidences, hair-breadth escapes, strange disappear-

ances, all the anonymous tragedies of a great city, are the legitimate quarry of the romancer. But his art is not to string these together as one would make a necklace, or lay them cunningly side by side in a mosaic. He must suffuse his canvas with their various colors, and fill in the crude outlines of fact with the delicate shadings of his imaginations until all parts are in fair proportion and become merged into one artistic conception. Apply these criteria to Mr. Russell's book, and it will be seen that he has sometimes misused truth in the interest of melodrama. The incident of the Jesse Jackson is vigorous and vivid in its transcription, and it may be veritable, but in its setting it is superfluous. The most careless reading will show that it has nothing to do with the wreck of the *Waldeshare*. A more practiced artisan, like Collins or Reade, would have used elsewhere the eighth chapter of *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*.

— When Lord Beaconsfield puts into the mouth of one of the characters in *Endymion* the saying that "style is everything, especially in fiction," he furnishes his critics with a telling weapon against himself; for anything more slipshod than the style employed in *Endymion* it would be difficult to find.

The misplacement of clauses is at times so marked as to be perfectly grotesque and to remind us of the examples of such carelessness that we studied in our text-books at school. Take, for instance, this: "And what do you think of this?" asked Lord Montfort of Nigel Penruddock, who, in a cassock that swept the ground, had been stalking about the glittering saloons like a prophet who had been ordained in Mayfair, but who had now seated himself beside his host."

If we are to trust Mr. Disraeli's statement, it becomes evident that it is the metaphorical prophet, and not the actual Mr. Penruddock, who has placed himself in juxtaposition to Lord Montfort.

Observe, too, the awkwardness of this sentence: "'No,' said Mr. Neuchatel, with a laughing eye and who saw through everybody's purpose though his own manner was one of simplicity amounting almost to innocence." And of this: "Baron Sergius never spoke except to Endymion and then chiefly social inquiries about Lord and Lady Roehampton." In addition to all this, there occur on almost every page little blemishes such as the following:—

"There was a dinner twice a week at which Waldershare was rarely absent," and, "The snow was falling about the time when the Swindon coach was expected." And, in conclusion, observe the following examples of two grammatical errors that occur in continual repetition throughout the book:—

"Lady Roehampton had really intended to have gone," and, "The Count of Ferroll says there is a chance of Lady Montfort coming here."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Religion and Philosophy. Scotch Sermons, 1880 (Appletons), is the brief title of a volume collected from the pulpit labors of a dozen Scotch divines, who may perhaps all look to Erskine as their spiritual leader. There is a singular interest attaching to the development in Scotland of a school of preachers who are impatient of systems, and eager for the freedom of mind which apprehends religious truth as a subordinate part of Christianity. — No. 17 of the Humboldt Library (J. Fitzgerald & Co., New York) is entitled *Progress*, by Herbert Spencer, and contains six disquisitions of that writer. The Humboldt Library is one of the cheap reprints which play the part of privateers in current literary commerce. — Dr. Bevan, in his *Sermons to Students and Thoughtful Persons* (Scribners), properly disclaims any purpose to speak to such as a class needing a distinct kind of preaching; rather his sermons deal with speculations most familiar to students, and he passes science, medicine, and philosophy before the review of the pulpit with a generous and courageous spirit. The book is one sign of an honorable self-respect in the clergy. — A new volume of Robertson's sermons, under the title of *The Human Race* and other *Sermons* (Harpers), has appeared, after a long interval; but Robertson no longer occupies so solitary a position as when the first were issued. His possible audience has widened, but so, too, has the number of acceptable preachers possessed of his spirit. — Perhaps in this division may be named a lecture by Robert Collyer, entitled *The New German Crusade* (Putnams), in which he enters his protest vigorously against the German hostility to the Jew. — *Natural Theology*, by John Bascom (Putnams), is a restatement compelled by the shifting of the scientific argument. — A second edition of Leslie Stephen's *History of English Thought*, in two volumes, has been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. There is no mention of its variation from the first edition of four or five years ago.

History and Antiquity. Major J. W. Powell, the director of the Bureau of Ethnology in the Smithsonian Institution, has issued a second edition of an *Introduction to the Study of Indian Languages*, with words, phrases, and sentences to be collected, the first edition of which appeared in 1877. The book is a practical one, a body of directions for collectors, and offers the latest and fullest help that can be given in the work of a study of tribes through their language. — An *Anecdotal History of the British Parliament from the Earliest Periods to the Present Time*, with notices of eminent parliamentary men, and examples of their oratory compiled from authentic sources, by George Henry Jennings (Appletons), is a curious illustration of the social as well as political force exercised by the British Parliament. All lines of English life converge toward Westminster Hall in a degree unknown in any other country, and the reader of this entertaining book will find himself continually in the company of the men who make England. — In the *New Plutarch* series will be found a historical sketch of Haroun Alraschid, that supposed imaginary friend of our childhood, by E. H. Palmer. (Putnams.) The sketch necessarily includes a survey of Saracen civilization. — Dr. S. A. Green's *The Early Records of Groton, Mass., 1662-1707* (Williams), should be mentioned as the careful work of a thoroughly equipped antiquarian. — S. S. Rider, of Providence, publishes William Miller's *Notes concerning Wampanoag Tribe of Indians*, with account of a rock picture on the shore of Mt. Hope Bay. — Ebenezer W. Peirce is the editor of *Civil, Military, and Professional Lists of Plymouth and Rhode Island Colonies*, comprising colonial, county, and town officers, clergymen, physicians, and lawyers; with extracts from colonial laws defining their duties, 1621-1700 (Williams).

Science. The twenty-ninth volume of the *International Scientific Series* is *The Atomic Theory*,

by Ad. Wurtz. (Appletons.) It is at once a history and a confirmation. — The Cause of Color among Races, by Dr. W. Sharpe (Putnams), is a discursive and occasionally, as in the last pages, screaming essay. — Island Life, by Alfred R. Wallace (Harpers), is further described on the title-page as the phenomena and causes of insular faunas and floras, including a revision and attempted solution of the problem of geological climates. It is furnished with maps and illustrations.

Poetry and the Drama. Commander William Gibson, of the U. S. Navy, has collected a volume of Poems of Many Years and Many Places (Lee and Shepard), which will recall to the diligent reader verses which he met long ago in the early literary magazines, and some which have since appeared in The Atlantic and elsewhere. — Father Ryan's Poems (Baltimore: Piet) had already shown themselves in a plainer edition; they now appear in semi-holiday guise, prefaced, however, by the same hastily-inspired portrait. — The eleventh volume of Mr. Hudson's Harvard Shakespeare (Ginn and Heath) contains King Henry IV., both parts; the twelfth, Henry V. and Henry VIII. — Mr. Richard Gerner (Hoboken, N. J.) sends what he calls an Advance Edition of the Infernal Comedy, with request to reviewers to read the entire work, and then give their candid opinion; ours can be had easily, — that the book had best go in the list of errata on the second page of the cover. It is all a mistake. — The poems of the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman, as Mrs. Craik prefers to be called in her books, have been collected, with additions, into a single volume under the title of Thirty Years: Poems New and Old. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) She is always a humane poet, and her poems rarely travel very far from the golden mile-stone. — The Pilgrimage of Light is a poem in three cantos, by Alfred A. Stelle, printed at Meadville, Pa. — The Actor and his Art, by C. Coquelin, of the Comédie Française, is a little treatise upon the pregnant theme that the actor is an artist, and must treat his material as a painter his, or a poet his. It is translated by Miss Alger. (Roberts.) — A second series of Quiet Hours (Roberts) has been prepared by the same competent hand that collected the first series of poems. A wide range of poetry is drawn from to obtain calm and noble verse upon the religious and meditative aspects of life. — The Conqueror's Dream and Other Poems is a volume by W. Sharpe, M. D., whose experiences as a surgeon in the British army in remote countries have furnished him with a good deal of Oriental bric-a-brac. (Putnams.)

Criticism. Somebody who entirely hides himself behind the name of E. Junius has written and printed a little pamphlet called Critical Dialogues between Aboo and Caboo on a new book, or a Grandissime Ascension, which is fictitiously published in a fictitious city, so that we cannot advise our readers where to obtain a sputter of spite against Mr. Cable's novel. No one would thank us, however, if we were to persuade them to hunt for it. — Sanskrit and its Kindred Literatures, by Laura Elizabeth Poor (Roberts), is an essay toward the development of literature; it makes

slight professions of original research, but gives the reader a somewhat uncritical survey of the work done by masters in this field. — An address was delivered last July before the Ladies Memorial Association of Montgomery County, Virginia, by J. B. Wardlaw, Jr., upon Southern Literature, its Status and Outlook (Macon, Ga.: J. W. Burke & Co.), in which the orator states some excellent truths regarding the vital connection of literature and nationality, but constantly assumes the South to be an *imperium in imperio*. — The latest volume of English Men of Letters is Wordsworth, by F. W. H. Myers. (Harpers.) It seems a pity that more should not be made of the interesting subject of Wordsworth's prose. — The series of English Philosophers, suggested apparently by the English Men of Letters, opens with a monograph on Adam Smith, by J. A. Farrer. (Putnams.)

Fiction. Ilka on the Hill-Top gives the title to a volume of stories in which it stands first, by H. H. Boyesen (Scribners), a volume having a flavor distinctly Mr. Boyesen's own, unless we say, indeed, that he has introduced a drop or two of Scandinavian essence into the realism of American life. — Revelations of a Boston Physician (Boston: A. Williams & Co.), who is C. W. Stevens, is the amplified note-book of a doctor whose practice has taken him into some by-ways of life. The stories, he tells us, are true, or substantially true, a saving clause, which, for his own sake, when he revisits his patients, we will hope to be expansive. — Under Sieve-Ban, by R. E. Francillon, is the latest issue of the Leisure-Hour Series. (Holt.) — All Alone, by Theuriet, has been added to Appletons' New Handy Volume Series. — There is a new novel by George MacDonald, Mary Marston. (Appletons.) — The latest issues of the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are Love and Life, an old story in Eighteenth Century costume, by Charlotte M. Yonge; The Rebel of the Family, by E. Lynn Linton; Dr. Worle's School, by Anthony Trollope; Little Pansy, by Mrs. Randolph; and The Dean's Wife, by Mrs. C. J. Eiloart.

Medicine and Hygiene. Dr. George M. Beard reprints from the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal his recent paper on The Asylums of Europe, written in sympathy with the National Association for the Protection of the Insane. — The eighth number of Appletons' Health Primers is occupied with The Heart and its Functions. — American Sanitary Engineering, by Edward S. Philbrick (New York: The Sanitary Engineer), is a volume of lectures having practical reference to conditions of American life and climate.

Geography and Travel. It is with a little hesitation that we place under this heading Mr. Archibald Forbes's Glimpses through the Cannon Smoke (Osgood), but it would be more unjust to refer the book to fiction. The sketches are animated souvenirs of adventure in widely remote places, the bright recollections of a war correspondent, who was by no means a lover of the sanguinary. The sketches and stories show that Mr. Forbes will not lose his hold of the public when wars have ceased. — New Guinea; What I Did, and What I Saw, by L. M. d'Alberty (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is

a traveler's diary of careful observation and summary of results reached during several journeys in New Guinea, from 1871 to 1877. The successive explorations give opportunity for both first impressions and maturer convictions. The work is in two octavo volumes well illustrated. The portrait of the author gives him the air of an Assyrian.

Political Economy. The Gold Standard: Its Causes, its Effects, and its Future, from the German of Baron William von Kardorff-Wabnitz, is published by H. C. Baird & Co., Philadelphia. The author is a disciple of Mr. Carey, a high protectionist and strong advocate of a double standard.

Domestic and Social Economy. European Modes of Living (Putnam's) is the title of a brochure by Sarah Gilman Young, containing random notes upon the neglect of living in apartments. The writer advocates the more general introduction of flats into American life, and is in this in excellent company. Some of her strictures, however, apply to American life of ten years ago, rather than to that of to-day, and how rapidly change goes on here in modes of living! — Miss Parloa's New Cook Book (Estes and Lauriat) belongs to the modern class of works which treat living at once as a fine art and an economy. They go back of catching the hare, for they advise concerning utensils and fuel; science lends its hand, but not ostentatiously, and the housekeeper, armed with this book, may go to market courageously.

Books for Young People. The Adventures of a Donkey (Baltimore: Piet) is one of the graceful moral tales of the Comtesse Ségur. The French can carry such a conceit through a book without faltering. The translation here is careful and fairly slight.

Education. Mr. Hudson's School Shakespeare (Ginn and Heath) includes King Richard III. and the first part of Henry IV.; the editorial work is characterized as before by honesty and bluntness. — The superintendent of public instruction in Indiana, James H. Smart, has reprinted from his State Report a collection of interesting and suggestive papers upon Books and Reading for the Young (Indianapolis: Carlon and Hollenbeck), which attack the subject from different sides, but always with practical purpose. — The Forty-Ninth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind has been issued. (Rand, Avery & Co.) — Ginn and Heath issue March's A B C book, which begins with writing and reading and ends with the alphabet. Professor F. A. March is a competent apostle of the improved method.

Biography. Goethe's Mother (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is the title of a volume composed chiefly of the letters which she wrote to her son, to Lavater, Wieland, and others, with their replies. The letters have been excellently illustrated with running comment, chiefly biographical, by the translator, Alfred S. Gibbs, whose fitness for the task is shown not only by the workmanship of the book, but by an affectionate memorial sketch from his friend, Mr. Clarence Cook. The book is an agreeable addition to Goetheana. — An edition of William Stigand's The Life, Work, and Opinions of Heinrich

Heine has been issued here by Mr. Bouton. There is something humorous in an English introduction of Heine, and the timidity of the author in facing his own countrymen, with Heine at his side, is amusingly shown in the preface. — An edition of Fagan's Life and Correspondence of Sir Anthony Panizzi, the librarian of the British Museum, has been imported by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and bears their imprint. Panizzi was a man of extraordinary positiveness and indomitable courage, who conquered for himself a place in the citadel of insular England, and held it not without some of the arts of an Italian. The biographer has perhaps too minute a sympathy with his chief's bibliographic labors to make his book as popular as it might have been, but there is perhaps no reason why there should not be Lives of librarians as well as of chancellors, and Panizzi was a master in his situation. The book is introduced by Mr. Henry Stevens, who promises a third volume of his own personal reminiscences. It is to be hoped that he is not responsible for this specimen of London printing. — Messrs. Peterson send out a fresh edition of the autobiography of Vicoq, with an introduction by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, who sketches his own acquaintance with the detective. — Mr. Edward S. Holden, of the United States Naval Observatory, has deserved well of all students by giving a study of Sir William Herschel, his Life and Works (Scribners), based upon printed material, but well digested and useful to many to whom Herschel is only a name. — Life and Correspondence of the Rt. Rev. Samuel Seabury, by Dr. E. E. Beardsley (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will have a strong interest for the historical student as well as the ecclesiastical; the figure of the first bishop of the Episcopal Church in America is a striking one, well rescued by Dr. Beardsley from a merely temporary obscurity. The contribution to our history is very welcome. Judge Shea, in his Hamilton, had given an inkling of the wealth of material gathered in it. — A series of Heroes of Christian History has been begun with a life of Henry Martyn, the missionary, by Chas. D. Bell. (Armstrong.)

Music. Mr. L. W. Mason, late superintendent of music in the public schools of Boston, has prepared a collection of unsectarian hymns for use in high and normal schools, entitled The National Hymn and Tune Book. (Ginn and Heath.) It seems carefully to avoid hymns fervid with religious passion.

Business. Mr. Alex. D. Anderson has prepared a compact statement of the enterprise known as The Tehuantepec Inter-Ocean Railroad (Barnes), showing the advantages of the route and the character of the country traversed.

Bibliography. Mr. Bouton sends out a limited edition of a little book which just misses gracefulness entitled Bibliomania in the Present Day in France and England, translated from the French of Philomnest Junior. It is chiefly occupied with the adventures of celebrated books, and contains also a short biography of the eminent binder, Trautz Bauzonnet, whose portrait, the very ideal of a fine workman, faces the title-page.

